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THE

AMERICAN READER:

CONTAINING EXTRACTS SUITED TO EXCITE

A LOVE OF SCIENCE AND LITERATURE,

TO REFINE THE TASTE,

AND TO

IMPROVE THE MORAL CHARACTER.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

Merriam, George ?

Boston:
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The American Reader: Containing Extracts suited to excite a love of Science and Literature, to refine the Taste, and to improve the Moral Character. Designed for the use of Schools.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned:" and also to an Act, entitled, "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled, an Act for the encouragement of learning by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical, and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In compiling a reading book for schools, it should undoubtedly be a leading object to make such a selection as will be likely to exert a salutary influence on the pupil in future life.—Many of the lessons in this compilation have been taken from highly popular works, recently published, which appear better calculated to inspire the young with a taste for science and literature, and to instil correct moral principles, than any which have before appeared.

It appears highly important that the rising generation should be deeply impressed with the necessity of a proper regard for the Sabbath; and also that the subject of Intemperance, which has been of late so much discussed, should be presented to the youthful mind, in a more striking point of view, than has been done in the school books now in use. In the following lessons, extracts treating of these and other subjects of acknowledged practical importance, have been chosen, in preference to those which are calculated *merely* to assist the pupil in becoming a good reader.

It has not however been forgotten that variety is indispensable; and that the usefulness of the book must greatly depend on its containing pieces adapted to correct the monotonous drawl, so frequently heard in the reading of school boys. More lessons of this character have been inserted than are usually found in similar collections.

It is hoped that these considerations will secure the work a candid examination from those who take an interest in the subject of education.

Brookfield, October, 1828.

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THE AMERICAN READER.

LESSON I.

Cultivation of the Mind.—HUMPHREY.

IT is the intelligent and immortal mind, which pre-eminently distinguishes man from the countless forms of animated nature around him. It is this, which not only gives him dominion over them all; but raises him to an alliance with angels; and through grace, to converse with God himself. Mysterious emanation of the Divinity! Who can measure its capacity, or set bounds to its progression in knowledge?

But this intelligent and immortal principle, which we call mind, is not created in full strength and maturity. As the body passes slowly through infancy and childhood, so does the mind. Feeble at first, it 'grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength' of the corporeal system. Destitute alike of knowledge at their birth, the children of one family, or generation, have, in this respect, no advantage over those of another. All, the high as well as the low, the rich as well as the poor, have every thing to learn.

No one was ever born a Newton or an Edwards. It is patient, vigorous and long continued application that makes the great mind. All must begin with the simplest elements of knowledge, and advance from step to step in nearly the same manner. Thus native talent in a child, may be compared to the small capital with which a young merchant begins in trade. It is not his fortune, but only the means of making it.

Or it may be likened to a quarry of fine marble, or to a mine of the precious metals. The former, never starts

up spontaneously into Cyprian Venuses—nor does the latter, of its own accord, assume the shape and value of a shining currency. Much time and labour and skill are requisite, to fashion the graceful statue, and to refine and stamp the yellow treasure.

In every system of education, two things should be kept steadily in view:—*first*, that the mind itself is to be *formed;* is to be gradually expanded and strengthened into vigorous manhood, by the proper exercise of its faculties; and *secondly*, that it is to be enriched and embellished with various knowledge. In practice, however, these two things cannot be separated. For at the same time, that the plastic hand of education is strengthening and enlarging the mind, by subjecting it to severe and sometimes painful discipline, this very exercise, is continually enriching it with new and important ideas.

Thus, to illustrate the point by a plain similitude, we do not, when we begin with the child, find the intellectual temple already built and waiting only to be furnished; but we have got to lay the foundation, and carry up the walls, and fashion the porticos and arches, while we are carving the ornaments, and bringing in all that is requisite to finish the edifice and furnish the apartments. That, then, must obviously be the best system of mental education, which does most to develope and strengthen the intellectual powers, and which pours into the mind the richest streams of science and literature.

The object of teaching should never be, to excuse the student from thinking and reasoning; but to learn him how to think and to reason. You can never make your son, or your pupil a scholar, by drawing his diagrams, measuring his angles, finding out his equations and translating his Majora. No. He must do all these things for himself. It is his own application that is to give him distinction. It is *climbing* the hill of science by dint of effort and perseverance and not being *carried up* on other men's shoulders.

Let every youth, therefore, early settle it in his mind, that if he would ever be any thing, he has got to *make himself;* or in other words, to rise by personal application. Let him always try his own strength, and try it effectually, before he is allowed to call upon Hercules. Put him first upon his own invention; send him back again

and again to the resources of his own mind, and make him feel, that there is nothing too hard for industry and perseverance to accomplish.

In his early and timid flights, let him know that stronger pinions are near and ready to sustain him, but only in case of absolute necessity. When in the rugged paths of science, difficulties which he cannot surmount impede his progress, let him be helped over them; but never let him think of being led, when he has power to walk without help, nor of carrying his ore to another's furnace, when he can melt it down in his own.

To excuse our young men from painful mental labour, in a course of liberal education, would be about as wise, as to invent easier cradle springs for the conveyance of our children to school, or softer cushions for them to sit on at home, in order to promote their growth and give them vigorous constitutions. By adopting such methods, in the room of those distinguished men, to whom we have been accustomed to look for sound literary and theological instruction; for wise laws and the able administration of justice, our pulpits and courts and professorships and halls of legislation, would soon be filled, or rather disgraced, by a succession of weak and rickety pretenders.

LESSON II.

Evils of neglecting the early Improvement of the Mind.—SEED.

THERE is not a greater inlet to misery and vices of all kinds, than the not knowing how to pass our vacant hours. For what remains to be done, when the first part of their lives, who are not brought up to any manual employment, is slipt away without an acquired relish for reading, or taste for other rational satisfactions?—That they should pursue their pleasures?—But religion apart, common prudence will warn them to tie up the wheel as they begin to go down the hill of life.

Shall they then apply themselves to their studies? Alas! the seed time is already past! The enterprising and spirited ardour of youth being over, without having

been applied to those valuable purposes for which it was given, all ambition of excelling upon generous and laudable schemes quite stagnates. If they have not some poor expedient to deceive the time, or, to speak more properly, to deceive themselves, the length of a day will seem tedious to them, who, perhaps, have the unreasonableness to complain of the shortness of life in general.

When the former part of our life has been nothing but vanity, the latter end of it can be nothing but vexation. In short, we must be miserable, without some employment to fix, or some amusement to dissipate our thoughts: the latter we cannot command in all places, nor relish at all times; and therefore there is an absolute necessity for the former.

We may pursue this or that new pleasure; we may be fond for a while of a new acquisition; but when the graces of novelty are worn off, and the briskness of our first desire is over, the transition is very quick and sudden, from an eager fondness to a cool indifference. Hence there is a restless agitation in our minds, still craving something new, still unsatisfied with it, when possessed; till melancholy increases, as we advance in years, like shadows lengthening towards the close of day.

Hence it is, that men of this stamp are continually complaining that the times are altered for the worse: because the sprightliness of their youth represented every thing in the most engaging light; and when men are in high good humour with themselves, they are apt to be so with all around; the face of nature brightens up, and the sun shines with a more agreeable lustre.

But when old age has cut them off from the enjoyment of false pleasures, and habitual vice has given them a distaste for the only true and lasting delights; when a retrospect of their past lives presents nothing to view but one wide tract of uncultivated ground; a soul distempered with spleen, remorse, and insensibility of each rational satisfaction, darkens and discolours every object; and the change is not in the times, but in them, who have been forsaken by those gratifications which they would not forsake.

How much otherwise is it with those who have laid up an inexhaustible fund of knowledge! When a man has been laying out that time in the pursuit of some great and

important truth, which others waste in a circle of gay follies, he is conscious of having acted up to the dignity of his nature; and from that consciousness there results that serene complacency, which, though not so violent, is much preferable to the pleasures of the animal life.

He can travel on from strength to strength; for, in literature as in war, each new conquest which he gains empowers him to push his conquests still farther, and to enlarge the empire of reason: thus he is ever in a progressive state, still making new acquirements, still animated with hopes of future discoveries.

LESSON III.

Claims of Society on Young Men.—How to meet them.—HAWES.

FIRST of all, it is demanded that you awake to a *serious consideration* of the duties and prospects before you. I mention this first, because, if a young man cannot be persuaded to consider what he is, and what he is to become in future life, nothing worthy or good, can be expected of him. And, unhappily, this is the character of too many young men. They cannot be made to think.

They seem resolved to live only for the present moment and for present gratification. As if the whole of their existence were comprised in the passing hour, and they had no concern in any future duty or event, they never cast forward a thought to their coming days, nor inquire how they are to fulfil the great end of their being.

Of these gay and thoughtless triflers, society has nothing to expect. They may have their little day of sunshine and pleasure; then they will vanish and be forgotten as if they had never been. This is unworthy the character of a rational being. Man was made for a nobler end than thus to pass away life in mere levity and trifling.

He was made for thought and reflection; he was made to serve God and his generation in a life of beneficent action; and he never exercises his faculties more in accordance with the dignity of his nature, than when he considers the end for which he was created, and inquires

how he may best fulfil the great purposes of his being. And this, my friends, is an exercise peculiarly appropriate at *your* time of life.

Joyous and flattering as the prospect before you may seem, let me tell you, there is much in it that is fitted to make you serious and thoughtful. You cannot take a just view of your state and prospects, without feeling that you are placed in circumstances of deep and solemn interest. Your Creator has placed you here in the midst of a shifting and transient scene, to sojourn, a little while, as probationers for eternity, then to pass from the stage and be here no more.

He has formed you for society, for duty and happiness; and has so connected you with the living beings around you, that they, as well as yourselves, are to feel the good or ill effects of your conduct, long after you shall have gone to render up your account at his bar. How imperious, to beings in such a state, is the duty of consideration! How wise, how all important to inquire,—What am I, and what is my destination in this and the future world? For what end was I created, and for what purpose placed here in the midst of beings like myself?

What are the relations which I sustain to those beings and to society? What the duties which I owe to them? How can I be prepared to perform those duties, and how accomplish the great end for which my Creator gave me existence, and placed me in this world of probation and trial? The man who thinks lightly of such inquiries, or who never brings them home to his own bosom, as matters of direct, personal concern, violates every principle of reason and common prudence.

Let me press them upon you, my young friends, as demanding your first and chief attention. They are indeed grave inquiries; and light, trifling minds may reject them because they are so. But they are suggested by the reality of things; and never, without a due consideration of them, can you be qualified for the duties of life, or sustain the responsibilities so soon to come upon you as members of society.

Another requisite for meeting the claims of society is *intelligence*, or a careful cultivation of your minds. In despotic governments, where the subject is a mere vassal, and has no part either in making or executing the laws,

ignorance is, no doubt, as the advocates of legitimacy claim, an essential qualification of a good citizen.

The less he knows of his rights the more contented he is to be deprived of them; and the less he understands of duty, the more pliable he is as a mere instrument of ambition and power. Not so in this country. Here every man is a public man. He has an interest in the community, and exerts an important influence over the interests of others. He is a freeman; and this ought always to mean the same thing as an intelligent man.

He possesses the right of suffrage; and in the exercise of that right, he is often called to aid in the election of rulers, to deliberate and act respecting the public welfare, to fill offices of influence and trust, and to perform innumerable duties in the course of life, which can be well performed, only in the possession of an intelligent and well furnished mind. And certainly, whatever be a man's circumstances, he cannot but be a happier and more useful man, by possessing such a mind.

It is not an extended, critical acquaintance with the sciences on which I here insist; this must of necessity be confined to a few; but such a measure of knowledge as may be acquired by men of business, by all men who will but make a proper use of their faculties and time. Franklin was a man of business; he was an apprentice boy in a printing office; but by a careful improvement of that time, which by many young men is thrown away, he became one of the wisest statesmen and most distinguished philosophers of his day.

Sherman, too, of our own State, was a man of business; he was a shoe-maker; but by self-impulse, by patient, untiring effort, he rose from the bench of the shoe-maker, seated himself in the halls of congress, and there took his place with the first.

A small portion of that leisure time, which you all possess, and which, by too many, is given to dissipation and idleness, would enable any young man to acquire a very general knowledge of men and things. A judicious economy of that time, for one year, would afford you opportunity to read a great many useful volumes, and to treasure up much useful knowledge.

The means of intellectual improvement were never more abundant or accessible to all classes of persons, than

at the present day; and I may add, never were there stronger inducements for young men to avail themselves of those means, and to aim at high attainments in knowledge. Society is rapidly advancing in general improvement; the field of enterprise is fast widening, and useful talents of every kind find ample scope for employment.

And permit me to remind you, my friends, that in respect to mental improvement, the present is the most important period of your life. It is, indeed, the only period in which you can enter upon such a course of improvement with any hope of success. If from the age of fifteen to twenty-five, a young man neglects the cultivation of his mind, he will probably neglect it till the end of life. If during that period he does not form a habit of reading, of observation and reflection, he will never form such a habit.

I am the more anxious to impress this subject on your minds, because I consider your usefulness, your present and future happiness, as most intimately connected with it. A young man who has a fondness for books, or a taste for the works of nature and art, is not only preparing to appear with honour and usefulness as a member of society, but is secured from a thousand temptations and evils to which he would otherwise be exposed. He knows what to do with his leisure time. It does not hang heavily on his hands.

He has no inducement to resort to bad company; or the haunts of dissipation and vice; he has higher and nobler sources of enjoyment in himself. At pleasure, he can call around him the best of company,—the wisest and greatest men of every age and country—and feast his mind with the rich stores of knowledge which they spread before him. A lover of good books can never be in want of good society, nor in much danger of seeking enjoyment in the low pleasures of sensuality and vice.

Another thing demanded of you by society is *an upright and virtuous character.* If a young man is loose in his principles and habits; if he lives without plan and without object, spending his time in idleness and pleasure, there is more hope of a fool than of him. He is sure to become a worthless character and a pernicious member of society. He forgets his high destination as a rational, immortal being; he degrades himself to a level with the

brute; and is not only disqualified for all the serious duties of life, but proves himself a nuisance and a curse to all with whom he is connected.

No young man can hope to rise in society, or act worthily his part in life, without a fair, *moral character.* The basis of such a character is virtuous principle; or a deep, fixed sense of moral obligation, sustained and invigorated by the fear and the love of God. The man who possesses such a character can be trusted. Integrity, truth, benevolence, justice, are not with him words without meaning; he knows and he feels their sacred import, and aims, in the whole tenor of his life, to exemplify the virtues they express.

Such a man has decision of character;—he knows what is right and is firm in doing it. Such a man has independence of character;—he thinks and acts for himself, and is not to be made a tool of to serve the purposes of party. Such a man has consistency of character;—he pursues a straight forward course, and what he is to day you are sure of finding him to morrow. Such a man has true worth of character;—and his life is a blessing to himself, to his family, to society and to the world.

Aim then, my friends, to attain this character,—aim at virtue, and moral excellence. This is the first, the indispensable qualification of a good citizen. It imparts life and strength and beauty, not only to individual character, but to all the institutions and interests of society. It is indeed the dew and the rain that nourish the vine and the figtree, by which we are shaded and refreshed.

Consider, how pleasant will be the *retrospect of past life*, if you faithfully serve God and your generation according to his will. It is but a little time, before you, who are young, will be looking upon a generation rising up to take your places, just as the fathers are now looking upon you. You will soon pass the meridian of life, and be going down its decline to the invisible world. Consider that time as come, as present. Think of yourselves as retiring from the scene of action; your heads whitened with the snows of age, and your limbs stiffened with the frosts of winter.

O, how cheering to be able now, to look back upon a life of beneficent and useful action; a life spent in the service of God and for the good of mankind? How pleasant

and consoling to reflect, that you have done your duty as members of society, and have sustained, honourably, the great interests that were committed to you? How animating too the prospect before you—how glorious the anticipations of the future? All the great interests of society safe; all its institutions secure and flourishing; a generation rising up under the influence of your example and training, intelligent, virtuous, enterprising; prepared to fill your places and carry on the system of human affairs.

To them you commend all that you hold most dear on earth,—the high interests of the church and society,—happy in the assurance, that they will sustain the sacred trust and transmit the precious inheritance entire, to those who shall come after them. To a mind gladdening with such reflections and prospects, how bright and benignant shines the sun of declining life? The shades of evening gather around him in peace; he reposes in joyful hope, and all his powers are invigorated and cheered by the delightful visions that burst upon his view.

LESSON IV.

Benevolence of the Deity.—DICK.

THE Benevolence of God is that perfection of his nature, by which he communicates happiness to the various ranks of sensitive and intelligent existence. The system of Nature, in all its parts, exhibits an unbounded display of this attribute of the Divine Mind, both in relation to man, and in relation to the subordinate tribes of animated existence.

In relation to *Man*—the magnificence and glory of the heavens—the variegated colouring which is spread over the scene of nature—the beautiful flowers, shrubs, and trees, with which the earth is adorned, which not only delight the eye, but perfume the air with their delicious odors—the various kinds of agreeable sounds that charm the ear—the music of the feathered songsters, which fill the groves with their melody—the thousands of pleasant images which delight the eye, in the natural embellishments of creation—the agreeable feelings produced by

the contact of almost every thing we have occasion to touch—the pleasure attached to eating, drinking, muscular motion, and activity—the luxuriant profusion, and rich variety of aliments which the earth affords—and the interchanges of thought and affection—all proclaim the Benevolence of our Almighty Maker, and show, that the communication of happiness is one grand object of all his arrangements.

For, these circumstances are not *essentially* requisite to our existence. We might have lived, and breathed, and walked, though every thing we touched had produced pain; though every thing we ate and drank had been bitter; though every movement of our hands and feet had been accompanied with uneasiness and fatigue; though every sound had been as harsh as the saw of the carpenter; though no birds had warbled in the groves; though no flowers had decked the fields, or filled the air with their perfumes; though one unvaried scene of dull uniformity had prevailed, and beauty and sublimity had been swept from the face of nature; though the earth had been covered with a mantle of black, and no radiant orbs had appeared in our nocturnal sky.

But what a miserable world should we then have inhabited, compared with that which we now possess! Life would have passed away without enjoyment; and pain would have overbalanced the pleasure of existence. Whereas, in the existing constitution of things, all the objects around us, and every sense of which we are possessed, when preserved in its natural vigour, have a direct tendency to produce pleasing sensations, and to contribute to our enjoyment: and it is chiefly when we indulge in foolish and depraved passions, and commit immoral actions, that the benevolent intentions of the Deity are frustrated, and pain and misery produced.

If we consider, farther, that the inexhaustible bounty of the Creator, and the numerous pleasures we enjoy, are bestowed upon a guilty race of men, the benevolence of the Deity will appear in a still more striking point of view. Man has dared to rebel against his Maker; he is a depraved and ungrateful creature. The great majority of our race have banished God from their thoughts, trampled upon his laws, neglected to contemplate his works, refused to pay him that tribute of reverence and adora-

tion which his perfections demand, have been ungrateful for his favours, have blasphemed his name, and have transferred to "four-footed beasts, and creeping things," that homage which is due to him alone.

It has been the chief part of their employment, in all ages, to counteract the effects of his Beneficence, by inflicting injustice, oppression, and torture, upon each other; by maiming the human frame, burning cities and villages, turning fruitful fields into a wilderness, and, by every other act of violence, carrying death and destruction through the world. And, if *water*, *air*, and the *light of heaven*, had been placed within the limits of their controul, it is more than probable, that whole nations would have been occasionally deprived of these elements, so essential to human existence.

Yet, notwithstanding the prevalence of such depraved dispositions, the streams of Divine benevolence towards our apostate race, have never yet been interrupted. The earth has never stopped in its career, and thrown nature into a scene of confusion; the light of heaven has never ceased to illume the world; the springs of water have never been dried up, nor has the fertile soil ceased to enrich the plains with golden harvests. God "hath not left himself without a witness" to his beneficence, in any age, in that he hath unceasingly bestowed on the inhabitants of the world, "rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness."

This is one of the characters of Deity which forms the most perfect contrast to the selfish and revengeful dispositions of man, which as far transcends human benevolence, as the heavens in extent surpass the earth—a character calculated to excite our highest love and admiration, and which we are called upon, in the Sacred Oracles, to imitate and revere. "Be ye merciful, as your Father who is in heaven is merciful: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

From such considerations, we learn, even from the system of nature, that *mercy* is an attribute of the Deity; for, if mercy consists in bestowing favours on those who are unworthy, or who merit punishment, the greatest sinners in

all ages have shared in it, and every individual of the human race, now existing, enjoys a certain portion of those comforts which flow from the benevolent arrangements which the Creator has established. "He maketh the sun to arise *on the evil* and on the good." Though the nations in ancient times, as well as at present, "walked in their own ways," indulging in impiety, falsehood, lewdness, war, devastations, revenge, abominable idolatries, and every other violation of his law, he still supported the functions of their animal frames, and caused the influences of the sun, the rains, and the dews, to descend upon their fields, that they might be refreshed with his bounty, and filled "with food and gladness."

If mercy were not an essential attribute of the Deity, he would have cut them down in the midst of their first transgressions, shattered to pieces the globe on which they dwelt, and buried them in eternal oblivion. But whether Divine mercy will extend to the final forgiveness of sin, and the communication of eternal happiness to such beings, can be learned only from the discoveries of Revelation.

In relation to the *inferior animals*—the immense multitude of living creatures with which the earth is replenished, is a striking evidence of the vast profusion of Divine Beneficence. More than a hundred thousand species of animated beings are dispersed through the different regions of the air, the water, and the earth, besides myriads which are invisible to the unassisted eye. To estimate the number of individuals belonging to any one species is beyond the power of man. What countless myriads of herrings, for example, are contained in a single shoal, which is frequently more than six miles long, and three miles broad!

To estimate the number of individuals in all the different species would, therefore, be as impossible as to count the grains of sand in the Arabian deserts. There is not a single spot, in any region of the globe, but what teems with animated beings. Yet, all this vast assemblage of sensitive existence is amply provided for by the bountiful Creator. "These all wait upon him, and he giveth them their meat in due season." They enjoy not only life, but also a *happy* existence.

The sportive motions, and gesticulations of all the animal tribes—the birds skimming through the air, warbling

in the groves, and perching on the trees—the beasts of the field, bounding in the forests, and through the lawns —the fishes sporting in the waters—the reptiles wriggling in the dust, and the winged insects, by a thousand wanton mazes—all declare that they are rejoicing in their existence, and in the exercise of those powers with which the Creator has furnished them. So that wherever we turn our eyes, we evidently perceive, that "the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord," and that "his tender mercies are over all his works."

LESSON V.

The same Subject.—WILCOX.

OF God's Benevolence, proof in his works
From their beginning, and in all his ways,
Illustrious shines. What motive, but desire
To give felicity, called forth his might
To build this fair creation; to surround
His dwelling in the immensity of space
With orb encircling orb, to give to dust
The happiness of life in countless forms
Delightful, and to creatures rational
His pure immortal nature to impart?
Was it his glory? 'Twas his goodness still;
For both are one, inseparably one.
God seeks not his, as men their glory seek;
From vain ambition. Earth and heaven sublime
Were not created for the mere display
Of power and skill immeasurably great;
Nor men and angels merely to admire
The wondrous fabric, and its author praise
With lofty songs. The whole grand universe
Is not an empty monument of fame;
Nor yet a monument, on a wide waste
Erected, for no purpose known to man.
'Tis not a pageant bright, o'er an expanse
Illimitable, moving with vain pomp,
In revolutions vain. The glory sought
In its creation, is but that which flows

From giving happiness with bounteous hand.
Its Maker, full of goodness infinite,
Self-moved, in acts beneficent poured forth
Of his abundance, as the sun, all light
And heat itself, cannot but shine and warm.

That God is good, and nothing does but good,
Is the one truth of his whole written word.
'Tis the deep root, that to this tree of life
All its vitality and beauty gives.
Turn we again to nature, with the book
Of inspiration open in our hands
To be our guide, no longer need we seek
For single tokens of Jehovah's love.
All things declare it, and with accents loud
Call for loud songs of gratitude and praise.
The gifts of heaven, innumerable, descend
On all the earth, silent, and uniform,
Like dew distilling from a smiling sky,
Or like the steady falling of a shower
When the sun shines, and gilds the drops in air,
And on the quivering leaves, and bending grass.
Look where it may, the opened eye of faith
Beholds the fulness of benevolence,
And oft its overflowing, as in showers
Falling on seas, on barren rocks and sands;—
In wholesome fruit within the wilderness,
Growing each year, and perishing uncropt;—
In myriads of living atoms, found
In every turf, and leaf, and breath of air,
Too small indeed for unassisted sight,
But not too small to feel the good they have,
Nor yet unworthy care that knows no bound.
Illumined by the rays of truth divine,
The universe a lovely aspect wears,
From its Creator's universal smile.
About its vast circumference his arms
In tender love are stretched, in one embrace
The whole encircling, as the milky zone
Surrounds the starry firmament immense.

Moral Efficacy of the Sacred Scriptures.—WAYLAND.

THAT the truths of the Bible have the power of awakening an intense moral feeling in man under every variety of character, learned or ignorant, civilized or savage; that they make bad men good, and send a pulse of healthful feeling through all the domestic, civil, and social relations; that they teach men to love right, to hate wrong, and to seek each other's welfare, as the children of one common parent; that they controul the baleful passions of the human heart, and thus make men proficients in the science of self-government; and, finally, that they teach him to aspire after a conformity to a Being of infinite holiness, and fill him with hopes infinitely more purifying, more exalting, more suited to his nature, than any other, which this world has ever known,—are facts incontrovertible as the laws of philosophy, or the demonstrations of mathematics.

Evidence in support of all this can be brought from every age, in the history of man, since there has been a revelation from God on earth. We see the proof of it every where around us. There is scarcely a neighbourhood in our country, where the Bible is circulated, in which we cannot point you to a very considerable portion of its population, whom its truths have reclaimed from the practice of vice, and taught the practice of whatsoever things are pure, and honest, and just, and of good report.

That this distinctive and peculiar effect is produced upon every man to whom the Gospel is announced, we pretend not to affirm. But we do affirm, that, besides producing this special renovation, to which we have alluded, upon a part, it, in a most remarkable degree, elevates the tone of moral feeling throughout the whole community.

Wherever the Bible is freely circulated, and its doctrines carried home to the understandings of men, the aspect of society is altered; the frequency of crime is diminished; men begin to love justice, and to administer it by law; and a virtuous public opinion, that strongest safeguard of right, spreads over a nation the shield of its invisible protection. Wherever it has faithfully been brought to bear upon the human heart, even under most unpromising circumstances, it has, within a single generation, rev-

olutionized the whole structure of society; and thus, within a few years, done more for man than all other means have for ages accomplished without it.

LESSON VI.

Neatness.—DENNIE.

AMONG the minor virtues, cleanliness ought to be conspicuously ranked; and in the common topics of praise we generally arrange some commendation of neatness. It involves much. It supposes a love of order, and attention to the laws of custom. My lord Bacon says, that a good person is a perpetual letter of recommendation. This idea may be extended. Of a well dressed man it may be affirmed, that he has a sure passport through the realms of civility.

In first interviews we can judge of no one except from appearances. He, therefore, whose exterior is agreeable, begins well in any society. Men and women are disposed to argue favourably rather than otherwise of him who manifests, by the purity and propriety of his garb, a disposition to comply and to please. As in rhetoric a judicious exordium is of admirable use to render an audience docile, attentive and benevolent, so, at our introduction into good company, clean and modish apparel is at least a serviceable herald of our exertions, though an humble one.

Negligence in men of letters sometimes arises from their inordinate application to books and papers, and may be palliated, by a good-natured man, as the natural product of a mind too intensely engaged in sublime speculations, to attend to the blackness of a shoe or the whiteness of a ruffle. Mr. Locke and Sir Isaac Newton might be forgiven by their candid contemporaries, though the first had composed his Essay with unwashen hands, and the second had investigated the laws of nature when he was clad in a soiled night-gown.

But slovenliness is often affected by authors, or rather pretenders to authorship, and must then be considered as highly culpable; as an outrage of decorum; as a defiance to the world; as a pitiful scheme to attract notice, by

means which are equally in the power of the drayman and the chimney sweeper. I know a poet of this description, who anticipates renown no less from a dirty shirt than from an elegant couplet, and imagines that, when his appearance is the most sordid, the world must conclude, of course, that his mind is splendid and fair. In his opinion "marvellous foul linen" is a token of wit, and inky fingers indicate humour; he avers that a slouched hat is demonstrative of a well stored brain, and that genius always trudges about in unbuckled shoes. He looks for invention in rumpled ruffles, and finds high-sounding poetry among the folds of a loose stocking.

Slovenliness, so far from being commendable in an author, is more inexcusable in men of letters than in many others, the nature of whose employment compels them to be conversant with objects sordid and impure. A smith from his forge, or a husbandman from his field, is obliged sometimes to appear stained with the smut of the one or the dust of the other. A writer, on the contrary, sitting in an easy chair at a polished desk, and leaning on white paper, or examining the pages of a book, is by no means obliged to be soiled by his labours. I see no reason why an author should not be a gentleman; or at least as clean and neat as a Quaker.

Far from thinking that filthy dress marks a liberal mind, I should suspect the good sense and talents of him, who affected to wear a tattered coat as the badge of his profession. Should I see a reputed genius totally regardless of his person, I should immediately doubt the delicacy of his taste and the accuracy of his judgment. I should conclude there was some obliquity in his mind—a dull sense of decorum, and a disregard of order. I should fancy that he consorted with low society; and, instead of claiming the privilege of genius to knock and be admitted at palaces, that he chose to sneak in at the back door of hovels, and wallow brutishly in the sty of the vulgar.

I cannot conclude better than by an extract from the works of Count Rumford, who, in few and strong words, has fortified my doctrine:—"With what care and attention do the feathered race wash themselves, and put their plumage in order! and how perfectly neat, clean, and elegant, do they ever appear! Among the beasts of the

field, we find that those which are the most cleanly are generally the most gay and cheerful, or are distinguished by a certain air of tranquillity and contentment; and singing birds are always remarkable for the neatness of their plumage. So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man, that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness, who was a consummate villain."

LESSON VII.

The Miser.—POLLOCK.

GOLD many hunted, sweat and bled for gold;
Waked all the night, and laboured all the day.
And what was this allurement, dost thou ask?
A dust dug from the bowels of the earth,
Which being cast into the fire, came out
A shining thing that fools admired, and called
A god; and in devout and humble plight
Before it kneeled, the greater to the less.
And on its altar sacrificed ease, peace,
Truth, faith, integrity; good conscience, friends,
Love, charity, benevolence, and all
The sweet and tender sympathies of life;
And to complete the horrid murderous rite,
And signalize their folly, offered up
Their souls, and an eternity of bliss,
To gain them—what? an hour of dreaming joy;
A feverish hour that hasted to be done,
And ended in the bitterness of wo.

Most for the luxuries it bought—the pomp,
The praise, the glitter, fashion, and renown,
This yellow phantom followed and adored.
But there was one in folly farther gone;
With eye awry, incurable and wild,
The laughing-stock of devils and of men,
And by his guardian angel quite given up—
The miser, who with dust inanimate

Held wedded intercourse. Ill guided wretch!
Thou might'st have seen him at the midnight hour,
When good men slept, and in light winged dreams
Ascended up to God,—in wasteful hall,
With vigilance and fasting worn to skin
And bone, and wrapt in most debasing rags,—
Thou might'st have seen him bending o'er his heaps,
And holding strange communion with his gold;
And as his thievish fancy seemed to hear
The night-man's foot approach, starting alarmed,
And in his old, decrepit, withered hand,
That palsy shook, grasping the yellow earth
To make it sure. Of all God made upright,
And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,
Most fallen, most prone, most earthy, most debased.
Of all that sold Eternity for Time
None bargained on so easy terms with death.
Illustrious fool! Nay, most inhuman wretch!
He sat among his bags, and with a look
Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor
Away unalmsed; and midst abundance died—
Sorest of evils! died of utter want.

LESSON VIII.

The Farewell to the Dead.—MRS. HEMANS.

[THE following piece is founded on a beautiful part of the Greek funeral service, in which relatives and friends are invited to embrace the deceased (whose face is uncovered) and to bid their final adieu.]

COME near!—ere yet the dust
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
Look on your brother, and embrace him now,
In still and solemn trust!
Come near!—once more let kindred lips be press'd
On his cold cheek; then bear him to his rest!

Look yet on this young face!
What shall the beauty, from among us gone,
Leave of its image, ev'n where most it shone,

Gladdening its hearth and race ?
Dim grows the semblance on man's heart impress'd—
Come near, and bear the beautiful to rest !

Ye weep, and it is well !
For tears befit earth's partings !—Yesterday,
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seem'd to dwell
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the bless'd !
—Now gaze ! and hear the silent unto rest !

Look yet on him, whose eye
Meets yours no more, in sadness or in mirth !
Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,
The beings born to die ?
—But not where death has power may love be bless'd—
Come near ! and bear ye the beloved to rest !

How may the mother's heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again ?
The spring's rich promise hath been given in vain,
The lovely must depart !
Is *he* not gone, our brightest and our best ?
Come near ! and bear the early-call'd to rest !

Look on him ! is he laid
To slumber from the harvest or the chase ?
—Too still and sad the smile upon his face,
Yet that, ev'n that, must fade !
Death holds not long unchang'd his fairest guest,—
Come near ! and bear the mortal to his rest !

His voice of mirth had ceased
Amidst the vineyards ! there is left no place
For him whose dust receives your vain embrace,
At the gay bridal feast !
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast ;
Come near ! weep o'er him ! bear him to his rest !

Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quenched !—for him the past
Is seal'd. He may not fall, he may not cast

His birthright's hope away!
All is not *here* of our beloved and bless'd—
—Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest!

LESSON IX.

Charity.—POLLOCK.

Breathe all thy minstrelsy, immortal harp!
Breathe numbers warm with love! while I rehearse,—
Delightful theme! resembling most the songs
Which, day and night, are sung before the Lamb!—
Thy praise, O Charity! thy labours most
Divine; thy sympathy with sighs, and tears,
And groans; thy great, thy god-like wish, to heal
All misery, all fortune's wounds; and make
The soul of every living thing rejoice.

Let me record
His praise,—the man of great benevolence,
Who pressed thee closely to his glowing heart,
And to thy gentle bidding, made his feet
Swift ministers.—Of all mankind, his soul
Was most in harmony with heaven: as one
Sole family of brothers, sisters, friends;
One in their origin, one in their rights
To all the common gifts of providence,
And in their hopes, their joys, and sorrows one,
He viewed the universal human race.
He needed not a law of state, to force
Grudging submission to the law of God;
The law of love was in his heart alive:
What he possessed, he counted not his own,
But like a faithful steward, in a house
Of public alms, what freely he received,
He freely gave; distributing to all
The helpless, the last mite beyond his own
Temperate support, and reckoning still the gift
But justice, due to want; and so it was;
Although the world, with compliment not ill
Applied, adorned it with a fairer name.

Nor did he wait till to his door the voice
Of supplication came, but went abroad,
With foot as silent as the starry dews,
In search of misery that pined unseen,
And would not ask. And who can tell what sights
He saw! what groans he heard in that cold world
Below! where Sin in league with gloomy Death
Marched daily through the length and breadth of all
The land, wasting at will, and making earth,
Fair earth! a lazar-house, a dungeon dark;
Where Disappointment fed on ruined Hope;
Where Guilt, worn out, leaned on the triple edge
Of want, remorse, despair; where Cruelty
Reached forth a cup of wormwood to the lips
Of Sorrow, that to deeper Sorrow wailed;
Where Mockery, and Disease, and Poverty,
Met miserable Age, erewhile sore bent
With his own burden; where the arrowy winds
Of winter, pierced the naked orphan babe,
And chilled the mother's heart who had no home;
And where, alas! in mid-time of his day,
The honest man, robbed by some villain's hand,
Or with long sickness pale, and paler yet
With want and hunger, oft drank bitter draughts
Of his own tears, and had no bread to eat.
Oh! who can tell what sights he saw, what shapes
Of wretchedness! or who describe what smiles
Of gratitude illumed the face of wo,
While from his hand he gave the bounty forth!
As when the sun, from Cancer wheeling back,
Returned to Capricorn, and shewed the north,
That long had lain in cold and cheerless night,
His beamy countenance; all nature then
Rejoiced together glad; the flower looked up
And smiled; the forest from his locks shook off
The hoary frosts, and clapped his hands; the birds
Awoke, and singing, rose to meet the day;
And from his hollow den, where many months
He slumbered sad in darkness, blithe and light
Of heart the savage sprung; and saw again
His mountains shine; and with new songs of love,
Allured the virgin's ear: so did the house,
The prison-house of guilt, and all the abodes

Of unprovided helplessness, revive,
As on them looked the sunny messenger
Of charity; by angels tended still,
That mark'd his deeds, and wrote them in the book
Of God's remembrance:—careless he to be
Observed of men; or have each mite bestowed,
Recorded punctually with name and place
In every bill of news: pleased to do good,
He gave and sought no more, nor questioned much,
Nor reasoned who deserved; for well he knew
The face of need. Ah me! who could mistake?
The shame to ask, the want that urged within,
Composed a look so perfectly distinct
From all else human, and withal so full
Of misery, that none could pass untouched
And be a Christian; or thereafter claim,
In any form, the name or rights of man;
Or, at the day of judgment, lift his eye:
While he, in name of Christ, who gave the poor
A cup of water, or a bit of bread,
Impatient for his advent, waiting stood,
Glowing in robes of love and holiness,
Heaven's fairest dress! and round him ranged in white,
A thousand witnesses appeared, prepared
To tell his gracious deeds before the Throne.

LESSON X.

Formation of Character.—Addressed to Young Men.—HAWES.

IT is ever to be kept in mind that a good name is in all cases the fruit of *personal exertion.* It is not inherited from parents; it is not created by external advantages; it is no necessary appendage of birth, or wealth, or talents, or station; but the result of one's own endeavours,—the fruit and reward of good principles, manifested in a course of virtuous and honourable action. This is the more important to be remarked, because it shows that the attainment of a good name, whatever be your external circumstances, is entirely within your power.

No young man, however humble his birth, or obscure his condition, is excluded from the invaluable boon. He has only to fix his eye upon the prize, and press towards it, in a course of virtuous and useful conduct, and it is his. And it is interesting to notice how many of our worthiest and best citizens have risen to honour and usefulness by dint of their own persevering exertions. They are to be found, in great numbers, in each of the learned professions, and in every department of business; and they stand forth, bright and animating examples, of what can be accomplished by resolution and effort.

Indeed, my friends, in the formation of character, personal exertion is the first, the second and the third virtue. Nothing great or excellent can be acquired without it. A good name will not come without being sought. All the virtues of which it is composed are the result of untiring application and industry. Nothing can be more fatal to the attainment of a good character than a treacherous confidence in external advantages. These, if not seconded by your own endeavours, will "drop you mid way; or perhaps you will not have started, when the diligent traveller will have won the race."

Thousands of young men have been ruined by relying for a good name on their honourable parentage, or inherited wealth, or the patronage of friends. Flattered by these distinctions, they have felt as if they might live without plan and without effort,—merely for their own gratification and indulgence. No mistake is more fatal. It always issues in producing an inefficient and useless character.

In the formation of a good character, it is of great importance that *the early part of life be improved and guarded* with the utmost care and diligence. The most critical period of life is that which elapses from fourteen to twenty-one years of age. More is done during this period, to mould and settle the character of the future man, than in all the other years of life. If a young man passes this season with pure morals and a fair reputation, a good name is almost sure to crown his maturer years, and descend with him to the close of his days.

On the other hand, if a young man, in this spring season of life, neglects his mind and heart; if he indulges himself in vicious courses, and forms habits of inefficiency

and slothfulness, he experiences a loss which no efforts can retrieve, and brings a stain upon his character which no tears can wash away.

Life will inevitably take much of its shape and colouring from the plastic powers that are now operating. Every thing almost depends upon giving a proper direction to this outset of life. The course now taken is usually decisive. The principles now adopted, and the habits now formed, whether good or bad, become a kind of second nature, fixed and permanent.

Youthful thoughtlessness, I know, is wont to regard the indiscretions and vicious indulgencies of this period, as of very little importance. But believe me, my friends, they have great influence in forming your future character, and deciding the estimation in which you are to be held in the community. They are the germs of bad habits; and bad habits confirmed, are ruin to the character and the soul.

The errors and vices of a young man, even when they do not ripen into habit, impress a blot on the name which is rarely effaced. They are remembered in subsequent life; the public eye is often turning back to them; the stigma is seen; it cleaves fast to the character, and its unhappy effects are felt till the end of his days.

"A fair reputation, it should be remembered, is a plant, delicate in its nature, and by no means rapid in its growth. It will not shoot up in a night, like the gourd that shaded the prophet's head; but like that same gourd it may perish in a night." A character which it has cost many years to establish, is often destroyed in a single hour, or even minute. Guard, then, with peculiar vigilance, this forming, fixing season of your existence; and let the precious days and hours that are now passing by you, be diligently occupied in acquiring those habits of intelligence, of virtue and enterprise, which are so essential to the honour and success of future life.

To the formation of a good character it is of the highest importance that you *have a commanding object in view, and that your aim in life be elevated.* To this cause, perhaps, more than to any other, is to be ascribed the great difference which appears in the characters of men. Some start in life with an object in view, and are determined to attain it; whilst others live without plan, and reach not

for the prize set before them. The energies of the one are called into vigorous action, and they rise to eminence, whilst the others are left to slumber in ignoble ease and sink into obscurity.

It is an old proverb, that he who aims at the sun, to be sure will not reach it, but his arrow will fly higher than if he aimed at an object on a level with himself. Just so in the formation of character. Set your standard high; and, though you may not reach it, you can hardly fail to rise higher than if you aimed at some inferior excellence. Young men are not, in general, conscious of what they are *capable* of doing.

They do not task their faculties, nor improve their powers, nor attempt, as they ought, to rise to superior excellence. They have no high, commanding object at which to aim; but often seem to be passing away life without object and without aim. The consequence is, their efforts are few and feeble; they are not waked up to any thing great or distinguished; and therefore fail to acquire a character of decided worth.

My friends, *you may be whatever you resolve to be. Resolution is omnipotent.* Determine that you *will* be something in the world, and you *shall* be something. Aim at excellence, and excellence will be attained. This is the great secret of effort and eminence. *I cannot do it*, never accomplished any thing; *I will try*, has wrought wonders.

You have all perhaps heard of the young man, who, having wasted, in a short time, a large patrimony, in profligate revels, formed a purpose, while hanging over the brow of a precipice from which he had determined to throw himself, that he would regain what he had lost. The purpose thus formed he kept; and though he began by shovelling a load of coals into a cellar, he proceeded from one step to another, till he more than recovered his lost possession, and died an inveterate miser, worth sixty thousand pounds.

I mention this, not as an example to be imitated, but as a signal instance of what can be accomplished by fixed purpose and persevering exertion. A young man who sets out in life with a *determination* to excel, can hardly fail of his purpose. There is, in his case, a steadiness of aim,—a concentration of feeling and effort, which bear

him onward to his object with irresistible energy, and render success, in whatever he undertakes, certain.

Another thing of great importance in the formation of a good character, is *intercourse with persons of decided virtue and excellence.* The power of example is proverbial. We are creatures of imitation; and by a necessary influence, our temper and habits are very much formed on the model of those with whom we familiarly associate. In this view, nothing is of more importance to young men than the choice of their companions.

If they select for their associates the intelligent, the virtuous, and the enterprising, great and most happy will be the effects on their own character and habits. With these living, breathing patterns of excellence before them, they can hardly fail to feel a disgust at every thing that is low, unworthy and vicious, and be inspired with a desire to advance in whatever is praiseworthy and good. It is needless to add, the opposite of all this is the certain consequence of intimacy with persons of bad habits and profligate lives.

But, of all the means of forming a good character, the most efficient is a *deep and practical sense of responsibility to God.* He who has an abiding impression on his mind of the ever present and immutable God, and who contemplates, with due affection and reverence, his relations to him and eternity, has acting on his character an influence of constant and mighty energy,—preserving him from all that is low and debasing; and elevating him to all that is holy and blissful.

If to contemplate patterns of human excellence tends to improve the heart and elevate the character, how much more certainly and constantly will a similar effect be produced by an habitual contemplation of the adorable Jehovah,—"a character which, to use the language of another, "borrows splendour from all that is fair; subordinates to itself all that is great; and sits enthroned on the riches of the universe." Beholding *this* character, and living under *this* influence, we are changed from glory to glory, into the same image, as by the spirit of the Lord.

Indeed, my friends, true religion, the love and the fear of God implanted in the mind, is the most powerfully transforming cause, that can be brought to act on the character of man. The truths it unfolds, the motives it

urges, the interests it involves, the prospects it opens, the hopes it inspires, and the fears it awakens, are fitted to influence, in the most powerful manner, all the feelings and faculties of the mind,—to fill the soul with the noblest views and the purest sentiments; to direct all its energies, desires and purposes, to their proper use and end.

When once seated in the bosom, it raises the thoughts and hopes to God and heaven; it opens the eye on the grandeur and bliss of eternity; it imparts new light and vigour to the mind; throws around the character and ways, the protection of established principles and habits; and secures to its possessor a safe passage through all the temptations of this corrupted and corrupting world, to the abodes of eternal purity and blessedness.

The man of true religion stands on firm and elevated ground; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord; and he feels within him the workings of a principle, which, like the hand of God, will not let him go; but amidst all the assaults of the world, keeps him in the path of virtue, of happiness and heaven.

The character that is without religion, is without the firmest support, and the chief excellence of a moral being. It has impressed on it the deformity of a great and palpable defect; and whatever virtues it does possess, are like flowers planted in the now, or withered by the drought—wanting the life, the vigour, and the beauty, which religion alone can impart.

LESSON XI.

Government of the Thoughts.—JANE TAYLOR.

THERE is a prevailing desire in the minds of many young people to be freed from the restraints of authority; an impatience for that period to arrive when they shall be at liberty to direct their own actions. It is not, perhaps, very uncommon for them to imagine that they should be more willing even to do right—that it would be easier, and far more agreeable—if it were no longer a matter of constraint, but of choice.

To any who may have entertained such ideas, I

would propose a method by which they may already ascertain their powers of self-government; and direct them to a sphere of action, which, whatever their present circumstances may be, is subject to no external control; where parents, tutors, friends, have no dominion; where they are already emancipated from every outward restraint. Here then they may try their strength and prove their skill; and if they fail here, it is but reasonable to conclude that they would be, at least, equally unsuccessful, if entrusted with the direction of their own conduct.

But in what way, it may be asked, are persons whose time, pursuits, actions, whose very recreations are in a measure regulated by others, at liberty to command themselves? There are, indeed, several ways in which this question might be profitably answered; but we shall at present confine ourselves to one, and reply—*Thought is free.* Here is a boundless field, over which the youngest and most strictly guarded possesses unlimited dominion.

Here the eye of the most watchful friend cannot penetrate. At the very moment that a child is gratifying a parent's feelings by some *act* of obedience, the *thoughts* may be so employed as would incur his severest displeasure. There is but One whose eye discerns "the thoughts and intents of the heart;" and a lively recollection of *that* eye being ever present, beholding and recording all that passes within, would, indeed, supersede every other consideration.

Here then, let the proud spirit, impatient of control, and confident of his strength to resist temptation and avoid danger, begin to exercise his self-command. And here let the modest and ingenuous, who cheerfully submit to wholesome restraint and parental guidance, give double diligence in guarding and regulating that to which parental authority cannot extend.

All self-government begins here. He who cannot command his *thoughts*, must not hope to controul his *actions*. The smallest attention to our own minds must convince us that the thoughts require restraint. If left to pursue their own course, they will assuredly take a wrong one. Three different descriptions of thought might be mentioned, closely indeed connected with each other, but which generally, perhaps, occur in the following order:—*idle* thoughts, *vain* thoughts, and *wicked* thoughts.

Idle thoughts are those which ramble wantonly abo the mind, ranging from one object to another, just as th will, without any effort to divert them into a useful cha nel. It might afford a profitable illustration of our mea ing, if the train of thought passing through the mind o young lady, for instance, while sitting for an hour alo at her work-table, could be taken down as it occurs.—P haps she would herself be startled to peruse the motl record. Or should she be disposed to plead in her e cuse that it was rather silly than sinful, let her remembe that "the thought of foolishness is sin." It is not sa the thought of *wickedness*, but the thought of *foolishne*

And it is so, because it wastes time and talents whi might be profitably employed, and for which we mu render an account. It is not sufficient that the hands a occupied; the mind may be idle whilst they are busy; a how much mischief and misery may be traced to indolen of mind! thought is the chief prerogative of our bein the great means of ennobling and reforming it; it mak the grand distinction between the man and the brute.

And yet, would it be paying too high a compliment the capacities of the linnet or the lap-dog, (who we m suppose to be the aforesaid young lady's companions her work-table,) to presume that the train of ideas or se sations, passing through their brains at the same tin would be at least as well worthy of note as those of th mistress?

I would gladly amuse my readers with the alterna cogitations of the lap-dog, the linnet, and the lady; b being unwilling to hazard a conjecture with regard to t two former, I leave them to furnish those of the latter themselves. If "Satan finds some mischief still for id *hands* to do," it is no less true of idle *thoughts*. They a the first means he employs to ensnare us: of them we a not much afraid, and therefore are easily led on to t next step, which is short and easy indeed.

By *vain* thoughts, we may understand those wilful e cursions of the imagination, those airy visions of futu happiness, (as improbable as they are indeed undesirabl which, it is to be feared, are by many, not only admitte but encouraged. If any young persons should yield this kind of mental indulgence, under the idea of its b ing a harmless amusement, it can only be for want of c

servation of their own minds, or for want of sufficient experience of its consequences.

Its effects on the mind are much the same as those of intemperance on the body; enfeebling its powers, rendering every present occupation insipid—every duty dry, and creating a distaste for all mental improvement; at the same time that it cherishes the love of self, and blunts every benevolent and generous sentiment. Nor is it too much to say, that an habitual indulgence of these visionary pleasures is absolutely incompatible with religious improvement. The mind, whose favourite employment is forming plans and wishes for possessing the pleasures, honours, riches, vanities of this world, cannot be seeking, "*first*, the kingdom of God;" cannot be "hungering and thirsting after righteousness;" cannot have "fixed its affections on things above." Well then might David exclaim, "I hate *vain* thoughts, but thy law do I love." He knew that to love both was impossible, for he sets them in direct opposition to each other.

It is not necessary to describe, and we hope not needful to warn our readers against, the last mentioned kind: indeed, if the two former be carefully guarded against, and dismissed from the mind as soon as they enter, there will be little danger that *wicked* thoughts should gain admission. But let none hope to escape even from these, if license be given to the others. The distance and difference between *vain* and *wicked* thoughts, is much less than may be imagined; it is but another step, a step soon and easily, and often unconsciously, taken. Who then will dispute that "the thought of foolishness is sin!"—Who but has need to "watch and pray that they enter not into this temptation!"

If a habit of indulging vain and sinful thoughts be so injurious to the moral and intellectual powers, how healthful, how desirable is a well regulated mind, which has acquired such a command over itself, as to be able to call off the thoughts instantly from unprofitable wanderings, and fix them on useful and important subjects! Youth is the time for forming this habit: if neglected then, it will, in after life, be by painful laborious efforts only, that the mind can be brought to profitable reflection and meditation; from which it will be ever liable to be diverted by every trifle that presents itself to the senses.

All mental superiority originates in habits of *thinking.* A child indeed, like a machine, may be made to perform certain functions by external means; but it is only when he begins to *think* that he rises to the dignity of a rational being. Are we at a loss for subjects of improving and interesting thought? O, look around! regard the heavens above and the earth beneath. The wonders and beauties of nature are of themselves inexhaustible sources of delightful contemplation. That must be a low, frivolous mind, in which a glance at the starry heavens excites no interest, no curiosity, no admiration, no reverence for the great Creator.

Many of our employments, (and this remark especially applies to female employments,) are happily of such a nature, as to leave the mind at liberty. Let no one imagine that she is not responsible for the manner in which that liberty is used. While the useful needle is performing its humble functions, what a noble privilege it is, that the mind may be engaged in the grandest pursuits that can occupy an intelligent being!

Why is it that so many who acknowledge generally the supreme importance of religion, yet from year to year *neglect* that great salvation? It is for want of *thought.* Idle and vain thoughts are the "weeds which spring up and choke" every good impression; and prevent all serious reflection. Oh, we should be ashamed to mention the *trifles* that, it is to be feared, occupy hours and years of eager, anxious thought, and cause such subjects as death, heaven, and eternity, to appear dull, insipid, and unimportant! Let our young readers inquire for *themselves* to what themes their thoughts most gladly and naturally recur. And happy, happy they, who, after such an investigation can sincerely exclaim, "O how love I *thy* law; it is my *meditation* all the day!"

Let none be discouraged from attempting to acquire the right regulation of their thoughts, by the difficulties they may have to encounter. Habit will render that easy and delightful, which, at first, appears dry and difficult. The mind will gradually become enlarged and ennobled; will feel disgusted at the trifles which used to satisfy it, and aspire to pursuits and pleasures of the highest order. To be prepared for the great change—meetened for a world of intellectual and spiritual enjoyment, will then appear

to us the grand concern of life, the "one thing needful." Then shall we be able to say with the Psalmist, "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies."

LESSON XII.

The Stranger and his Friend. Matt. xxv. 35—40. —MONTGOMERY.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye,
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake—
Just perishing for want of bread.
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on—
I ran, and raised the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'T was night. The floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;

I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
I laid him on my couch to rest;
Then made the ground my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment;—he was healed.
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honoured him midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, 'I will.'

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew;
My Saviour stood before my eyes.
He spake, and my poor name he named—
'Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me.'

LESSON XIII.

Mode of acquiring the most comprehensive conception of the Bulk of the Earth.—DICK.

THE earth is a globe, whose diameter is nearly 8,000 miles, and its circumference about 25,000; and, consequently, its surface contains nearly two hundred millions of square miles—a magnitude too great for the mind to

take in at *one* conception. In order to form a tolerable conception of the whole, we must endeavour to take a leisurely survey of its different parts. Were we to take our station on the top of a mountain, of a moderate size, and survey the surrounding landscape, we should perceive an extent of view stretching 40 miles in every direction, forming a circle 80 miles in diameter, and 250 in circumference, and comprehending an area of 5,000 square miles.

In such a situation, the terrestrial scene around and beneath us, consisting of hills and plains, towns and villages, rivers and lakes—would form one of the largest objects which the eye, or even the imagination, can steadily grasp at one time. But such an object, grand and extensive as it is, forms no more than the *forty thousandth part* of the terraqueous globe; so that before we can acquire an adequate conception of the magnitude of our own world, we must conceive 40,000 landscapes, of a similar extent, to pass in review before us: and, were a scene, of the magnitude now stated, to pass before us every hour, till all the diversified scenery of the earth were brought under our view, and were 12 hours a day allotted for the observation, it would require 9 years and 48 days before the whole surface of the globe could be contemplated, even in this *general* and *rapid* manner.

But, such a variety of successive landscapes passing before the eye, even although it were possible to be realized, would convey only a very vague and imperfect conception of the scenery of our world; for objects at the distance of 40 miles cannot be distinctly perceived; the only view which would be satisfactory would be, that which is comprehended within the range of 3 or 4 miles from the spectator.

Again, I have already stated, that the surface of the earth contains nearly 200,000,000 of square miles. Now, were a person to set out on a minute survey of the terraqueous globe, and to travel till he passed along every square mile on its surface, and to continue his route without intermission, at the rate of 30 miles every day, it would require 18,264 years before he could finish his tour, and complete the survey of "this huge rotundity on which we tread:"—so that, had he commenced his excursion on the day in which Adam was created, and continued it to

the present hour, he would not have accomplished one-third part of this vast tour.

In estimating the size and extent of the earth, we ought also to take into consideration, the vast variety of objects with which it is diversified, and the numerous animated beings with which it is stored;—the great divisions of land and water, the continents, seas, and islands, into which it is distributed; the lofty ranges of mountains which rear their heads to the clouds; the unfathomable abysses of the ocean; its vast subterraneous caverns and burning mountains; and the lakes, rivers, and stately forests with which it is so magnificently adorned;—the many millions of animals, of every size and form, from the elephant to the mite, which traverse its surface; the numerous tribes of fishes, from the enormous whale to the diminutive shrimp, which "play" in the mighty ocean; the aerial tribes which sport in the regions above us, and the vast mass of the surrounding atmosphere, which encloses the earth and all its inhabitants as "with a swaddling band."

The immense variety of beings with which our terrestrial habitation is furnished, conspires, with every other consideration, to exalt our conceptions of that Power by which our globe, and all that it contains, were brought into existence.

The preceding illustrations, however, exhibit the vast extent of the earth, considered only as a mere superficies. But we know that the earth is a solid globe, whose specific gravity is nearly five times denser than water, or about twice as dense as the mass of earth and rocks which compose its surface. Though we cannot dig into its bowels beyond a mile in perpendicular depth, to explore its hidden wonders, yet we may easily conceive what a vast and indescribable mass of matter must be contained between the two opposite portions of its external circumference, reaching 8,000 miles in every direction.

The solid contents of this ponderous ball is no less than 263,858,149,120 cubical miles—a mass of material substance of which we can form but a very faint and imperfect conception—in proportion to which, all the lofty mountains which rise above its surface, are less than a few grains of sand, when compared with the largest artificial globe. Were the earth a hollow sphere, surrounded

merely with an external shell of earth and water, 10 miles thick, its internal cavity would be sufficient to contain a quantity of materials *one hundred and thirty-three times* greater than the whole mass of continents, islands, and oceans, on its surface, and the foundations on which they are supported.

We have the strongest reasons, however, to conclude, that the earth, in its general structure, is one solid mass, from the surface to the centre, excepting, perhaps, a few caverns scattered, here and there, amidst its subterraneous recesses : and that its density gradually increases from its surface to its central regions. What an enormous mass of materials, then, is comprehended within the limits of that globe on which we tread !

The mind labours, as it were, to comprehend the mighty idea, and, after all its exertion, feels itself unable to take in such an astonishing magnitude at *one* comprehensive grasp. How great must be the power of that Being who commanded it to spring from nothing into existence, who "measures the ocean in the hollow of his hand, who weigheth the mountains in scales, and hangeth the earth upon nothing !"

LESSON XIV.

Magnitude of the bodies which compose the Solar System. —DICK.

IF we pass from our globe to some of the other bodies of the planetary system, we shall find that one of these stupendous orbs is more than 900 times the size of our world, and encircled with a ring 200,000 miles in diameter, which would nearly reach from the earth to the moon, and would enclose within its vast circumference, several hundreds of worlds as large as ours.

Another of these planetary bodies, which appears to the vulgar eye only as a brilliant speck on the vault of heaven, is found to be of such a size, that it would require 1,400 globes of the bulk of the earth to form one equal to it in dimensions. The whole of the bodies which compose the solar system (without taking the sun and the

comets into account,) contain a mass of matter 2,500 times greater than that of the earth. The sun himself is 580 times larger than all the planetary globes taken together; and one million, three hundred thousand times larger than the terraqueous globe.

This is one of the most glorious and magnificent visible objects, which either the eye, or the imagination, can contemplate; especially when we consider, what perpetual, and incomprehensible, and powerful influence he exerts, what warmth, and beauty, and activity, he diffuses, not only on the globe we inhabit, but over the more extensive regions of surrounding worlds. His energy extends to the utmost limits of the planetary system—to the planet Herschel, which revolves at the distance of 1,800 millions of miles from his surface, and there, he dispenses light, and colour, and comfort, to all the beings connected with that far-distant orb, and to all the moons which roll around it.

Here the imagination begins to be overpowered and bewildered in its conceptions of magnitude, when it has advanced scarcely a single step in its excursions through the material world: For it is highly probable that all the matter contained within the limits of the solar system, incomprehensible as its magnitude appears, bears a smaller proportion to the whole mass of the material universe, than a single grain of sand to all the particles of matter contained in the body of the sun and his attending planets.

LESSON XV.

Magnitude and Number of the Stars.—DICK.

IF we extend our views from the solar system to the starry heavens, we have to penetrate, in our imagination, a space which the swiftest ball that was ever projected, though in perpetual motion, would not traverse in ten hundred thousand years. In those trackless regions of immensity, we behold an assemblage of resplendent globes, similar to the sun in size, and in glory, and, doubtless, accompanied with a retinue of worlds, revolving, like our own, around their attractive influence. The immense

distance at which the neares tstars are known to be placed, proves, that they are bodies of a prodigious size, not inferiour to our own sun, and that they shine, not by reflected rays, but by their own native light.

But bodies encircled with such refulgent splendour, would be of little use in the economy of Jehovah's empire, unless surrounding worlds were cheered by their benign influence, and enlightened by their beams. Every star is, therefore, with good reason, concluded to be a sun, no less spacious than ours, surrounded by a host of planetary globes, which revolve around it as a centre, and derive from it light, and heat, and comfort.

Nearly a thousand of these luminaries may be seen in a clear winter night, by the naked eye; so that a mass of matter equal to a thousand solar systems, or to *thirteen hundred and twenty millions of globes of the size of the earth*, may be perceived, by every common observer, in the canopy of heaven. But all the celestial orbs which are perceived by the unassisted sight, do not form the eighty thousandth part of those which may be descried by the help of optical instruments.

The telescope has enabled us to descry, in certain spaces of the heavens, thousands of stars where the naked eye could scarcely discern twenty. The late celebrated astronomer, Dr. Herschel, has informed us, that, in the most crowded parts of the Milky-way, when exploring that region with his best glasses, he has had fields of view which contained no less than 588 stars, and these were continued for many minutes: so that "in one quarter of an hour's time there passed no less than *one hundred and sixteen thousand stars* through the field of view of his telescope."

It has been computed, that nearly *one hundred millions* of stars might be perceived by the most perfect instruments, were all the regions of the sky thoroughly explored: And yet, all this vast assemblage of suns and worlds, when compared with what lies beyond the utmost boundaries of human vision, in the immeasurable spaces of creation, may be no more than as the smallest particle of vapour to the immense ocean. Immeasurable regions of space lie beyond the utmost limits of mortal view, into which even imagination itself can scarcely penetrate, and

which are, doubtless, replenished with the operations of Divine Wisdom and Omnipotence.

For, it cannot be supposed, that a being so diminutive as man, whose stature scarcely exceeds six feet—who vanishes from the sight at the distance of a league—whose whole habitation is invisible from the nearest star—whose powers of vision are so imperfect, and whose mental faculties are so limited—it cannot be supposed that man, who "dwells in tabernacles of clay, who is crushed before the moth," and chained down, by the force of gravitation, to the surface of a small planet,—should be able to descry the utmost boundaries of the empire of Him who fills immensity, and dwells in "light unapproachable."

That portion of his dominions, however, which lies within the range of our view, presents such a scene of magnificence and grandeur, as must fill the mind of every reflecting person with astonishment and reverence, and constrain him to exclaim, "Great is our Lord, and of great power, his understanding is infinite." "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained,—what is man that thou art mindful of him!"

LESSON XVI.

Rapid Motions of the Celestial Bodies.—DICK.

THE *rapid motions* of the great bodies of the universe, no less than their magnitudes, display the Infinite Power of the Creator. We can acquire accurate ideas of the relative velocities of moving bodies, only by comparing the motions, with which we are familiar, with one another, and with those which lie beyond the general range of our minute inspection. We can acquire a pretty accurate conception of the velocity of a ship, impelled by the wind —of a steam-boat—of a race-horse—of a bird darting through the air—of an arrow flying from a bow—and of the clouds when impelled by a stormy wind.

The velocity of a ship is from 8 to 12 miles an hour,—of a race horse, from 20 to 30 miles—of a bird, say from 50 to 60 miles, and of the clouds, in a violent hurricane,

from 80 to 100 miles an hour. The motion of a ball from a loaded cannon is incomparably swifter than any of the motions now stated; but of the velocity of such a body we have a less accurate idea; because, its rapidity being so great, we cannot trace it distinctly by the eye through its whole range, from the mouth of the cannon to the object against which it is impelled. By experiments, it has been found, that its rate of motion is from 480 to 800 miles in an hour, but it is retarded every moment, by the resistance of the air and the attraction of the earth.

This velocity, however, great as it is, bears no sensible proportion to the rate of motion which is found among the celestial orbs. That such enormous masses of matter should move at all, is wonderful; but when we consider the amazing velocity with which they are impelled, we are lost in astonishment. The planet Jupiter, in describing his circuit round the sun, moves at the rate of 29,000 miles an hour. The planet Venus, one of the nearest and most brilliant of the celestial bodies, and about the same size as the earth, is found to move through the spaces of the firmament at the rate of 76,000 miles an hour; and the planet Mercury, with a velocity of no less than 150,000 miles an hour, or 1750 miles in a minute—a motion two hundred times swifter than that of a cannon ball.

These velocities will appear still more astonishing, if we consider the magnitude of the bodies which are thus impelled, and the immense forces which are requisite to carry them along in their courses. However rapidly a ball flies from the mouth of a cannon, it is the flight of a body only a *few inches* in diameter; but one of the bodies, whose motion has been just now stated, is *eighty-nine thousand miles* in diameter, and would comprehend, within its vast circumference, more than a thousand globes as large as the earth.—Could we contemplate such motions, from a fixed point, at the distance of only a few hundreds of miles from the bodies thus impelled—it would raise our admiration to its highest pitch, it would overwhelm all our faculties, and, in our present state, would produce an impression of awe, and even of terrour, beyond the power of language to express.

LESSON XVII.

Popular Illustration of the Motions of the Earth and Heavens.—DICK.

ANY person of common understanding may be made to comprehend the leading ideas of extended space, magnitude, and motion, which have been stated above, provided the descriptions be sufficiently simple, clear, and well defined; and should they be at a loss to comprehend the principles on which the conclusions rest, or the mode by which the magnificence of the works of God has been ascertained, an occasional reference to such topics would excite them to inquiry and investigation, and to the exercise of their powers of observation and reasoning on such subjects—which are too frequently directed to far less important objects.

The following illustration, however, stands clear of every objection of this kind, and is level to the comprehension of every man of common sense.—Either the earth moves round its axis once in twenty-four hours—or, the sun, moon, planets, comets, stars, and the whole frame of the universe move round the earth, in the same time. There is no alternative, or third opinion, that can be formed on this point. If the earth revolve on its axis every 24 hours, to produce the alternate succession of day and night, the portions of its surface about the equator, must move at the rate of more than a thousand miles an hour, since the earth is more than twenty-four thousand miles in circumference.

This view of the fact, when attentively considered, furnishes a most sublime and astonishing idea. That a globe of so vast dimensions, with all its load of mountains, continents, and oceans, comprising within its circumference a mass of two hundred and sixty-four thousand millions of cubical miles, should whirl around with so amazing a velocity, gives us a most august and impressive conception of the greatness of that Power which first set it in motion, and continues the rapid whirl from age to age! Though the huge masses of the Alpine mountains were in a moment detached from their foundations, carried aloft through the regions of the air, and tossed into the Mediterranean

Sea, it would convey no idea of a force equal to that which is every moment exerted, if the earth revolve on its axis.

But should the motion of our earth be called in question, or denied, the idea of force, or power, will be indefinitely increased. For, in this case, it must necessarily be admitted, that the heavens, with all our innumerable host of stars, have a diurnal motion round the globe; which motion must be inconceivably more rapid than that of the earth, on the supposition of its motion. For, in proportion as the celestial bodies are distant from the earth, in the same proportion would be the rapidity of their movements. The sun, on this supposition, would move at the rate of 414,000 miles in a minute; the nearest stars, at the rate of fourteen hundred millions of miles in a *second*: and the most distant luminaries, with a degree of swiftness which no numbers could express.

Such velocities, too, would be the rate of motion, not merely of a single globe like the earth, but of all the ten thousand times ten thousand spacious globes that exist within the boundaries of creation. This view conveys an idea of power, still more august and overwhelming than any of the views already stated, and we dare not presume to assert, that such a degree of physical force is beyond the limits of Infinite perfection; but on the supposition it existed, it would confound all our ideas of the wisdom and intelligence of the Divine mind, and would appear altogether inconsistent with the character which the scripture gives us of the Deity as "the only wise God."

For, it would exhibit a stupendous system of means altogether disproportioned to the end intended—namely, to produce the alternate succession of day and night to the inhabitants of our globe, which is more beautifully and harmoniously effected by a simple rotation on its axis, as is the case with the other globes which compose the planetary system. Such considerations, however, show us, that, on whatever hypothesis, whether on the vulgar or the scientific, or in whatever other point of view, the frame of nature may be contemplated, the mind is irresistibly impressed with ideas of power, grandeur, and magnificence. And, therefore, when an inquiring mind is directed to contemplate the works of God, on any hypothesis it may choose, it has a tendency to rouse reflection, and to stimulate the exercise of the moral and intellectual

faculties, on objects which are worthy of the dignity of immortal minds.

LESSON XVIII.

Painful Results of Lying.—MRS. OPIE.

I CANNOT point out the mischievous nature and impolicy of lying better than by referring my readers to their own experience. Which of them does not know some few persons, at least, from whose habitual disregard of truth they have often suffered; and with whom they find intimacy unpleasant, as well as unsafe; because confidence, that charm and cement of intimacy, is wholly wanting in the intercourse? Which of my readers is not sometimes obliged to say, "I ought to add, that my authority for what I have just related, is only Mr. and Mrs. such-a-one, or a certain young lady, or a certain young gentleman; therefore, you know what *credit* is to be given to it."

It has been asserted, that every town and village has its *idiot;* and, with equal truth, probably, it may be advanced, that every one's circle of acquaintance contains one or more persons known to be habitual *liars*, and always mentioned as such. I may be asked, "if this be so, of what consequence is it? And how is it mischievous? If such persons are known and chronicled as liars, they can deceive no one, and, therefore, can do no harm." But this is not true: we are not always on our guard, either against our own weakness, or against that of others; and if the most notorious liar tells us something which we wish to believe, our wise resolution never to credit or repeat what he has told us, fades before our desire to confide in him on this occasion. Thus, even in spite of caution, we become the agents of his falsehood; and, though lovers of truth, are the assistants of lying.

Nor are there many of my readers, I venture to pronounce, who have not at some time or other of their lives, had cause to lament some violation of truth, of which they themselves were guilty, and which, at the time, they considered as wise, or positively unavoidable.

But the greatest proof of the impolicy even of occasion-

al lying is, that it exposes one to the danger of never being believed in future. It is difficult to give implicit credence to those who have once deceived us; when they did so deceive, they were governed by a motive sufficiently powerful to overcome their regard for truth; and how can one ever be sure, that equal temptation is not always present, and always overcoming them?

Admitting, that perpetual distrust attends on those who are known to be frequent violaters of truth, it seems to me that the liar is, as if he was *not*. He is, as it were, annihilated for all the important purposes of life. That man or woman is no better than a nonentity, whose simple assertion is not credited immediately. Those whose words no one dares to repeat, without naming the *authority*, lest the information conveyed by them should be too implicitly credited, such persons, I repeat it, exist, as if they existed *not*.

They resemble that diseased eye, which, though perfect in colour, and appearance, is wholly useless, because it cannot perform the function for which it was created, that of *seeing;* for, of what use to others, and of what benefit to themselves, can those be whose tongues are always suspected of uttering falsehood, and whose words, instead of inspiring confidence, that soul and cement of society, and of mutual regard, are received with offensive distrust, and never repeated without caution and apology?

I shall now endeavour to show, that speaking the truth does not imply a necessity to wound the feelings of any one; but that, even if the unrestricted practice of truth in society did at first give pain to self-love, it would, in the end, further the best views of benevolence; namely, moral improvement.

There cannot be any reason why *offensive* or *home* truths should be *volunteered*, because one lays it down as a principle that truth must be spoken, when *called for*. If I put a question to another which may, if truly answered, wound either my sensibility or my self-love, I should be rightly served if replied to by a *home truth;* but, taking conversation according to its general tenor—that is, under the usual restraints of decorum and propriety—truth and benevolence will, I believe, be found to go hand in hand; and not, as is commonly imagined, be opposed to each other.

For instance, if a person in company be old, plain, affected, vulgar in manners, or dressed in a manner unbecoming their years, my utmost love of truth would never lead me to say, "how old you look! or how plain you are! or how improperly dressed! or how vulgar! and how affected!" But, if this person were to say to me, "do I not look old? am I not plain? am I not improperly dressed? am I vulgar in manners?" and so on, I own, that, according to my principles, I must, in my reply, adhere to the strict truth, after having vainly tried to avoid answering, by a serious expostulation on the folly, impropriety, and indelicacy of putting such a question to any one. And what would the consequence be? The person so answered, would, probably, never like me again.

Still, by my reply, I might have been of the greatest service to the indiscreet questioner. If *ugly*, the inquirer being convinced that not on outward charms could he or she build their pretensions to please, might study to improve in the more permanent graces of mind and manner. If *growing old*, the inquirer might be led by my reply to reflect seriously on the brevity of life, and try to grow in grace while advancing in years. If *ill-dressed*, or in a manner unbecoming a certain time of life, the inquirer might be led to improve in this particular, and be no longer exposed to the sneer of detraction. If *vulgar*, the inquirer might be induced to keep a watch in future over the admitted vulgarity; and, if affected, might endeavour at greater simplicity, and less pretension in appearance.

Thus, the temporary wound to the self-love of the enquirer might be attended with lasting benefit; and benevolence in reality be not wounded, but gratified. Besides, as I have before observed, the truly benevolent can always find a balm for the wounds which duty obliges them to inflict.

Few persons are so entirely devoid of external and internal charms, as not to be subjects for some kind of commendation; therefore, I believe, that means may always be found to smooth down the plumes of that self-love which principle has obliged us to ruffle. But, if it were to become a general principle of action in society to utter spontaneous truth, the difficult situation in which I have painted the utterers of truth to be placed, would, in time,

be *impossible*; for, if certain that the truth would be spoken, and their suspicions concerning their defects confirmed, none would dare to *put* such questions as I have enumerated. Those questions sprung from the hope of being contradicted and flattered, and were that hope annihilated, no one would ever so question again.

I shall observe here, that those who make mortifying observations on the personal defects of their friends, or on any infirmity either of body or mind, are not actuated by the love of truth, or by any good motive whatever; but that such unpleasant sincerity is merely the result of coarseness of mind, and a mean desire to inflict pain and mortification; therefore, if the utterer of them be noble, or even royal, I should still bring a charge against them, terrible to "ears polite," that of ill-breeding and positive *vulgarity*.

All human beings are convinced in the closet of the importance of truth to the interests of society, and of the mischief which they experience from lying, though few, comparatively, think the practice of the one, and avoidance of the other, binding either on the christian or the moralist, when they are acting in the busy scenes of the world.

LESSON XIX.

The Turban; or the Lie of Flattery.—MRS. OPIE.

SOME persons are such determined flatterers both by nature and habit, that they flatter unconsciously, and almost involuntarily. Such a flatterer was Jemima Aldred; but, as the narrowness of her fortune made her unable to purchase the luxuries of life in which she most delighted, she was also a *conscious* and *voluntary* flatterer whenever she was with those who had it in their power to indulge her favourite inclinations.

There was one distinguished woman in the circle of her acquaintance, whose favour she was particularly desirous of gaining, and who was therefore the constant object of her flatteries. This lady, who was rendered, by her situation, her talents, and her virtues, an object of

earthly worship to many of her associates, had a good-natured indolence about her, which made her receive the incense offered, as if she believed in its sincerity. But the flattery of young Jemima was so gross, and so indiscriminate, that it sometimes converted the usual gentleness of Lady Delaval's nature into gall; and she felt indignant at being supposed capable of relishing adulation so excessive, and devotion so servile.

But, as she was full of christian benevolence, and, consequently, her first desire was to do good, she allowed pity for the poor girl's ignorance to conquer resentment, and laid a plan in order to correct and amend her, if *possible*, by salutary mortification. Accordingly, she invited Jemima, and some other young ladies, to spend a whole day with her at her house in the country. But, as the truly benevolent are always reluctant to afflict any one, even though it be to *improve*, Lady Delaval would have shrunk from the task which she had imposed on herself, had not Jemima excited her into perseverance, by falling repeatedly and grossly into her besetting sin during the course of the day.

For instance: Lady Delaval, who usually left the choice of her ribands to her milliner, as she was not studious of her personal appearance, wore colours at breakfast that morning which she thought ill-suited both to her years and complexion; and having asked her guests how they liked her scarf and ribands, they pronounced them to be beautiful. "But, surely, they do not become my olive, ill-looking skin!"—"They are certainly not becoming," was the ingenuous reply of all but Jemima Aldred, who persisted in asserting that the colour was as becoming as it was brilliant; adding, "I do not know what dear Lady Delaval means by undervaluing her own clear complexion."—

"The less that is said about that the better, I believe," she dryly replied, not trying to conceal the sarcastic smile which played upon her lip, and feeling strengthened, by this new instance of Jemima's duplicity, to go on with her design; but Jemima thought she had endeared herself to her by flattering her personal vanity; and, while her companions frowned reproach for *her insincerity*, she wished for an opportunity of reproving *their rudeness*. After tea, Lady Delaval desired her maid to bring her down the

foundation for a turban, which she was going to pin up, and some other finery prepared for the same purpose; and in a short time the most splendid materials for millinery shone upon the table.

When she began her task, her guests, Jemima excepted, worked also; but she was sufficiently employed, she said, in watching the creative and tasteful fingers of her friend. At first, Lady Delaval made the turban of silver tissue; and Jemima was in ecstacies; but the next moment she declared that covering to be too simple; and Jemima thought so too;—while she was in equal ecstacies at the effect of a gaudy many-coloured gauze which replaced its modest costliness. But still her young companions openly preferred the silver covering, declaring that the gay one could only be tolerated if nothing else of showy ornament were superadded.

They gave, however, their opinion in vain. Coloured stones, a gold band, and a green spun-glass feather, were all in their turn heaped upon this showy head-dress, while Jemima exulted over every fresh addition, and admired it as a new proof of Lady Delaval's taste. "Now, then, it is completed," cried Lady Delaval; "but no; suppose I add a scarlet feather to the green one; Oh! that would be superb;" and having given this desirable finish to her performance, Jemima declared it to be perfect; but the rest of the company were too honest to commend it.

Lady Delaval then put it on her head; and it was as unbecoming as it was ugly: but Jemima exclaimed that her dear friend had never worn any thing before in which she looked so well, adding, "But then *she* looks well in *every thing*. However, that lovely turban would become any one."—"Try how it would fit you!" said Lady Delaval, putting it on her head. Jemima looked in a glass, and saw that to her short, small person, little face and little turned-up nose, such an enormous mass of finery was the destruction of all comeliness; but, while the by-standers laughed immoderately at her appearance, Jemima was loud in her admiration, and volunteered a wish to wear it at some public place—"for I think, I *do* look so well in it!" cried Jemima.

"If so," said her hostess, "*you*, young ladies, on this occasion, have neither taste nor eyes;" while Jemima danced about the room, exulting in her heavy head-dress,

in the triumph of her falsehood, and in the supposed superior ascendancy it had gained her over her hostess above that of her more sincere companions. Nor, when Lady Delaval expressed her fear that the weight might be painful, would she allow it to be removed; but she declared that she liked her burden. At parting, Lady Delaval, in a tone of great significance, told her that she should *hear from her the next day.* The next morning Jemima often dwelt on these marked words, impatient for an explanation of them; and between twelve and one o'clock a servant of Lady Delaval's brought a letter and a band-box.

The letter was first opened; and was as follows:

"DEAR JEMIMA,

"As I know that you have long wished to visit my niece Lady Ormsby, and also to attend the astronomical lecture on the grand transparent orrery, which is to be given at the public rooms this evening, for the benefit of the Infirmary; though your praise-worthy prudence prevented you from subscribing to it, I have great pleasure in enclosing you a ticket for the lecture, and in informing you that I will call and take you to dinner at Lady Ormsby's at four o'clock, whence you and I, and the rest of the party, (which will be a splendid one) shall adjourn to the lecture"—"How kind! how very kind!" exclaimed Jemima; but, in her heart, imputing these favours to her recent flatteries; and reading no farther, she ran to her mother's apartment to declare the joyful news." "Oh, mamma!" exclaimed she, "how fortunate it was that I made up my dyed gauze when I did! and I can wear natural flowers in my hair; and they are so becoming, as well as cheap." She then returned to her own room, to finish the letter and explore the contents of the box. But what was her consternation on reading the following words:—

"But I shall take you to the dinner, and I give you the ticket for the lecture, only on this express condition, —that you wear the accompanying turban, which was decorated according to *your* taste and judgment, and in which you were conscious of looking so well.—Every *additional* ornament was bestowed to please you; and as I know that your wish will be not to deprive me of a head-dress in which your *partial* eyes thought that I looked so *charmingly*, I positively assure you that no consider-

ation shall ever induce me to wear it; and that I expect you to meet my summons, arrayed in your youthful loveliness and my turban."

Jemima sat in a sort of stupor after perusing this epistle: and when she started from it, it was to carry the letter and the turban to her mother. "Read that! and look at that!" she exclaimed, pointing to the turban. "Why, to be sure, Jemima, Lady Delaval must be making game of you," she replied. "What could produce such an absurd requisition?" When called upon to answer this question, Jemima blushed; and, for the first time, feeling some compunctious visitings of conscience, she almost hesitated to own, that the annoying conditions were the consequence of her flatteries.

Still, to comply with them was impossible: and to go to the dinner and lecture without them, and thereby perhaps affront Lady Delaval, was impossible also.—"What! expect me to hide my pretty hair under that preposterous mountain? Never, never!" Vainly, now, did she try to admire it; and she felt its weight insupportable. "To be sure," said she to herself, "Captain Leslie and George Vaux will dine at Lady Ormsby's and go to the lecture; but then they will not bear to look at me in this frightful head-dress, and will so quiz me; and I am sure they will think me too great a *quiz* to sit by! No, no; much as I wish to go, and I do so very, very much wish it, I cannot go on these cruel conditions."

"But what excuse can you make to Lady Delaval?"—"I must tell her that I have a bad toothache, and cannot go; and I will write her a note to say so! and at the same time return the ugly turban." She did so;—but when she saw Lady Delaval pass to the fine dinner, and heard the carriages at night going to the crowded lecture, she shed tears of bitterness and regret, and lamented that she had not dared to go without the conditional and detestable turban.

The next day she saw Lady Delaval's carriage drive up to the door, and also saw the servant take a band-box out. "Oh dear mamma," cried Jemima, "I protest that ridiculous old woman has brought her ugly turban back again!" and it was with a forced smile of welcome that she greeted Lady Delaval. That lady entered the room with a graver and more dignified mien than usual; for

she came to reprove, and, she hoped, amend an offender against those principles of truth which she honoured, and to which she uniformly acted up.

Just before Lady Delaval appeared, Jemima recollected that she was to have the toothache; therefore she tied up her face, adding a PRACTICAL LIE to the many already told;—for one lie is sure to make many. "I was sorry to find that you were not able to accompany me to the dinner and lecture," said she; "and were kept at home by the toothache. Was that your only reason for staying at home?" "Certainly, madam; can you doubt it?"—"Yes; for I have strong suspicions that the toothache is a pretence, not a reality."—"This from you, Lady Delaval! my once kind friend." "Jemima, I am come to prove myself a far kinder friend than ever I did before. I am glad to find you alone; because I should not like to reprove a child before her mother."

Lady Delaval then reproached her astonished auditor with the mean habit of flattery, in which she was so apt to indulge; assuring her that she had never been for one moment her dupe, and had insisted on her wearing the turban, in order to punish her despicable duplicity. "Had you not acted thus," continued Lady Delaval, "I meant to have taken you to the dinner and lecture, without conditions; but I wished to inflict on you a salutary punishment, in hopes of convincing you that there are no qualities so safe, or so pleasing as truth and ingenuousness.

I saw you cast an alarmed look at the hat-box," she added, in a gayer tone; "but fear not; the turban is no more! and, in its stead, I have taken the liberty of bringing you a Leghorn bonnet; and should you, while you wear it, feel any desire to flatter, in your usual degrading manner, may it remind you of this conversation, and its *cause*,—and make your present mortification the means of your future good."

At this moment Jemima's mother entered the room, exclaiming: "Oh! Lady Delaval! I am glad you are come! my poor child's toothache is so bad! and how unfortunate that"—Lady Delaval cast on the mistaken mother a look of severe reproof, and on the daughter one of pity and unavailing regret; for she felt that, for the child who is hourly exposed to the contagion of an unprincipled parent's example, there can be little chance of amendment;

and she hastened to the carriage, convinced that for the poor Jemima Aldred her labours of christian duty had been exerted in *vain*. She would have soon found how just her conviction was, had she heard the dialogue between the mother and daughter, as soon as she drove off.

Jemima dried up her hypocritical tears, and exclaimed, "A cross, methodistical creature! I am glad she is gone!" —"What do you mean, child? and what is all this about?" Jemima having told her, she exclaimed, "Why, the woman is mad! What! object to a little harmless flattery! and call that lying, indeed! Nonsense! it is all a pretence. She hate *flattery!* no, indeed; if you were to tell her the truth, she would hate you like poison."—"Very likely; but see, mamma, what she has given me. What a beautiful bonnet! But she owed it to me, for the trick she played me, and for her preaching." —"Well, child," answered her mother, "let her preach to you every day and welcome, if she comes, as to-day, full-handed."

Such was the effect of Lady Delaval's kind efforts, on a mother so teaching, and a daughter so taught; for indelible indeed are those habits of falsehood and disingenuousness which children acquire, whose parents do not make a *strict adherence* to truth the *basis* of their children's education; and puuish all deviation from it with salutary rigour. But, whatever be the *excellences* or the *errors* of parents or preceptors, there is one necessary thing for them to remember, or their excellences will be useless, and their faults irremediable; namely, that they are not to form their children for the present world alone;—they are to educate them not merely as the *children of time* but as the *heirs of eternity*.

LESSON XX.

The Ivy.—Addressed to a Young Friend.—B. BARTON.

Dost thou not love, in the season of spring,
To twine thee a flowery wreath,
And to see the beautiful birch-tree fling
Its shade on the grass beneath?

Its glossy leaf, and its silvery stem ;
O dost thou not love to look on them ?

And dost thou not love, when leaves are greenest,
And summer has just begun,
When in the silence of moonlight thou leanest,
Where glist'ning waters run,
To see, by that gentle and peaceful beam,
The willow bent down to the sparkling stream ?

And O ! in a lovely autumnal day,
When leaves are changing before thee,
Do not nature's charms, as they slowly decay,
Shed their own mild influence o'er thee ?
And hast thou not felt, as thou stood'st to gaze,
The touching lesson such scene displays ?

It should be thus, at an age like thine ;
And it has been thus with me ;
When the freshness of feeling and heart were mine
As they never more can be :
Yet think not I ask thee to pity my lot,
Perhaps I see beauty where thou dost not.

Hast thou seen, in winter's stormiest day,
The trunk of a blighted oak,
Not dead, but sinking in slow decay,
Beneath time's resistless stroke,
Round which a luxuriant ivy had grown,
And wreath'd it with verdure no longer its own ?

Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,
As I, at thy years might do,
Pass'd carelessly by, nor turned again
That scathed wreck to view :
But now I can draw, from that mouldering tree,
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.

O smile not ! nor think it a worthless thing,
If it be with instruction fraught ;
That which will closest and longest cling,
Is alone worth a serious thought !
Should aught be unlovely which thus can shed
Grace on the dying, and leaves not the dead ?

Now, in thy youth, beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be unforgot;
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee!

LESSON XXI.

Christ stilling the Tempest.—MRS. HEMANS.

But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves; for the wind was contrary.—*Matt.* xiv.

FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bow'd.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill—
But one was there, who rose, and said
To the wild sea, "Be still!"

And the wind ceas'd—it ceased! that word
Pass'd through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew the Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous fall asleep
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood—
Oh! send the spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood.

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil—
Speak, speak, to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say—"Peace, be still!"

LESSON XXII.

Advantages of History.—DICK.

HISTORY embraces a record and description of past facts and events in reference to all the nations and ages of the world, in so far as they are known, and have been transmitted to our time. As Natural History contains a record of the operations of the Creator in the material world, so, sacred and civil history embraces a record of his transactions in the moral and intellectual world, or, in other words, a detail of the plans and operations of His Providence, in relation to the inhabitants of our globe.

Through the medium of Sacred History we learn the period and the manner of man's creation—the reason of his fall from the primitive state of integrity in which he was created, and the dismal consequences which ensued; —the various movements of Providence in order to his recovery, and the means by which human Redemption was achieved;—the manner in which the Gospel was at first promulgated, the countries into which it was carried, and the important effects it produced.

Through the medium of Civil History we learn the deep and universal depravity of mankind, as exhibited in the wars, dissensions, and ravages, which have desolated our fallen race, in every period, and in every land;— we learn the desperate wickedness of the human heart, in the more private acts of ferocity, cruelty, and injustice, which, in all ages, men have perpetrated upon each other;—we behold the Righteousness of the Supreme Ruler of the world, and the equity of his administration, in the judgments which have been inflicted on wicked nations—and the improbability, nay, the *impossibility* of men being ever restored to moral order and happiness, without a more extensive diffusion of the blessings of the Gospel of Peace, and a more cordial acquiescence in the requirements of the Divine laws.

Such being some of the benefits to be derived from History, it requires no additional arguments to show, that this branch of knowledge should occasionally form a subject of study to every intelligent Christian. But, in order

to render the study of History subservient to the interests of Religion, it is not enough, merely to gratify our curiosity and imagination, by following out a succession of memorable events, by tracing the progress of armies and of battles, and listening to the groans of the vanquished, and the shouts of conquerors. This would be to study History merely as skeptics, as atheists, or as writers of novels.

When we contemplate the facts which the Historian presents to our view, we ought to raise our eyes to Him who is the Governor among the nations, "who doth according to his will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth," and who overrules the jarring interests of mortals, for promoting the prosperity of that Kingdom which shall never be moved. We should view the immoral propensities and dispositions of mankind as portrayed in the page of history, as evidences of the depravity of our species, and as excitements to propagate, with unremitting energy, the knowledge of that Religion, whose sublime doctrines and pure precepts alone can counteract the stream of human corruption, and unite all nations in one harmonious society.

We should view the contests of nations, and the results with which they are accompanied, as guided by that Invisible Hand which "mustereth the armies to the battle;" and should contemplate them either as the accomplishment of Divine predictions, as the inflictions of retributive justice, as paving the way for the introduction of rational liberty and social happiness among men, or as ushering in that glorious period, when "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth," and the nations shall learn war no more.

LESSON XXIII.

Discovery of America.—HALE.

THE continent of America was probably unknown to the ancients. If once known, as some have supposed, to the Carthaginians, the Scandinavians, and the Welsh, all knowledge of it was afterwards lost. The discovery of

this extensive region, constituting nearly one half of the habitable globe, was the accidental result of the attempts, made in the fifteenth century, to find a passage, by sea, from the ports of Europe to the East Indies, whose precious commodities were then transported, over land, by a a long, dangerous, and expensive route.

This passage was universally sought by sailing south, along the western coasts of Europe and Africa, in the hope of finding the termination of the continent, when the Indies, it was supposed, might be attained, by taking at first an easterly and then a northerly course. The discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, in 1487, encouraged expectation, and gave increased activity to the spirit of adventure.

Among the navigators of that age, Christopher Columbus, a native of the republic of Genoa, was distinguished for experience and skill in his profession, for extensive knowledge, and for a bold and original genius. The shape of the earth, then known to be round, and the fact that pieces of carved wood, a canoe, and two human bodies, of a complexion different from that of Europeans, had been driven, by long westerly winds, upon the shores of Islands contiguous to Europe, suggested to his observing mind the project of seeking the East Indies by sailing directly west.

Unable to defray the expenses of an expedition, he sought first the assistance of his native city. His countrymen, accustomed only to cruising, in frail vessels, along the shores of the continent, treated the projects as chimerical, and declined furnishing aid. A pressing application to the king of Portugal, in whose dominions he had resided, met likewise with ridicule and rejection. Persevering in his purpose, he then sent his brother, Bartholmew, to England to apply to Henry VII, and went himself to Spain, which was then governed by Ferdinand and Isabella, from whom he solicited assistance.

For a long time he solicited in vain. At length the queen, persuaded by his representations, became his friend and patron. By her direction, three small vessels were fitted out, and he was authorised to sail with these upon his projected voyage of discovery. On the third of August, 1492, he departed from Palos, in Spain, directing his course towards the Canary islands.

He stopped there to refit, and, on the sixth of September, boldly adventured into seas which no vessel had yet entered, with no chart to direct him, no guide but his compass, and without any knowledge of the tides or currents which might interrupt his course. He moved rapidly before the trade wind, which blows invariably from the east to the west between the tropics, judiciously concealing from his ignorant and timid crews the progress he made, lest they might be alarmed at the speed with which they receded from home.

About the fourteenth of September, he was distant nearly six hundred miles from the most westerly of the Canaries, and here the magnetic needle was observed to vary from its direction to the polar star, and incline towards the west; an appearance which, although now familiar, had never before been observed.

Columbus and his companions were alarmed. They were far from land, and far from the tracks of other navigators. All before and around them was unknown, and their only guide seemed to be no longer entitled to their confidence. But although alarmed, Columbus lost not his presence of mind. He assigned a reason for the variation, which, without satisfying himself, silenced the murmurs of his companions.

But the interval of quiet and subordination was short. Disaffection soon reappeared among the ignorant and wavering, and, gradually spreading, at length pervaded the whole squadron. The men blamed their sovereign for listening to the schemes of a dreaming adventurer. The indications of land had all proved fallacious. They would be amused and deceived no longer. They agreed that Columbus should be forced to relinquish an undertaking which seemed to promise nothing but destruction; and some of the more daring talked of throwing him into the sea, as a visionary projector, whose death would cause no regret, and produce no inquiry.

Amidst these difficulties, Columbus displayed those traits of character which proved the greatness of his mind, and his peculiar fitness for the arduous duties of his station. He appeared with a steady and cheerful countenance, as if satisfied with what he had done. Sometimes he soothed his companions by holding out to them a prospect of riches and of fame, and by offering a gratuity to

him who should first discover land. Sometimes he assumed a tone of authority, threatening them with the vengeance of their sovereign, and everlasting infamy, should they compel him to abandon the undertaking.

These encouragements and threats prevented open and forcible resistance to his authority. Meanwhile the squadron proceeded onward; the indications of land had become frequent, and convinced him that it could not be far distant. But his crew were unconvinced, and their discontent increased: Assembling tumultuously on deck, they demanded to be conducted back to Spain. As a last expedient, he proposed that they should continue on their course three days longer, and if, in that time, land should not be discovered, he would then comply with their demand.

They consented. Before the time expired, Columbus, on the 11th of October, at midnight, saw a light glimmering at a distance. "A light! a light!" was the joyful exclamation, which instantly resounded through the squadron. On the approach of morning, all hands stood gazing intently in the direction where land, it was expected, would be discovered.

Soon, on board the Pinta, the most forward vessel, was heard the cry of "Land! land!" which was repeated, with almost frantic delight, by the crews of the other vessels. Passing from one extreme to the other, they, who a few days before had reviled and insulted their commander, now regarded him as one whom the Deity had endowed with knowledge and penetration above the common lot of mortals.

At sunrise, Columbus, in a rich and splendid dress, landed, and, with a drawn sword in his hand, and displaying the royal standard, took possession of the island for the crown of Spain, all his followers kneeling on the shore and kissing the ground with tears of joy. The natives, who had assembled in great numbers on the first appearance of the ships, stood around the Spaniards, gazing in speechless astonishment.

LESSON XXIV.

Reception of Columbus in Spain after his Discovery of America.—W. IRVING.

COLUMBUS lost no time in complying with the commands of the sovereigns. He set out on his journey for Barcelona, taking with him the six Indians and the various curiosities and productions which he had brought from the new world. The fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed, the surrounding country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages.

In the large towns, the streets, windows, and balconies, were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations. His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much admiration as if they had been natives of another planet. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which assailed himself and his attendants, at every stage, with innumerable questions: popular rumour, as usual, had exaggerated the truth, and had filled the newly found country with all kinds of wonders.

It was about the middle of April that Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favoured climate, contributed to give splendour to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers of gallant bearing, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors.

First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with tropical feathers, and their national ornaments of gold; after these were

borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions. After these followed Columbus, on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry.—The streets were almost impassable, from the countless multitude: the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators.

It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence, in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy that are generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the Prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court and the principal nobility of Castile, Valencia, Catalonia, and Arragon; all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length, Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of senator of Rome.

A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world. As Columbus

approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on the part of their majesties to permit this act of vassalage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honour in this proud and punctilious court.

At the request of their majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the specimens he had brought of unknown birds and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtue; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or laboured into barbaric ornaments; and above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest; since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries he had yet to make; which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

The words of Columbus were listened to with profound emotion by the sovereigns. When he had finished, they sunk on their knees, and raised their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence. All present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph: the anthem of *te deum laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the melodious responses of the minstrels, rose up from the midst in a full body of sacred harmony, bearing up, as it were, the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven, 'so that,' says the venerable Las Casas, 'it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights.' Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

LESSON XXV.

Blessings of a Contented Temper.—BLAIR.

A CONTENTED temper is one of the greatest blessings that can be enjoyed by man, and one of the most material requisites to the proper discharge of the duties of every station. For a fretful and discontented temper renders one incapable of performing aright any part in life. It is unthankful and impious towards God; and towards men provoking and unjust. It is a gangrene which preys on the vitals, and infects the whole constitution with disease and putrefaction. Subdue pride and vanity, and you will take the most effectual method of eradicating this distemper.

You will no longer behold the objects around you with jaundiced eyes. You will take in good part the blessings which Providence is pleased to bestow, and the degree of favour which your fellow-creatures are disposed to grant you. Viewing yourselves, with all your imperfections and failings, in a just light, you will rather be surprised at your enjoying so many good things, than discontented because there are any which you want. From an humble and contented temper, will spring a cheerful one. This, if not in itself a virtue, is at least the garb in which virtue should be always arrayed.

Piety and goodness ought never to be marked with that dejection which sometimes takes rise from superstition, but which is the proper portion only of guilt. At the same time, the cheerfulness belonging to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from that light and giddy temper which characterizes folly, and is so often found among the dissipated and vicious part of mankind. Their gaiety is owing to a total want of reflection; and brings with it the usual consequences of an unthinking habit, shame, remorse, and heaviness of heart, in the end.

The cheerfulness of a well-regulated mind, springs from a good conscience and the favour of Heaven, and is bounded by temperance and reason. It makes a man happy in himself, and promotes the happiness of all around him. It is the clear and calm sunshine of a mind illuminated by piety and virtue. It crowns all other good dis-

positions, and comprehends the general effect which they ought to produce on the heart.

LESSON XXVI.

Means of producing Contentedness.—J. TAYLOR.

WHEN any thing happens to our displeasure, let us endeavour to take off its trouble by turning it into spiritual or artificial advantage, and handle it on that side in which it may be useful to the designs of reason. For there is nothing but hath a double handle, or at least, we have two hands to apprehend it. When an enemy reproaches us, let us look on him as an impartial relater of our faults, for he will tell thee truer than thy fond friend will; and thou mayst call them precious balm though they break thy head, and forgive his anger while thou makest use of the plainness of his declamation.

The ox, when he is weary, treads surest; and if there be nothing else in the disgrace, but that it makes us to walk warily, and tread sure for fear of our enemies, that is better than to be flattered into pride and carelessness. This is the charity of christian philosophy, which expounds the sense of the divine providence fairly, and reconciles us to it by a charitable construction; and we may as well refuse all physic, if we consider it only as unpleasant to the taste; and we may find fault with the rich vallies of Tharsus, because they are circled by sharp mountains; but so also we may be in charity with every unpleasant accident, because, though it taste bitter, it is intended for health and medicine.

If therefore thou fallest from thy employment in public, take sanctuary in an honest retirement, being indifferent to thy gain abroad, or thy safety at home. If thou art out of favour with thy prince, secure the favour of the King of kings, and then there is no harm come to thee. And when Zeno lost all his goods in a storm, he retired to the studies of philosophy, to his short cloak and severe life, and gave thanks to fortune for his prosperous mischance.

When the north wind blows hard, and it rains sadly,

none but fools sit down in it and cry; wise people defend themselves against it with a warm garment, or a good fire, and a dry roof; when a storm of a sad mischance beats upon our spirits, turn it into some advantage, by observing where it can serve another end, either of religion or prudence, or more safety or less envy; it will turn into something that is good, if we list to make it so; at least, it may make us weary of the world's vanity, and take off our confidence from uncertain riches, and make our spirits to dwell in those regions where content dwells essentially.

If it does any good to our souls, it hath made more than sufficient recompense for all the temporal affliction. He that threw a stone at a dog and hit his cruel step-mother, said, that although he intended it otherwise, yet the stone was not quite lost; and if we fail in the first design, if we bring it home to another equally to content us, or more to profit us, then we have put our conditions past the power of chance; and this was called in the old Greek comedy, a being revenged on fortune by becoming philosophers, and turning the chance into reason or religion; for so a wise man shall overrule his stars, and have a greater influence upon his own content than all the constellations and planets of the firmament.

Never compare thy condition with those above thee; but to secure thy content, look upon those thousands with whom thou wouldst not for any interest, change thy fortune and condition. A soldier must not think himself unprosperous, if he be not successful as the son of Philip, or cannot grasp a fortune as big as the Roman empire. Be content that thou art not lessened as was Pyrrhus; or if thou beest, that thou art not routed like Crassus; and when that comes to thee, it is a great prosperity that thou art not caged and mad, a spectacle like Bajazet, or thy eyes were not pulled out like Zedekiah's, or that thou wert not flayed alive like Valentinian.

If thou admirest the greatness of Xerxes, look also on those who digged the mountain Atho, or whose ears and noses were cut off, because the Hellespont carried away the bridge. It is a fine thing, thou thinkest, to be carried on men's shoulders; but give God thanks that thou art not forced to carry a rich fool upon thy shoulders, as those poor men do whom thou beholdest. There are

but a few kings in mankind, but many thousands who are very miserable if compared to thee; however, it is a huge folly rather to grieve for the good of others, than to rejoice for that good which God hath given us of our own.

And yet there is no wise or good man that would change persons or conditions entirely with any man in the world. It may be he would have one man's wealth added to himself, or the power of a second, or the learning of a third; but still he would receive these into his own person, because he loves that best, and therefore esteems it best, and therefore overvalues all that which he is, before all that which any other man in the world can be.

Would any be Dives to have his wealth, or Judas for his office, or Saul for his kingdom, or Absalom for his beauty, or Ahithophel for his policy? It is likely he would wish all these, and yet he would be the same person still. For every man hath desires of his own, and objects first fitted to them, without which he cannot be, unless he were not himself.

And let every man that loves himself so well as to love himself before all the world, consider if he have not something for which in the whole he values himself far more than he can value any one else. There is therefore no reason to take the finest feathers from all the winged nation to deck that bird that thinks already she is more valuable than any one of the inhabitants of the air. Either change all or none. Cease to love yourself best, or be content with that portion of being and blessing, for which you love yourself so well.

'Father,' said little Molly, 'I wish I was big enough to say grace; I am sure I should say it very heartily to-day, for I was thinking, what must *poor* people do, who have no *salt* to their potatoes; and do but look, *our* dish is quite full.'

"That is the true way of thinking, Molly," said the father; "in whatever concerns bodily wants, and bodily comforts, it is our duty to compare our own lot with the lot of those who are worse off, and this will keep us thankful. On the other hand, whenever we are tempted to set up our own wisdom or goodness, we must compare

ourselves with those who are wiser and better, and that will keep us humble."

LESSON XXVII.

Formation of Manners.—LETTERS TO A DAUGHTER.

IT is of great importance to your success in life, that you should pay considerable attention to your *manners.* These are usually considered a fair index of the mind: it is from them that we receive, for the most part, our first impressions of the character; and in many cases, where the acquaintance is transient, we have no other criterion by which our opinion can be regulated. It is an old and just adage that 'a man is known by his manners.'

As the manners are professedly the expression of the feelings, the living image of the heart, you will at once perceive, that their character will be closely connected with *the complexion of your natural dispositions and moral qualities.* It is easy to see that ill-natured and haughty feelings will be embodied in an overbearing and forbidding manner; and on the other hand, that an amiable and affectionate disposition will discover itself in a gentle and winning deportment. The grand requisite for possessing good manners, therefore, is to possess good feelings. If you cultivate an amiable temper, it will require but little additional attention to render your manners agreeable and engaging.

Next to the cultivation of benevolent feelings, it is important that *you should have so much self-command, that you can act out your feelings without embarrassment.* With a view to this, endeavour to form a proper estimate of your character and condition in life, and of the deference due to those with whom you associate. This will be likely to save you from the two extremes of undue forwardness, and awkward diffidence; and to render your manners the simple, natural expression of the feelings of your heart.

There is nothing more disgusting than *affectation;* because it is an attempt to be something which we really

are not. The common sense of the world condemns it; and it often happens, that there are none more forward to decry it, than those who are the most unhappy specimens of it themselves. On this subject, particularly, be always ready to receive a friendly hint or admonition. There may be much in your manners, which will appear to others to be affectation, when you are not at all aware of it yourself. Be thankful for any such suggestion, and avail yourself of it instantly.

Be careful also, that your manners are free from *ostentation*. This is always odious, as it discovers a bad trait of character. It excites the disgust of the wise and judicious, who are in the higher walks of life, and provokes the envy or contempt of those, towards whom it is designed as an expression of superiority.

If you will not subject yourself to the imputation of a weak mind, avoid every appearance of *levity*. It is inconsistent with that dignity and stability of character, which contribute more than any thing else to female influence. Never indulge in loud and indecent laughter: it is almost uniformly taken for the mark of a vulgar and untutored mind. Be cheerful and affable, but avoid every approach to carelessness and trifling.

The only remaining thought, which I shall suggest to you on this subject, is, that you should avoid *close imitation*. I do not mean by this, that you are not to observe the manners of others, with a view to improve your own; but only that you are not to aim at an exact conformity to any particular model. If you attempt to make your manners, in every respect, like those of any other person, you will almost certainly do it, at the expense of becoming stiff and affected. An intercourse with enlightened society, with the observance of the rules which I have already laid down, is all that is necessary to form and perfect your manners. After all, your own good sense must be your guide on this subject; and without that, every advantage which you could enjoy, might leave you scarcely advanced beyond the first stage of improvement.

LESSON XXVIII.

Domestic Economy.—LETTERS TO A DAUGHTER.

HOWEVER much you may be distinguished for intellectual cultivation, or for proficiency in the more refined and ornamental branches, you can make no claim to a complete education, unless you are considerably acquainted with *domestic economy.* I am aware that this is a subject towards which many young females feel a great indifference, and even aversion; and there is reason to fear, that in too many instances, this aversion has been heightened, by receiving, in some degree, the parental sanction: but, you may rely upon it, there cannot be a greater mistake upon the subject of female education, than the idea that this branch may, with safety, be either partially or entirely neglected.

With regard to the extent to which you should be informed on this subject, I would say, in general, that you ought to have so much knowledge of it, as will enable you to regulate, with advantage, the concerns of a family. And this knowledge, in order to be of any real profit, must be *practical:* it can be attained, not by receiving lectures on domestic economy, nor even by observing the management of skilful superintendants, but only by actually mingling and participating in the cares and business of a family.

There are, indeed, some of the domestic arts, which you can hardly be expected to acquire; and which, in the ordinary walks of domestic life, are not very important; but whatever relates to the immediate superintendance and management of household concerns, you cannot neglect, without exposing yourself to inconvenience, which no future exertions may be able completely to remedy.

It is important that you should cultivate a taste for domestic habits, as early as possible. As this is perhaps the most practical part of your education, you cannot safely neglect it for a long period; as the consequence of such neglect probably would be, that you would form other habits uncongenial with domestic employments, and which perhaps might give you an aversion to them, which you would never overcome. Never consider it a hardship,

therefore, to be placed in circumstances which favour your attention to this subject, and even demand your active exertions. Every item of this kind of knowledge which you gain, you will be able, hereafter, to turn to some practical account, which will compensate many-fold for the labour of attaining it.

It is not uncommon for young females, in the higher walks of life, to plead, as an apology for the neglect of this branch of education, the elevation and splendour of their external condition. If this excuse could ever be sustained, you have no right to expect that your worldly circumstances will be such, as to allow you to avail yourself of it: but the truth is, that it cannot be admitted in *any* case.—For what if Providence should actually place you in circumstances of wealth, and what the world calls, independence! Would you not still be as really accountable to God for all your possessions, as though you had been limited to a moderate competence?

Nay, would not your responsibility be increased just in proportion to the abundance which had been bestowed upon you? This, therefore, instead of being an argument for the neglect of the domestic part of your education, is a reason why you should attend to it with the greater care: for if many of the gifts of Providence are entrusted to your management, and you are responsible for the proper improvement of each of them, it is certainly desirable that you should not lack that knowledge, which will enable you to husband these bounties of Heaven in a proper manner.

But if you leave the idea of accountability entirely out of the question, there are still other reasons, of great weight, why this part of your education should not be neglected. Without a considerable knowledge of domestic economy, you can never be qualified to preside in the concerns of a family. Though you should be placed in a station which might command all the conveniences and assistance which opulence can furnish, you will never feel at home in your own house, if you have not gained that practical knowledge, which shall enable you to keep your house in order.

You cannot realize half the value of your domestic aid, unless you are capable of exercising a general superintendance, and giving occasional directions; and without

such ability, you will be liable to continual impositions from those, to whom you will be necessitated to confide interests, which ought to remain exclusively in your own hands. Many a large estate has been squandered, and many a family reduced to want, in consequence of a deficiency in this part of female education.

Let me add, if Providence should ever place you at the head of a family, and you are obliged from ignorance of domestic economy, to entrust its concerns to another, you cannot maintain the dignity which appropriately belongs to such a station. You will be subject to a thousand painful mortifications, from discovering that your concerns are improperly managed, and yet being unable to suggest the mode of correction; and though you may try to flatter yourself, that your ignorance on this subject, will be taken for the proof of a polite education, it is much more probable that the unsavoury food, which will sometimes chance to be placed before your guests, will lead them to regret, that you happened to possess so unfortunate an accomplishment.

What I have said hitherto on this subject, has principally been upon the supposition, that you are to be placed in circumstances of external ease and affluence. But I hardly need say, that this is by no means certain. Even if your prospects, in this respect, should be fair, in the outset of domestic life, there are a thousand changes, which may await you, any one of which may cast around you the gloom and desolation of heart-breaking poverty. I could tell you of many, who have begun life, without a cloud being seen to settle upon their temporal prospects, and have closed it in all the degradation and wretchedness, which the most abject want could occasion.

I would fondly indulge the hope, that Heaven may avert such a lot as this from my dear child; but, as it is impossible to tell what scenes of adversity the changes of life may bring along with them, it is unquestionably the part of wisdom, that you should be prepared, so far as possible, for any lot to which Providence may call you. What, then, if you should be destined, in a few years, to the obscure and humble walks of poverty? What if, from the comfortable competence which you now possess, you should sink to a condition, upon which you have, hitherto,

been scarcely able to look, without feelings of compassion, and tears of sympathy?

What if you should see around you a little defenceless family, and all the dreaded evils of poverty clustering upon them, in most melancholy profusion? And what, if, in the midst of all these circumstances of temporal depression, you should be found incapable of devising a plan, or lifting a hand for the relief or comfort of yourself and family? I have seen an elegant, accomplished female, in these very circumstances, which I have described: and who knows but that another such case may occur, and that it may not be the case of my beloved child? Sure I am, that another argument cannot be necessary, to impress you with the importance of the subject of this letter.

In connection with the subject of domestic economy, let me say one word on the importance of your avoiding all needless expense. Though it would mortify me exceedingly to discover in you any indications of an avaricious spirit, I wish you to let all your expenses be regulated, not merely by a regard to your ability, but to your duty and accountableness as a steward of God. Let your dress be always neat and decent, but avoid gaudy and superfluous ornament. It may make the vulgar and ignorant stare, but it will excite the contempt of the wise and discerning. Always be liberal and honourable in any dealings which you may have with the world, but remember that the ostentation of liberality is cautiously to be avoided.

LESSON XXIX.

Conversation.—Letters to a Daughter.

It is obvious, at first view, that no person can converse well, who has not the materials for conversation, in *a well stored and cultivated mind.* A person of sound mind and good sense, may make it apparent, by a casual remark, on the most unimportant subject; whereas a person of an opposite character, cannot open his mouth, without betraying the secret that he is a fool. If you wish, therefore, to cultivate the gift of Conversation, you must not think to substitute any thing for a cultivated intellect.

You may have the credit of possessing every amiable virtue, and may be admired as a pattern of moral excellence, but you cannot neglect your mind, and yet possess, in any superior degree, the gift of Conversation. I have known some young females endeavour to conceal their ignorance of a subject, not by decently waving it, or by remaining silent, but by venturing some bold and rash opinion.

But this is an experiment, which can never succeed among enlightened people, and which is almost sure to result in painful mortification. Ignorance on subjects upon which you have not had the means of information, is always excusable; but an affected knowledge of things of which you are really ignorant, can never fail to excite contempt.

The next hint, which I wish to give you on this subject is, that you should *avoid talking too much.* Though your conversation discover ever so much sprightlinesss, or ever so much intelligence, it will cease to be interesting, if it is not conducted with proper deference to those around you. If you have good sense, you will not be under the necessity of talking a great deal, to make it manifest: if you have not good sense, the less you say, the better. Never allow yourself to monopolise the conversation, because you may be among those who look up to you as their superior. If you do this, the weakest of them will be wise enough to charge you with vanity or ostentation; whereas, if you encourage themt o bear part in the conversation, they will respect you for your condescension and courtesy, and will consider it a privilege to enjoy your company.

Cautiously avoid *egotism.* It always disgusts people of sense, and detracts greatly from the good qualities with which it may be associated. Endeavour to keep yourself as far out of view in your conversation as possible; and when you are obliged to speak of any thing which has a bearing upon your own character, let your modest and unassuming manner protect you from the charge of vanity.

Another kindred fault against which you should guard is *pedantry.* I will not say that this is one of the peculiar infirmities of your sex; but wherever it appears, it creates such a contrast to the retiring loveliness natural to the female character, that it never fails to excite disgust. Of the two evils, I must acknowledge, for myself, that I

prefer a very considerable share of ignorance, to pedantry. It costs me a less effort to accomodate my conversation to a person of the most rude and uncultivated mind, than it does to accommodate my feeling to one, who, without any compassion for me, is constantly pouring into my ears a string of scientific discoveries, and classical allusions.

Make it a rule never to use an expression which will be unintelligible to the persons with whom you converse; and never to step out of your way, for the sake of making a remark, which shall discover your learning. The least effort of this kind, is always discovered; and the loss to your character, in point of discretion, will be greater than the gain, with respect to intelligence. One great secret in avoiding the imputation of pedantry, lies in the manner. A remark made with an easy and careless air, might leave no unfavourable impression; while the same observation, repeated with a look of self-complacence and self-confidence, might procure for you the reputation of an accomplished pedant.

But the evil, against which you ought, perhaps, to be more vigilant than any other, which relates to your conversation, is a disposition to *sarcasm and satire.* This is the more serious, because its consequences are not confined to yourself; and by the same act, you may injure your own reputation, and wound the sensibility or character of another. There is, perhaps, no talent, which is more liable to abuse than this: it creates a strong temptation to appear witty and brilliant, and sometimes even at the expense of friends.

But, you may rely upon it, that the indulgence of this propensity, while it involves the grossest injustice to the person who is the object of your sarcasm, will always be regarded by others as indicating an unhappy flaw in your character. The very persons who seem to applaud your wit, by laughing at it, will express their disapprobation to others, and will have the less confidence in your friendship: for it will be no unreasonable conclusion, that the same sportive artillery, which they see employed with so much effect upon the characters of others, may, in different circumstances, be levelled against their own.

I advise you, therefore, if you find you have a talent for sarcasm, to keep it under the most active restraint.

The reputation which you will gain, by frequently exhibiting it, will come at a dearer price than you can afford to pay. It will be no less expense than an abatement of the esteem of your friends, a dread of being in your company, and a needless multiplication of enemies.

You cannot be too cautious how you treat characters, especially when you are thrown into the company of strangers. Many persons have subjected themselves to severe mortification, by an improper freedom of this kind, and have discovered, when it was too late to correct their errour, that those who were the subjects of their remarks, were listening to them. Never express an unfavourable opinion of any individual, unless you have good evidence that the opinion is well founded, and that no improper use can be made of it. By a single indiscreet remark, you may do an injury to a character, which it will never be in your power to retrieve. As you value your own reputation, therefore, treat with lenity the characters of others.

LESSON XXX.

Conversation.—COWPER.

A STORY, in which native humour reigns,
Is often useful, always entertains:
A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
May furnish illustration, well applied;
But sedentary weavers of long tales
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
'Tis the most asinine employ on earth,
To hear them tell of parentage and birth,
And echo conversations, dull and dry,
Embellish'd with—*He said*, and *So said I.*
At ev'ry interview their route the same,
The repetition makes attention lame:
We bustle up with unsuccessful speed,
And in the saddest part cry—*Droll indeed!*
The path of narrative with care pursue,
Still making probability your clue:
On all the vestiges of truth attend,

And let *them* guide you to a decent end.
Of all ambitions man may entertain,
The worst, that can invade a sickly brain,
Is that, which angles hourly for surprise,
And baits its hook with prodigies and lies.
Credulous infancy, or age as weak,
Are fittest auditors for such to seek,
Who to please others will themselves disgrace,
Yet please not, but affront you to your face.
A great retailer of this curious ware
Having unloaded and made many stare,
Can this be true?—an arch observer cries,
Yes, (rather mov'd) I saw it with these eyes;
Sir! I believe it on that ground alone;
I could not, had I seen it with my own.
A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct;
The language plain, and incidents well link'd;
Tell not as new what ev'ry body knows,
And, new or old, still hasten to a close;
There, cent'ring in a focus round and neat,
Let all your rays of information meet.
What neither yields us profit nor delight
Is like a nurse's lullaby at night;
Guy, Earl of Warwick and fair Eleanor,
Or giant-killing Jack, would please me more.

LESSON XXXI.

God Omnipresent.—JAMES EDMESTON.

WHERE can I go from thee,
All present Deity!
Nature, and time, and thought thine impress bear;
Through earth, or sea, or sky,
Though far afar I fly,
I turn and find thee present with me there.

The perfume of the rose,
And every flower that blows,
All mark thy love, in clusters of the vale;
The corn that crowns the fields,

The fruits the garden yields,
Proclaim the bounties that can never fail.

The vapour, and the cloud,
The thunder bursting loud,
Speak of thy majesty in words of flame;
The ocean as it roars,
Lashing the rocks and shores,
Declares from what a mighty hand it came.

The vasty globes that roll,
Each on its own firm pole,
Through all the boundless fields of space alone,
Prove that indeed thou art
The life wheel, and the heart
Of systems to our little world unknown.

From thee I cannot fly;
Thine all observing eye,
Marks the minutest atom of thy reign;
How far soe'er I go,
Thou all my path wouldst know,
And bring the wanderer to this earth again.

But why should I depart?
'Tis safety where thou art;
And could one spot thy being hold,
I, poor, and vain, and weak,
That sacred spot would seek,
And dwell within the shelter of thy fold.

LESSON XXXII.

Earthly Fame.—POLLOK.

Of all the phantoms fleeting in the mist
Of time, though meagre all, and ghostly thin,
Most unsubstantial, unessential shade,
Was earthly Fame. She was a voice alone,
And dwelt upon the noisy tongues of men.
She never thought; but gabbled ever on;

Applauding most what least deserved applause :
The motive, the result was nought to her :
The deed alone, though dyed in human gore,
And steeped in widow's tears, if it stood out,
The prominent display, she talked of much,
And roared around it with a thousand tongues.
As changed the wind her organ, so she changed
Perpetually; and whom she praised to-day,
Vexing his ear with acclamations loud,
To-morrow blamed, and hissed him out of sight.
Such was her nature, and her practice such :
But, O ! her voice was sweet to mortal ears;
And touched so pleasantly the strings of pride
And vanity, which in the heart of man
Were ever strung harmonious to her note,
That many thought, to live without her song
Was rather death than life : to live unknown,
Unnoticed, unrenowned ! to die unpraised !
Unepitaphed ! to go down to the pit,
And moulder into dust among vile worms !
And leave no whispering of a name on earth !
Such thought was cold about the heart, and chilled
The blood. Who could endure it ? who could choose,
Without a struggle, to be swept away
From all remembrance ? and have part no more
With living men ? Philosophy failed here ;
And self-approving pride. Hence it became
The aim of most, and main pursuit, to win
A name—to leave some vestige as they passed,
That following ages might discern they once
Had been on earth, and acted something there.

Many the roads they took, the plans they tried :
But all in vain. Who grasped at earthly fame,
Grasped wind : nay worse, a serpent grasped, that thro'
His hand slid smoothly, and was gone; but left
A sting behind which wrought him endless pain ;
For oft her voice was old Abaddon's lure,
By which he charmed the foolish soul to death.

LESSON XXXIII.

Speech of Patrick Henry before the Virginia Convention of Delegates, March, 1775.—WIRT.

MR. PRESIDENT,

IT is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth—and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is it the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things, which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know, what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes, with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house.

Is it that insidious smile, with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, Sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition, comports with those warlike preparations, which cover our waters and darken our land?

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in, to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, Sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, Sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other motive for it?

Has Great Britain any other enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, Sir: she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over

to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministers have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer on the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, Sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done every thing, that could be done, to avert the storm, which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges, for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle, in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, Sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, Sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed; and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means, which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force, which our enemy can send against us. Besides, Sir, we shall not fight alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

The battle, Sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, Sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery!! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, Sir, let it come!!!

It is in vain, Sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale, that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Heaven!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me—GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH.

LESSON XXXIV.

Slavery.—WILCOX.

AMONG the chief occasions which invite
The patriot, philanthropist and saint
To great exertions, what more loudly calls
On either, than the miserable state
Of Afric's sons in iron bondage held?
Where held in bondage? In what savage land?
Where learning and religion never shed
Their meliorating beams; and where the rights,
The natural rights of man were never known?
In no such land, such corner of the world;

But in the midst of the united realm
Of learning and religion; and where, too,
The natural rights of man are clearly known;
Nay, more, are owned, and made a public boast.
All are born free, and all with equal rights.
So speaks the charter of a nation proud
Of her unequall'd liberties and laws,
While in that nation, shameful to relate,
One man in five is born and dies a slave.
Is this my country? this that happy land,
The wonder and the envy of the world?
O for a mantle to conceal her shame!
But why, when Patriotism cannot hide
The ruin which her guilt will surely bring
If unrepented; and unless the God
Who pour'd his plagues on Egypt till she let
The oppressed go free, and often pours his wrath
In earthquakes and tornadoes on the isles
Of western India, laying waste their fields,
Dashing their mercenary ships ashore,
Tossing the isles themselves like floating wrecks,
And burying towns alive in one wide grave
No sooner ope'd but closed; let judgment pass
For once untasted till the general doom,
Can it go well with us while we retain
This cursed thing? Will not untimely frosts,
Devouring insects, drought, and wind and hail,
Destroy the fruits of ground long till'd in chains?
Will not some daring spirit born to thoughts
Above his beast-like state, find out the truth
That Africans are men; and catching fire
From Freedom's altar raised before his eyes
With incense fuming sweet, in others light
A kindred flame in secret, till a train
Kindled at once, deal death on every side?
Cease then, Columbia, for thy safety cease,
And for thine honour, to proclaim the praise
Of thy fair shores of liberty and joy,
While thrice five hundred thousand wretched slaves
In thine own bosom, start at every word
As meant to mock their woes, and shake their chains,
Thinking defiance which they dare not speak.
Ye sons of Liberty, who rally round

Her standard at her yearly festival,
Flourish the sword, and bid the cannon roar
Defiance to all tyrants, shout huzzas
O'er flowing bowls, and with exulting voice
Sing "give us liberty or give us death;"
Your joy is merciless, while its glad sounds
From more than half the land return in groans;
Throw down your banners lifted to the sky,
They will not float on this impoisoned air.
Away with feast and song, come fast and weep—
Away with all defiance and disdain
Of foreign tyrants; humbly mourn our own.
For who are tyrants? they that make men slaves.
No more exult o'er kingdoms of the east
Where not a slave is found, till here are none.
Of more equality no longer boast.
Rail at usurping peers, when ye have shown
That fifty tenants to support a lord,
Is more at war with reason and with Heaven
Than fifty slaves a planter to support.
In personal rights and privileges dear
The monarch rises not so far above
The meanest free-born subject of his realm,
As does the master o'er the helpless slave.
With needful food supplied, the slave, say some,
Desires no more, and, void of care, is blest.
If by kind treatment it be sometimes thus,
What does it prove, but that the man, debased
By his condition, knows no higher good
Than what the brute enjoys? And is it just
To shut him from all rational delight
Until he feel no wants but those of sense,
Then call him happy to excuse the crime?
Or is it then no blessing to be free?
And were they fools who struggled to obtain
Our independence—to throw off a yoke
Far less oppressive than the one we bind
On Afric's sable sons? Are they not tax'd?
Yes! to the very blood that warms their veins.

LESSON XXXV.

Extract from a Parallel between Intemperance and the Slave Trade.—HUMPHREY.

THE bare mention of the slave trade, is enough to excite indignation and horrour, in every breast that is not twice dead to humanity. Any thing short of these emotions, would be counted disgraceful in the last degree to an American citizen. The wretch who should be accessary to a foreign traffic in human flesh and sinews and torment, would be branded with eternal infamy, if not hunted as a monster from the face of civilized society. I would set the mark of Cain upon such a reprobate if I could, and so would every one that hears me. And yet, *intemperance is worse than the slave-trade*—is heavier with wo and guilt and death—both being "laid in the balances together."

The principal ingredients of suffering and crime in the slave-trade, are the infernal ambush—the midnight attack and conflagration of peaceful villages—the massacre of helpless age and imploring infancy—the stripes and manacles and thousand unutterable cruelties inflicted between the place of capture and embarcation—the horrors of the middle passage—the shambles prepared for the famine-stricken survivors on a foreign shore—the separation of husbands and wives, mothers and children, under the hammer and branding-iron—the mortality of *seasoning*, amid stripes and hunger and malaria :—to which must be added the dreadful accumulation of heart-breaking remembrances and forebodings, incident to a state of hopeless bondage in a strange and hated land.

Nor even is this all. The wrongs and miseries of that accursed traffic, which once disgraced our own country, did not cease with the lives of its immediate victims. Servitude was entailed upon unknown generations of their posterity ;—and last, though not least, who can tell what dangers now hang over us, in the heaving bosom of that spreading cloud which darkens half the land ?

And can any thing, you will ask, be worse ? Can any guilt, or misery, or peril surpass that of the slave-trade ? Can any national stigma be deeper, than for a single year

to have tolerated the importation of human blood and broken hearts and daily imprecations ?

Yes, I answer, intemperance in the United States is worse than all this—is a more blighting and deadly scourge to humanity, than that traffic, all dripping with gore, which it makes every muscle shudder to think of. I am well aware that so heavy a charge against a great and professedly christian people, requires strong proofs ; and I shall leave the appeal with you, whether such proofs are not found in the following parallel.

First ; let us look at the *comparative aggregate of misery*, occasioned by the slave trade on the one hand, and intemperate drinking on the other. The result of this comparison will obviously depend upon the number of victims to each, the variety, intensity and duration of their sufferings, bodily and mental ; together with the degree and extent to which their friends and relations are made to suffer on their account.

I am aware, that the parallel does not admit of mathematical precision ; neither does the nature of the argument require it. We every hour decide that one man is older and taller than another, or more guilty or more miserable, without thinking it at all necessary to determine exactly how much. So in this case, without pretending to compare numbers and degrees precisely, we may come to an equally satisfactory conclusion.

To begin then, with the *number* of victims on both sides, as nearly as it can be ascertained. According to Mr. Clarkson, and other good authorities, not far from 100,000 slaves have been shipped from the coast of Africa in a single year. This was the estimate for 1786 ; and of these, about 42,000 were transported in British vessels. The period in question, however, was one, of the most afflictive and disgraceful activity, when the English, French, Dutch, Portuguese, and Danes, seemed most eagerly to vie with each other in driving the infernal traffic.

Probably, the average shipment of slaves for twenty years, immediately preceding the act of abolition by the British Parliament, may have ranged from *seventy, to seventy-five thousand.* What proportion fell to our share, it is difficult, perhaps impossible to determine. But when it is considered, that the great markets of Cuba, St. Domingo,

Jamaica, and many other islands, (to say nothing of Mexico and South America,) were at the same time to be supplied, we can hardly suppose that more than 25,000 were consigned to the United States.

My own belief is, that the average did not exceed 20,000; but to make the case as strong as it will bear, against the slave trade, let the number be raised to 30,000; that is, let us suppose that nearly half of those human cargoes were sent to our ports;—making an aggregate of 150,000 in five years, or 300,000 in ten years. What a multitude of men, women and children, to go into captivity and wear the yoke of slavery forever!

But we must follow these miserable beings a step further, and enquire for them in the bills of mortality. According to the most authentic estimates which I have been able to find, the number of deaths during the middle passage, varies from *six* to *fifteen* per cent. In some extraordinary cases it has gone up to *thirty*, or even higher. But the average, taking one year with another, may be put down at ten, or twelve deaths in a hundred, before the slaves reach the great shambles, to which like beasts of burthen they are consigned.

I speak here of the trade, not as it existed fifty years ago, when it was as legal as any other, but as it is now carried on, in spite of the laws, and in defiance of the most solemn compacts and treaties, which renders it far more cruel and destructive. But of this difference, I shall take no advantage in the present argument. Let the painful supposition stand, that our share in the infamous traffick, cost from *three* to *four* thousand lives annually, in the middle passage, and from *eight* to *ten* thousand more, in the two first years of servitude. This indeed must have been, considering the cause of it, a most horrible mortality. From *ten* to *fifteen* thousand human beings, sacrificed every year, to the cupidity of our merchants and planters!

But let us inquire, whether at least as many thousands are not now enslaved and destroyed, by a more ruthless enemy of happiness and of life. According to the recent calculations of Mr. Palfrey and others, which I believe an exact census would more than verify, *thirty six thousand* new victims are yearly snared and taken and enslaved by strong drink. For *thirty-six thousand* perish by the hand

of this fell destroyer, and of course, it requires an equal number of fresh recruits to keep the ranks of intemperance full, and the drunkard's knell still sounding through the land.

The parallel, then, as nearly as it can be ascertained, stands thus. Shipment of slaves, say in 1786, from *twenty-five* to *thirty thousand.* Brought into a worse bondage by intemperance, in 1828, *thirty-six thousand.* Deaths by the slave-trade, from *ten* to *fifteen thousand*—by ardent spirits, *thirty-six thousand!* Thus it appears, that where the slave-trade opened *one* grave, hard drinking opens *three.*

Again; as intemperance holds this "bad pre-eminence" over the slave-trade in point of *numbers*, so I am persuaded it does in the aggregate of human *misery* which it inflicts. The full amount of suffering, indeed, which is caused by the trade in human blood, it is impossible to estimate, and I hope to convince you, if I have not already, that you cannot abhor it more than I do.

Go then with me to that long abused continent, where the first act of this infernal tragedy is acted over every month, and you will gain some faint idea of the atrocities which it unfolds. In that thicket crouches a human tyger; and just beyond it, you hear the joyous voices of children at their sports. The next moment he springs upon his terrified prey, nor sister nor mother shall ever see them more.

On the right hand, you hear the moans of the captive as he goes bleeding to his doom; and on the left, a peaceful village, all at once flashes horrour upon the face of midnight; and as you approach the scene of conflagration you behold the sick, the aged and the infant, either writhing in the fire where they lie down, unconscious of danger, or if attempting to escape, you see them forced back into the flames, as not worth the trouble of driving to market.

And then, Oh what shrieks from the bursting hearts of the more unhappy survivors! What agonies in the rending of every tie! What lacerations, what fainting, what despair wait on every step, and afflict the heavens which light them on their way to bondage! How many would die if they could, before they have been an hour in the hands of those incarnate demons, who are hurrying them away!

LESSON XXXVI.

Another Extract from the Same.

SHALL I attempt to describe the horrors of the *middle passage*—the miseries which await these wretched beings in crossing the ocean? I have no pencil, nor colours for such a picture. But see them literally packed alive by hundreds in a floating and pestilential dungeon—manacled to the very bone, under a treble-ironed hatchway—tormented with thirst and devoured by hunger—suffocated in their own breath—chained to corpses, and maddened by despair, to the rending of all their heart-strings.

See mothers and young girls, and even little children, watching their opportunity to seek refuge in the caverns of the deep, from the power of their tormentors; and not to be diverted from their purpose, by the hanging and shooting of such as have failed in similar attempts. Behold the sick and the blind struggling amid the waves, into which avarice has cast them; and shrieking in the jaws of the shark, for the unpardonable crime of having sunk under their tortures, and lost their marketable value on the voyage. See them headed up in water casks and thrown into the sea, lest they should be found and liberated by the merciful cruiser.

The foregoing is a mere extract from the blood-stained records of the slave-trade. Who then will undertake to sum up the amount of human misery which is wafted by the reluctant and wailing winds upon the complaining waters, to be chained and scourged, to pine and die in the great western house of bondage?

But while intemperance mixes ingredients equally bitter, if not similar, in the cup of trembling and woe which it fills up to the brim, it casts in others, which the slave-trade never mingled—for it fetters the immortal mind as well as the dying body. It not only blisters the skin, but scorches the vitals. While it scourges the flesh, it tortures the conscience.

While it cripples the wretch in every limb, and boils away his blood and ossifies its channels, and throws every nerve into a dying tremour, it also goes down into the unsounded depths of human depravity, and not only

excites all the passions to fierce insurrection against God and man, but kindles a deadly civil war in the very heart of their own empire.

Who can enumerate the diseases which intemperance generates in the brain, liver, stomach, lungs, bones, muscles, nerves, fluids, and whatever else is susceptible of disease, or pain in the human system? How rudely does it shut up, one after another, all the doors of sensation, or in the caprice of its wrath throw them all wide open to every hateful intruder. How, with a refinement of cruelty almost peculiar to itself, does it fly in the face of its victims, and hold their quivering eye-balls in its fangs, till they abhor the light and swim in blood.

But to be a little more particular—mark that carbuncled, slavering, doubtful remnant of a man, retching and picking tansy, every morning before sunrise—loathing his breakfast—getting his ear bored to the door of a dram shop an hour after—disguised before ten—quarrelling by dinner time, and snoring drunk before supper.

See him next morning at his retching and his tansy again; and as the day advances, becoming noisy, cross, drivelling, and intoxicated. Think of his thus dragging out months and years of torture, till the earth refuses any longer to bear such a wretch upon its surface, and then tell me, if any Barbadian slave was ever so miserable.

But who is this that comes hobbling up, with bandaged legs, inflamed eyes, and a distorted countenance? Every step is like the piercing of a sword, or the driving of a nail among nerves and tendons. He suffers more every day and every night than he would under the lash of the most cruel driver. And what is the cause? The *humours* he tells us trouble him; and though he has applied to all the doctors far and near, he can get no relief.

Ah these wicked and inveterate humours! Every body knows where they came from. But for the bottle he might have been a sound and healthy man. Now he is the most miserable of slaves and there is no hope of his emancipation. He may live as long, possibly, as he would in a sugar-house at Jamaica; but to grind more miserably in the prison which he has built at his own expense, and in manacles which his own hands have forged.

Look next at that wretched hovel, open on all sides to the rude and drenching intrusion of the elements. The panting skeleton, lying as you see, upon a little straw in the corner, a prey to consumption, was once the owner of yonder comfortable mansion, and of that farm so rich in verdure and in sheaves.

He might have owned them still, and have kept his health too, but for the love of strong drink. It is intemperance which has consumed his substance, and rioted upon his flesh and his marrow, and shortened his breath, and fixed that deep sepulchral cough in his wasting vitals. Was ever a kidnapped African more wretched in his Atlantic dungeon? But your sympathies come too late.

Perhaps you sold him the very poison which has brought him to this—or it went out sparkling from your distillery to the retailer, and thence into the jug, half concealed by the tattered garment of the victim, as he carried it home to his starving family. There is no help for him now. He must, day and night, groan and cough away the remnant of his mortal existence, without mitigation and without hope.

Does your sickened and harrowed soul turn away with horror from such a scene? Go with me then to the alms house, and tell me whether you recognize that bloated figure, sitting all day and all night in his chair, because the dropsy will not suffer him to lie down, and thus lingering from week to week under the slow torments of strangulation. How piercing are his shrieks, as if he was actually drowning, from which, indeed, he can obtain a short reprieve only, by diverting from the seat of life the accumulating waters.

He was once your neighbour, thrifty, reputable and happy—but he yielded to the blandishments of the great destroyer. He drank, first temperately, then freely, then to excess, and finally, to habitual inebriation. The consequences are before you. His daily and nightly sufferings no tongue can utter. His disease no skill can cure. The swelling flood in which he catches every precarious breath, no finite power can long assuage. The veriest wretch, chained and sweltering between decks in a Portuguese Guineaman, is not half so miserable.

But here we must leave him to be cast a wreck by the angry waters upon the shore of eternity; and enter that

hut, towards which a solitary neighbour is advancing with hurried steps. Here a husband and a father, (shall I call him such?) is supposed to be dying. The disease is *delirium tremens*. And Oh what a pitiable object. Every limb and muscle quivers as in the agonies of dissolution. Reason, having been so often and so rudely driven from her seat, by habitual intoxication, now refuses to return. Possibly he may once more be reprieved, to stagger on a little further, into his ignominious grave; but in the mean time, who that is bought and sold and thrown into the sea, for the crime of being sable and sick, suffers half so much as this very slave?

I might ask you in passing the Insane Hospital, just to look through the grated window, at the maniac in his his straight-jacket—gnashing his teeth, cursing his keepers, withering your very soul by the flashes of his eye, disquieting the night with incoherent cries of distress, or more appalling fits of laughter. Here you would see what it is for the immortal mind to be laid in ruins, by the worse than volcanic belchings of the distillery; and what happens every day from these Tartarean eruptions. But I cannot detain you.

"Who hath wo? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine." Strong drink may exhilarate for a moment, but, "*at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.*" And can any slave-torture be more excruciating than this?

Glance your eye once more at the poor African captive —trace his bloody footsteps to the ship—let your sympathies all cluster round the sufferer in the middle passage, so proverbial for its horrors—follow him thence to the plantation, and thence through years of toil and pain to his refuge in the grave. Then look again at the self-immolated victim of intemperance—hobbling—ulcerated —bloated—cadaverous—fleshless;—every nerve and muscle and sensative organ of his body, quivering in the deadly grasp of some merciless disease, occasioned by swallowing the fiery element.

Hear him cry out under the hand of his tormentors. Follow *him*, too, through the *middle passage* from health and freedom and happiness, to all the woes of habitual in-

toxication; and thence through scenes of the most grinding and crushing bondage that ever disgraced and tortured humanity, to his final rotting place, and tell me which of these slaves suffers most. Ah, give me, you say, the chains and stripes and toil and perpetual servitude of a West-India plantation, rather than the wo, the wounds, and the diseases of the dram-shop.

Shall I speak of *shame*, as prolific of mental suffering? What has the manacled and starving captive done to be ashamed of? He is in a degraded condition to be sure; but his degradation is not voluntary. He fought for liberty as long as he could, or he fled from bondage with his utmost speed. Brutal force has prevailed over right. Shame belongs to the master and not to the slave. But look at the intemperate man. No one can become a sot and a reprobate, without suffering extreme mortification, especially in the early stages of his downward course.

Indeed the veriest drunkard, not only in his sober moments, but even when half intoxicated, evidently despises himself, from the bottom of his heart. A hundred times in a year does he wish himself dead from mere self-contempt. From the public gaze, as you have often seen, he tries to skulk away to some horse-shed or other place of concealment. For days together, after a debauch, he shuts himself up to brood over his degradation; and when at last, he ventures out, how does he shrink from the glance of every eye, and glide along by the wall, or under the fence, like a sheep-stealer.

Nay more; so intolerable is the mortification which preys upon the drunkard's heart, in his lucid intervals, that desperation often ensues, and drives him to suicide.

LESSON XXXVII.

Occasions of Intemperance.—BEECHER.

IT is of vast importance, that the various occasions of intemperance should be clearly described, that those whose condition is not irretrievable, may perceive their danger and escape, and that all who are free, may be warned off from these places of temptation and ruin. For

the benefit of the young, especially, I propose to lay down a map of the way to destruction, and to rear a monument of warning upon every spot where a wayfaring man has been ensnared and destroyed.

The first occasion of intemperance which I shall mention, is found in the free and frequent use of ardent spirits in the family, as an incentive to appetite, an alleviation of lassitude, or an excitement to cheerfulness. In these reiterated indulgences, children are allowed to partake, and the tender organs of their stomachs are early perverted, and predisposed to habits of intemperance.

No family, it is believed, accustomed to the *daily use* of ardent spirits, ever failed to plant the seeds of that dreadful disease, which sooner or later produced a harvest of wo. The material of so much temptation and mischief, ought not to be allowed a place in the family, except only as a medicine, and even then it would be safer in the hands of the apothecary, to be sent for like other medicine, when prescribed.

Ardent spirits, given as a matter of *hospitality*, is not unfrequently the occasion of intemperance. In this case the temptation is a stated inmate of the family. The utensils are present, and the occasions for their use are not unfrequent. And when there is no guest, the sight of the liquor, the state of the health, or even lassitude of spirits, may indicate the propriety of the "prudent use," until the prudent use becomes, by repetition, habitual use—and habitual use becomes irreclaimable intemperance. In this manner, doubtless, has many a father, and mother, and son, and daughter, been ruined forever.

Of the *guests*, also, who partake in this family hospitality, the number is not small, who become ensnared; especially among those whose profession calls them to visit families often, and many on the same day. Instead of being regarded, therefore, as an act of hospitality, and a token of friendship, to invite our friends to drink, it ought to be regarded as an act of *incivility*, to place ourselves and them in circumstances of such high temptation.

Days of *public convocation* are extensively the occasions of excess which eventuate in intemperance. The means and temptations are ostentatiously multiplied, and multitudes go forth prepared and resolved to yield to temptation, while example and exhilarated feelings secure the ample

fulfilment, of their purpose.—But when the habit is once acquired of drinking even "*prudently*," as it will be called, on all the days of public convocation which occur in a year, a desire will be soon formed of drinking at other times, until the healthful appetite of nature is superseded by the artificial thirst produced by ardent spirits.

Evening resorts for *conversation*, enlivened by the cheering bowl, have proved fatal to thousands. Though nothing should be boisterous, and all should seem only the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," yet at the latter end it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder: many a wretched man has shaken his chains and cried out in the anguish of his spirit, oh! that accursed resort of social drinking; there my hands were bound and my feet put in fetters; there I went a freeman and became a slave, a temperate man and became a drunkard.

In the same class of high temptation are to be ranked all convivial associations for the purpose of drinking, with or without gambling, and late hours. There is nothing which young men of spirit fear less, then the exhilaration of drinking on such occasions; nor anything which they are less able to resist, than the charge of cowardice when challenged to drink. But there is no one form of temptation before which more young men of promise have fallen into irretrievable ruin. The connexion between such beginnings and a fatal end is so manifest, and the presumptuous daring of heaven is so great, that God in his righteous displeasure is accustomed to withdraw his protection and abandon the sinner to his own way.

Feeble health and *mental depression* are to be numbered among the occasions of intemperance. The vital sinking, and muscular debility, and mental darkness are for a short time alleviated by the application of stimulants. But the cause of this momentary alleviation is applied and repeated, until the habit of excessive drinking is formed and has become irresistible.

Medical prescriptions have no doubt contributed to increase the number of the intemperate. Ardent spirits administered in the form of bitters, or as the medium of other medicine, have let in the destroyer; and while the patient was seeking health at the hand of the physician, HE was dealing out debility and death.

The *distillation* of ardent spirits fails not to raise up

around the establishment a generation of drunkards. The cheapness of the article, and the ease with which families can provide themselves with large quantities, the product of their own labour, eventuate in frequent drinking, and wide spread intemperance.

The *vending* of ardent spirits, in places licensed or unlicensed, is a tremendous evil. Here, those who have no stated employment loiter away the day for a few potations of rum, and here, those who have finished the toils of the day meet to spend a vacant hour; none content to be lookers on: all *drink*, and none for any length of time drink temperately. Here too the children of a neighbourhood, drawn in by enticements, associate for social drinking, and the exhibition of courage and premature manhood. And here the iron hand of the monster is fastened upon them, at a period when they ought not to have been beyond the reach of maternal observation.

The continued habit of dealing out ardent spirits, in various forms and mixtures, leads also to frequent tasting, and tasting to drinking, and drinking to tippling, and tippling to drunkenness.

A resort to ardent spirits as an alleviation of trouble, results often in habits of confirmed intemperance. The loss of friends, perplexities of business, or the wreck of property, bring upon the spirits the distractions of care and the pressure of sorrow; and, instead of casting their cares upon the Lord, they resort to the exhilarating draft, but, before the occasion for it has ceased, the remedy itself has become a calamity more intolerable than the disease. Before, the woes were temporary; now, they have multiplied and have become eternal.

Ardent spirits employed to invigorate the intellect, or restore exhausted nature under severe study, is often a fatal experiment. Mighty men have been cast down in this manner never to rise. The quickened circulation does for a time invigorate intellect and restore exhausted nature. But, for the adventitious energy imparted, it exhausts the native energy of the soul, and induces that faintness of heart, and flagging of the spirits, which cry incessantly, "give, give," and never, but with expiring breath, say it is enough.

The use of ardent spirits, employed as an auxiliary to labour, is among the most fatal, because the most common

and least suspected, causes of intemperance. It is justified as innocent, it is insisted on as necessary: but no fact is more completely established by experience than that it is utterly useless, and ultimately injurious, beside all the fearful evils of habitual intemperance, to which it so often leads. THERE IS NO NUTRITION IN ARDENT SPIRIT. ALL THAT IT DOES IS, TO CONCENTRATE THE STRENGTH OF THE SYSTEM FOR THE TIME, BEYOND ITS CAPACITY FOR REGULAR EXERTION. "It is borrowing strength for an occasion, which will be needed for futurity, without any provision for payment, and with the certainty of ultimate bankruptcy.

The early settlers of New-England endured more hardship and performed more labour, and carried through life more health and vigour than appertains to the existing generation of labouring men. And they did it without the use of ardent spirits.

Let two men of equal age and firmness of constitution, labour together through the summer, the one *with* and the other *without* the excitement of ardent spirits, and the latter will come out at the end with unimpaired vigour, while the other will be comparatively exhausted. Ships navigated as some now are without the habitual use of ardent spirits—and manufacturing establishments carried on without—and extended agricultural operations—all move on with better industry, more peace, more health, and a better income to the employers and the employed.

The workmen are cheerful and vigourous, friendly and industrious, and their families are thrifty, well fed, well clothed and instructed; and instead of distress and poverty, and disappointment and contention—they are cheered with the full flow of social affection and often by the sustaining power of religion. But where ardent spirit is received as a daily auxiliary to labour, it is commonly taken at stated times—the habit soon creates a vacancy in the stomach, which indicates at length the hour of the day with as much accuracy as a clock.

It will be taken besides, frequently, at other times, which will accelerate the destruction of nature's healthful tone, create artificial debility, and the necessity of artificial excitement to remove it; and when so much has been consumed as the economy of the employer can allow, the growing demand will be supplied by the

evening and morning dram, from the wages of labour—until the appetite has become insatiable, and the habit of intemperance nearly universal—until the nervous excitability has obliterated the social sensibilities, and turned the family into a scene of babbling and wo—until voracious appetite has eaten up the children's bread, and abandoned them to ignorance and crime—until conscience has become callous, and fidelity and industry have disappeared, except as the result of eye service; and wanton wastefulness and contention, and wreckless wretchedness characterise the establishment.

LESSON XXXVIII.

An Authoress and her Auditors.—MRS. OPIE.

A YOUNG lady, who valued herself on her benevolence and good-breeding, and had as much respect for truth as those who live in the world usually have, was invited by an authoress, whose favour she coveted, and by whose attention she was flattered, to come and hear her read a manuscript tragi-comedy. The other auditor was an old lady, who, to considerable personal ugliness, united strange grimaces, and convulsive twitchings of the face, chiefly the result of physical causes.

The authoress read in so affected and dramatic a manner, that the young lady's boasted benevolence had no power to curb her propensity to laughter; which being perceived by the reader, she stopped in angry consternation, and desired to know whether she laughed at her, or her composition. At first she was too much fluttered to make any reply;—but as she dared not own the truth, and had no scruple against being guilty of deception, she resolved to excuse herself by a *practical lie.* She therefore trod on her friend's foot, elbowed her, and, by winks and signs, tried to make her believe that it was the grimaces of her opposite neighbour, who was quietly knitting and twitching as usual, which had had such an effect on her risible faculties; and the deceived authoress, smiling herself when her young guest directed her eye to her unconscious

vis-a-vis resumed her reading with a lightened brow and increased energy.

This added to the young lady's amusement; as she could now indulge her risibility occasionally at the authoress's expense, without exciting her suspicions; especially as the manuscript was sometimes intended to excite smiles, if not laughter; and the self-love of the writer led her to suppose that her hearer's mirth was the result of her comic powers. But the treacherous gratification of the auditor was soon at an end. The manuscript was meant to move *tears* as well as *smiles;* but as the *matter* became more pathetic, the *manner* became more ludicrous; and the youthful hearer could no more force a *tear* than she could restrain a *laugh;* till the mortified authoress, irritated into forgetfulness of all feeling and propriety, exclaimed, "Indeed, Mrs. ——, I must desire you to move your seat, and sit where Miss —— does not see you; for you make such queer grimaces that you draw her attention and cause her to laugh when she should be listening to me."

The erring but humane girl was overwhelmed with dismay at the unexpected exposure; and when the poor infirm old lady replied, in a faltering tone, "Is she indeed laughing at me?" she could scarcely refrain from telling the truth, and assuring her that she was incapable of such cruelty. "Yes;" rejoined the authoress, in a paroxysm of wounded self-love, "She owned to me soon after she began, that you occasioned her ill-timed mirth; and when I looked at you, I could hardly help smiling myself; but I am sure you could help making such faces, if you would."

"Child!" cried the old lady, while tears of wounded sensibility trickled down her pale cheeks, "and you, my unjust friend, I hope and trust that I forgive you both; but, if ever you should be paralytic yourselves, may you remember this evening, and learn to repent of having been provoked to laugh by the physical weakness of a palsied old woman!" The indignant authoress was now penitent, subdued, and ashamed,—and earnestly asked pardon for her unkindness; but the young offender, whose *acted lie* had exposed her to seem guilty of a fault which she had not committed, was in an agony to which expression was inadequate. But, to exculpate herself was impossible: and she could only give her wounded victim tear for tear.

To attend to a farther perusal of the manuscript was impossible. The old lady desired that her carriage should come round directly; the authoress locked up her composition, that had been so ill received; and the young lady, who had been proud of the acquaintance of each, became an object of suspicion and dislike both to the one and the other; since the former considered her to be of a cruel and unfeeling nature, and the latter could not conceal from herself the mortifying truth, that her play must be wholly devoid of interest, as it had utterly failed either to rivet or to attract her young auditor's attention.

But, though this girl lost two valued acquaintances by acting a lie (a harmless white lie, as it is called,) I fear she was not taught or amended by the circumstance; but deplored her want of luck, rather than her want of integrity; and, had her deception met with the success which she expected, she would probably have boasted of her ingenious artifice to her acquaintance;—nor can I help believing that she goes on in the same way whenever she is tempted to do so, and values herself on the lies of SELFISH FEAR, which she dignifies by the name of LIES OF BENEVOLENCE.

It is curious to observe that the kindness which prompts to really erroneous conduct cannot continue to bear even a remote connexion with real benevolence. The mistaken girl, in the anecdote related above, begins with what she calls, a virtuous deception. She could not wound the feelings of the authoress by owning that she laughed at her mode of reading: she therefore accused *herself* of a much *worse* fault; that of laughing at the personal infirmities of a fellow-creature; and then, finding that her artifice enabled her to indulge her sense of the ridiculous with impunity, she at length laughs treacherously and systematically, because she dares do so, and not *involuntarily*, as she did at first, at her unsuspecting friend.

Thus such hollow unprincipled benevolence as hers soon degenerated into absolute *malevolence*. But, had this girl been a girl of principle and of *real benevolence*, she might have healed her friend's vanity at the same time that she wounded it, by saying, after she had owned that her mode of reading made her laugh, that she was now convinced of the truth of what she had often heard; namely, that authors rarely do justice to their own works,

when they read them aloud themselves, however well they may read the works of others; because they are naturally so nervous on the occasion, that they are laughably violent, because painfully agitated.

This reply could not have offended her friend greatly if at all; and it might have led her to moderate her absurd manner of reading. She would in consequence have appeared to better advantage; and the interests of real benevolence, namely, the doing good to a fellow-creature, would have been served, and she would not, by a vain attempt, to save a friend's vanity from being hurt, have been the means of wounding the feelings of an afflicted *woman*; have incurred the charge of inhumanity, which she by no means deserved; and have vainly, as well as grossly, sacrificed the interests of truth.

LESSON XXXIX.

Filial and Fraternal Duties.—Dr. Brown.

Every human being has been the subject of many cares before he could acquire even the thoughtless vigour of boyhood; and how many cares additional were necessary then, to render that thoughtless vigour something more than mere power of doing injury to itself! They whose constant attendance was necessary to preserve our very being,—to whom we owe the instruction we received, and, in a great measure too, our very virtues—may have sometimes, perhaps, exercised a rigour that was unnecessary, or abstained from affording us comforts which we might have enjoyed without any loss of virtue.

But still the amount of advantage is not to be forgotten on account of some slight evil. We owe them much, though we might have owed them more; and, owing them much, we cannot morally abstain from paying them the duties of those who owe much. They should have no wants while we have even the humblest superfluity; or rather, while want is opposed to want, ours is not that of which we should be the first to think.

In their bodily infirmities, we are the attendants who should be most assiduous round their couch or their chair;

and even those mental infirmities of age which are more disgusting; the occasional peevishness, which reproaches for failures of duty that were not intended; the caprice that exacts one day what it would not permit the day before, and what it is again to refuse on the succeeding day, we are to bear, not as if it were an *effort* to bear them, and a sacrifice to duty, but with that tenderness of affection which *bears* much, because it *loves* much, and does not feel the sacrifices which it occasionally makes, because it feels only the love which delights in making them.

How delightful is the spectacle, when, amid all the temptations of youth and beauty, we witness some gentle heart that gives to the couch of the feeble, and, perhaps, of the thankless and repining, those hours which others find too short for the successive gaieties with which an evening can be filled; and that prefers to the smile of universal admiration, the single smile of enjoyment, which, after many vain efforts, has at last been kindled on one solitary cheek!

If filial love be thus ready to bear with bodily and moral infirmities, it is not less ready to bear with intellectual weakness. There is often, especially in the middle classes of life, as great a difference of mental culture in the parent and child, as if they had lived at the distance of many centuries. The wealth that has been acquired by patient industry, or some fortunate adventure, may be employed in diffusing all the refinements of science and literature to the children of those, to whom the very words, science and literature, are words of which they would scarcely be able, even with the help of a dictionary, to tell the meaning.

In a rank of life still lower, there are not wanting many meritorious individuals, who, uninstructed themselves, labour indefatigably to obtain the means of liberal education for one, whose wisdom, in after years, when he is to astonish the village, may gratify at once their ambition and love.

It would, indeed, be painful to think that any one, whose superiority of knowledge has cost his parents so much fatigue, and so many privations of comfort, which, but for the expense of the means of his acquired superiority, they might have enjoyed, should turn against them,

in his own mind, the acquirements which were to them of so costly a purchase, despising them for the very ignorance which gave greater merit to their sacrifice, and proud of a wisdom far less noble, when it can thus feel contempt, than the humble ignorance which it despises.

Next in order to the relationship of parent and child, may be considered the relation which the child bears to those who are united with him, by the same tie, to the same parental bosoms. If friendship be delightful; if it be above all delightful to enjoy the continued friendship of those who are endeared to us by the intimacy of many years, who can discourse with us of the frolics of the school, of the adventures and studies of the college, of the years when we first ranked ourselves with men in the free society of the world; how delightful must be the friendship of those who, accompanying us through all this long period, with a closer union than any casual friend, can go still farther back, from the school to the very nursery which witnessed our common pastimes: who have had an interest in every event that has related to us, and in every person that has excited our love or our hatred; who have honoured with us those to whom we have paid every filial honour in life, and wept with us over those whose death has been to us the most lasting sorrow of our heart!

Such, in its wide, unbroken sympathy, is the friendship of brothers, considered even as friendship only; and how many circumstances of additional interest does this union receive from the common relationship to those who have original claims to our still higher regard, and to whom we owe an acceptable service, in extending our affection to those whom they love. Every dissension of man with man, excites in us a feeling of painful incongruity. But we feel a peculiar incongruity in the discord of those, whom one roof has continued to shelter during life, and whose dust is afterwards to be mingled under a single stone.

LESSON XL.

The Voyage of Life.—Dr. Johnson.

'Life,' says Seneca, 'is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes; we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age.' The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion, I was told that we were launching out into the ocean of life, that we had already passed the straits of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness, and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure, but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands, all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on each side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools; for many

sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might avoid it by oblique direction.

It was however not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking around him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed; nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference or from weariness of their condition; for not one of those, who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

In the midst of the current of life was the gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose, and with shades where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass.

Reason, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape; but few could, by her intreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far, by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it by insensible rotations towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown Power: 'Gaze not idly upon others, when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?' I looked, and seeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, started and awoke.

LESSON XLI.

Settlement of Virginia.—HALE.

THE London company, soon after its incorporation in 1606, despatched to America three ships, having on board one hundred and five persons destined to begin a settlement in South Virginia. Christopher Newport commanded the squadron. He was accompanied by captain Gosnold and other distinguished individuals; some allured by curiosity, and some by the prospect of gain, to visit a country said to be inhabited by a new race of beings, and to abound in silver and gold.

A sealed box was delivered to Newport, with directions

that it should not be opened until twenty-four hours after the emigrants had landed in America. During the voyage violent dissensions arose among the principal personages, on board the squadron. Of most of them, John Smith, one of the adventurers, incurred the distrust and hatred. His superior talents, and the fame he had acquired by his exploits in war, excited their envy, and probably caused him to claim for himself greater deference than they were willing or bound to yield.

While yet at sea, he was accused of an intention to murder the council, usurp the government, and make himself king of Virginia; and upon this absurd accusation was put in confinement. The place of their destination was the disastrous position at Roanoke. A storm fortunately drove them to the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, which they entered on the 26th of April, 1607. Discovering a large and beautiful river, they gave it the name of James River, ascended it, and on its banks had several interviews with the natives.

In one of these a chief came forward, holding in one hand his bow and arrows, in the other a pipe of tobacco, and demanded the cause of their coming. They made signs of peace, and were received as friends. Paspiha, another chief, when informed of their wish to settle in the country, offered them as much land as they wanted, and sent them a deer for their entertainment.

On the 13th of May, they debarked at a place which they called Jamestown. On opening the sealed box, it was found to contain the names of the council and instructions for their guidance. In the list were the names of Gosnold, Smith, Wingfield, and Newport. Wingfield was elected president, and a vote was passed excluding Smith from his seat at the board. He was, however, released from confinement.

The whole country was then a wilderness, in which a few Indians roamed in pursuit of their enemies, or of wild beasts for food. In colour they were darker than the European, but not so black as the negro. They possessed all the vices and virtues of the savage state; were cunning in stratagem, ferocious in battle, cruel to their conquered enemies, kind and hospitable to their friends. They had no written language; they were unacquainted with the use of iron and the other metals; their weapons

of war were a bow and arrows, a stone hatchet, which they called a tomahawk, and a club. They lived principally by hunting, but sometimes cultivated small patches of Indian corn.

From such neighbours the emigrants could expect but little aid or comfort. Yet they took no care to provide for their future subsistence or preservation. They planted nothing the first year. The provisions brought from England were soon consumed. In four months, famine and the diseases of a hot and damp climate swept away fifty of their number.

These dreadful distresses led them to reflect upon their situation and conduct. Having become sensible of their injustice to Smith, they, at his request, had granted him a trial, which resulted in an honourable acquittal. His personal talents and activity now enforced, in adversity, the same regard and deference which, in prosperous times, are yielded only to vested authority and official station.

By his advice, a fort was erected, to protect them from the attacks of the Indians. To procure provisions and explore the country, he made frequent and distant excursions into the wilderness. In one of these, he seized an Indian idol, made with skins stuffed with moss, for the redemption of which as much corn was brought him as he required. Sometimes he procured supplies by caresses, sometimes by purchase, and when these means failed of success, he scrupled not to resort to stratagem and violence.

But in the midst of his activity and usefulness, he was, while exploring the source of the river Chickahominy, surprised and attacked by a party of Indians. He defended himself bravely until his companions were killed, when he turned to flee. Running at hazard, he sunk to his neck in a swamp and was taken prisoner.

The exulting savages conducted him in triumph, through several towns, to their king, Powhatan. At the end of six weeks, their chiefs assembled to deliberate on his fate. They decided that he should die. He was led forth to execution; his head was placed upon a stone, and an Indian stood near with a club, the instrument of death. At this instant, Pocahontas, the young and favourite daughter of the king, appeared, and rushing between the execu-

tioner and the prisoner, folded his head in her arms and entreated her father to spare his life. Powhatan relented, directed Smith to be conducted to his wigwam or hut, and soon afterwards sent him, escorted by twelve guides, to Jamestown.

On his arrival there, he found the number of settlers reduced to thirty eight, and most of these had determined to abandon the country. By persuasions and threats, he induced a majority to relinquish their design. The remainder, more resolute, went on board a small vessel in the river. Against these he instantly directed the guns of the fort, when, to avoid the danger of being sunk, they hastened back to their companions.

Sustaining now a high reputation among the Indians, he obtained from them occasional supplies of provisions, which preserved the colony from famine. The princess Pocahontas also, remembering him whose life she had saved, frequently sent him such articles as were most needed. The settlers were thus enabled to subsist until Captain Newport, who had returned to England, again arrived at Jamestown, with a quantity of provisions, and one hundred and twenty persons, who came to reside in the colony.

All danger being in appearance over, the emigrants no longer submitted to the authority, nor listened to the advice, of Smith. Disorder and confusion followed; and about this time, that raging passion for gold, which first impelled Europeans to resort to this country, was again excited. In a stream north of Jamestown, a glittering earth was discovered which was supposed to be gold dust. "Immediately," says Stith, in his history, "there was no thought, no discourse, no hope, and no work, but to dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, and load gold." And notwithstanding the remonstrances of Smith, a ship was freighted with this worthless commodity and sent to England.

Finding he could not be useful at Jamestown, and unwilling to be idle, Smith set out upon an expedition to explore the coasts of the Chesapeake. With great labour and fatigue, he examined every inlet, river, and bay, as far as the mouth of the Rappahannock; whence, his provisions being exhausted, he returned home.

He found the people turbulent and discontented. They

charged the president with squandering the public property, and imposing upon them unnecessary fatigue, by compelling them to build for himself a house of pleasure in the woods. He was deposed; Smith was chosen to succeed him; he refused to accept the office, but no other person was appointed.

Having procured a supply of provisions, he again departed to complete the survey of the Chesapeake. He visited all the countries on both shores; he traded with some tribes; he fought with others; and left, among all, the highest admiration of the beneficence or valour of the English. Returning after an absence of six weeks, he was again chosen president. Yielding to the general wish, he consented to accept the office. Under his administration, habits of industry and subordination were formed, and peace and plenty smiled upon the colony.

LESSON XLII.

Extract from "The Religion of Taste."—WILCOX.

To love the beautiful is not to hate
The holy, nor to wander from the true;
Else why in Eden did its Lord create
Each green and shapely tree to please the view?
Why not enough that there the fruitful grew?
But wherefore think it virtue pure and blest
To feast the eye with shape and bloom and hue?
Or wherefore think it holier than the zest
With which the purple grape by panting lips is prest.

The rose delights with colour and with form,
Nor less with fragrance; but to love the flower
For either, or for all, is not to warm
The bosom with the thought of that high power,
Who gathered all into its blooming hour:
As well might love of gold be love to Him,
Who on the mountain poured its pristine shower,
And buried it in currents deep and dim,
Or spread it in bright drops along the river's brim.

Yet Taste and Virtue are not born to strife;
'Tis when the earthly would the heavenly scorn,
Nor merely spread with flowers, her path to life,
But would supplant when bound to cheer and warn,
Or at the touch of every wounding thorn
Would tempt her from that path, or bid her trust
No truth too high for fancy to adorn,
And turn from all too humble with disgust;
'Tis then she wakes a war, when in her pride unjust.

But oft in Taste when mindful of her birth,
Celestial Virtue owns a mortal friend,
A fit interpreter of scenes of earth,
And one delighting thought with hers to blend
Amid their loveliness, and prompt to lend
The light and charm of her own smile to all;—
Thus when to heaven our best affections tend,
Taste helps the spirit upward at the call
Of Faith and echoing Hope, or scorns to work its fall.

The path we love,—to that all things allure;
We give them power malignant or benign;
Yes, to the pure in heart all things are pure;
And to the bright in fancy, all things shine;
All frown on those that in deep sorrow pine,
Smile on the cheerful, lead the wise abroad
O'er Nature's realm in search of laws divine;
All draw the earthly down to their vile clod;
And all unite to lift the heavenly to their God.

The universe is calm to faith serene;
And all with glory shines to her bright eye;
The mount of Sion, crowned with living green
By all the beams and dews of its pure sky,
She sees o'er clouds and tempests rising high
From its one fountain pouring streams that bear
Fresh life and beauty, ne'er to fade and die,
But make the blasted earth an aspect wear,
Like that of its blest prime, divinely rich and fair.

The eye which she has opened, rolls in light
O'er a creation, in which God is viewed,
In all that blooms by day and shines by night,

Without him all a cheerless solitude;
The heart that with her spirit is imbued,
At nature's mingled works of power and love
Trembles with awe and swells with gratitude,
And pants for the swift pinions of a dove,
To waft the soul away to Him who reigns above.

LESSON XLIII.

Another Extract from the Same.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined;
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed and feelings purely kind,
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

No good of worth sublime will heaven permit
To light on man as from the passing air;
The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies or runs to waste with fitful glare,
And learning is a plant that spreads and towers
Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,
That 'mid gay thousands with the suns and showers
Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

Has immortality of name been given
To them that idly worship hills and groves,
And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven?
Did Newton learn from fancy as it roves,
To measure worlds and follow where each moves?
Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease,
By wanderings wild that nature's pilgrim loves?
Or did Paul gain heaven's glory and its peace
By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece?

Beware lest thou from sloth, that would appear
But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim
Thy want of worth; a charge thou couldst not hear
From other lips, without a blush of shame,
Or pride indignant; then be thine the blame,
And make thyself of worth; and thus enlist
The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame;
'Tis infamy to die and not be missed,
Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above,
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave, with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

LESSON XLIV.

Every man his own Fortune-Teller.—JANE TAYLOR.

THERE is a strong propensity in the human mind to look forward to distant years, and to penetrate the secrets of futurity. This desire in the minds of the vulgar and ignorant, has given rise to the foolish and wicked practice of consulting pretended fortune-tellers. In these enlightened days, I have little fear that any of my readers should wish to have recourse to such absurd and sinful means of information; and yet as it is very likely they may sometimes feel curiosity respecting their future destiny, they will, I hope, listen to the plan I have to propose; which, without incurring either guilt or disgrace, will enable them, each for himself, to foretel with considerable accuracy, what they may have to expect in future life.

To prevent disappointment, I here candidly confess, that I do not pretend to enable them to divine the amount of their fortunes,—what connections they may form,—in what parts they may reside,—NOR at what period they

will die: nor do I regret this; nor need they; since these are circumstances which it is better for us not to know beforehand: but, with regard to things of still greater importance than these, such as the degree of success and of happiness they may reasonably expect in their undertakings and situations in the world, they will find the proposed method may be depended on.

I shall, then, suppose myself to be consulted by a number of young persons, wishing to be initiated in my secret; but they will not find me commencing my instructions with any mystical ceremony, nor pronouncing any unintelligible charm. I do not even wish to examine the palms of their hands; although I may perhaps take the liberty to notice the expression of their faces; all I require is, some insight into their present characters and past conduct.

Suppose one of them, for instance, should appear to be a lad of an indolent, inactive disposition; to whom learning and exertion, whether of body or mind, was always irksome and burdensome, performed as a task, and by compulsion; he is looking forward anxiously to the time when coercion will cease, and when he shall be free from the necessity of exertion.—In this case, I do not hesitate to shake my knowing head, and in the technical language of my profession to pronounce *bad luck to him.* I need not ask, nor can I guess, what may be his line of business, nor what the extent of his capital; but I can foretel, with great confidence, that he will be neither successful, respectable, nor happy. That when restraints are removed, and he is thrown upon himself, life will be burdensome to him; and that it will, very probably, end in poverty and disgrace.

I shall suppose my next applicant to be a gay young lady, desirous of knowing how soon she shall be her own mistress, and how large her fortune will be; as she is in want of a thousand things that she is not allowed to purchase: she is very partial to jewels and laces, and to all that is showy and expensive; and wishes extremely to be able to gratify her desires. Here again, I could augur no good; so many husbands and fathers have been ruined by expensive wives and daughters, for "as poor Richard says, silks and satins put out the kitchen fire," that what could I see in her destiny but bills and bailiffs, a husband in prison, children in want, and herself in indigence?

Another approaches with his pockets stuffed with gingerbread, and his hands full of macaroons; he professes himself to be so fond of good things that he spends the greater part of his pocket money at the pastry-cook's; his parents allow him to partake of every dish that comes on the table, and to stuff as long as he pleases; and he owns that he considers dinner-time the best part of the day. I need not feel this young gentleman's pulse in order to predict to him an impaired constitution, and an early decay of his mental powers. Complicated disease, and premature old age are the invariable rewards of indulgence. These habits will increase with his years: a listless, burdensome life, and early death is his probable destiny.

The next applicant appears with a frowning brow, and a discontented, clouded aspect: his temper is sullen and obstinate, or fretful and irritable: he wishes to know if any thing agreeable will ever befal him, for at present he has known only unhappiness. Alas! nothing but unhappiness can I predict to him. He may grow rich and prosper in the world, but he will ever "dwell in *Meshech*;" his family will dread, and his neighbours dislike him; and his gold, if he has it, will never purchase that ease and content which is the reward of good nature only.

Another inquirer I shall suppose to be an undutiful son, who has ever rewarded his parents' care and kindness with neglect, disrespect and disobedience. Now on this case, I can pronounce with a greater degree of certainty than on any of the preceding. Some faults never appear to meet their proper punishment in this world; but it is a common remark, founded on long observation, that unkindness to parents, above all other crimes, reaps its reward even here. This youth then, if he becomes a parent, will be taught by refractory, rebellious children the anguish he has inflicted on his own parent. A rebellious son, an ungrateful daughter, must expect in due time to become an unhappy father, or despised mother.

Another informs me he has had a religious education, and that he is in a great degree aware of the importance of religion, and of the value of his soul; moreover, he intends before long to give it the attention it demands; but hitherto he has delayed to do so, from time to time, hoping it would be less difficult at some future period than it ap-

pears now; so that, at present, he is as far from being truly religious, as he was when first he began to think upon the subject. Now it requires little sagacity to foresee the probable consequences of this temper. I solemnly warn him that the same indisposition that has hitherto prevailed, will, unless strongly counteracted, continue and increase; while he is intending and purposing, his heart will grow harder and harder, until it will finally be said of him, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"

I fear I shall be regarded as a gloomy prognosticator; but I dare not depart from the rules of my art, which are founded on universal experience, and on the established laws of cause and effect. However, lest I be thought too discouraging, I am happy to proclaim, that these destinies are, by no means, at present, to be considered as unchangeable. On the contrary, if the indolent should be roused by a dread of the consequences awaiting his disposition, to become active and industrious,—the extravagant, moderate and frugal,—the indulgent, self-denying and abstemious,—the ill-tempered, mild and amiable,—the undutiful, affectionate and tractable,—and if the procrastinator resolve at once, that he will serve the Lord,—then it is obvious, that all my dark predictions will be immediately reversed.

For instance; let us suppose an inquirer of a different description to any of the foregoing. A modest, ingenuous youth now approaches, wishing to know what encouragement he may expect in his exertions. He confesses that he is not gifted with superior talents, and therefore does not hope to arrive at any distinguished eminence. It appears, however, that he early acquired habits of attention and industry; that he has courage and perseverance to press forward in his undertakings, in spite of difficulties, till he has conquered them; that although his real wants are amply supplied, he has been trained in frugality and self-denial; therefore his wishes are few and moderate, so that he has always his mite to spare for the poor and the destitute.

He cannot boast of rich or powerful patrons, but his temper is sweet, and his manners obliging, by which he obtains the good will of his neighbours; moreover, he is a good son and a kind brother; and having been taught that "the beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord,"

he has already found "His ways to be pleasantness, and his paths peace." Now, without presuming to guess whether this will be a rich man, I hesitate not to pronounce him a happy one: he may encounter difficulties, and pass through trials, but "his bread will be given him, and his water will be sure;" especially "that bread which he casts upon the waters will return" to him, when it is wanted, though "after many days." It is besides this, more than probable, that he will eventually be successful even in his temporal affairs; that he will be "blessed in his basket and his store;" rear an affectionate family; be beloved by his friends, and respected by all; finally, he will die in peace, and at last "enter into the joy of his Lord."

It is not unusual for fortune-tellers to predict the day of death; and although, as I said, I make no such pretensions, it may yet be expected that I should not be totally silent on the subject. And while they who presume to do so are miserable deceivers, I can with the most absolute certainty foretel what it is much more important to know, namely, that "it is appointed unto all men once to die;" the day and hour is indeed unknown: and yet each one may, for himself, look forward to a period not very distant, when he may be quite certain that he shall have reached his "long home." To know that we must die one day, is a far more interesting fact, than to know *what* day; and this is a circumstance which, surely, we may all foretel for ourselves.

Is it not strange, that the grandest event of our existence,—that part of our fortunes which it is of infinitely greater consequence we should foreknow than whether we are to be princes or beggars,—we should so seldom inquire about, although it is more easily ascertained than any question respecting our temporal affairs?—I mean, whether we are going to heaven or hell! Now to know this, we have only to ask whether or not we are Christians: if conscience allows us humbly to hope that we are so, in the scriptural sense of the word, then we are sure that the Lord is gone "to prepare a place for us" among the "many mansions in his father's house." But if we know that we are not true Christians, nor earnestly striving to become such, then, the awful probability

is, that we are doomed to the place "prepared for the devil and his angels."

Thus, having explained and exemplified my method, so as to render it clear to their comprehensions, I trust that every one of my readers will be able to predict all that is good for them to know concerning their future lives; and I doubt not they will find it profitable to do so. Should any think it an unsatisfactory and uncertain plan, or flatter themselves, that although they may answer some of the above descriptions, yet, that they shall escape the appropriate punishment, I must tell them that it is for want of knowing the world and themselves, and for want of considering the natural and inevitable consequences of things.—The saying is as true as it is trite, that to be happy we must be good. The knowledge of this, is, in fact, the grand secret of my art, and it is by consulting this simple rule, that *every man may be his own fortune-teller.*

LESSON XLV.

Reflections on the Settlement of New England.—WEBSTER.

THE settlement of New England, by the colony which landed here on the twenty-second of December, sixteen hundred and twenty, although not the first European establishment in what now constitutes the United States, was yet so peculiar in its causes and character, and has been followed, and must still be followed, by such consequences, as to give it a high claim to lasting commemoration. On these causes and consequences, more than on its immediately attendant circumstances, its importance, as an historical event, depends.

Great actions and striking occurrences, having excited a temporary admiration, often pass away and are forgotten, because they leave no lasting results, affecting the prosperity of communities. Such is frequently the fortune of the most brilliant military achievements. Of the ten thousand battles which have been fought; of all the fields fertilized with carnage; of the banners which have been bathed in blood; of the warriors who have hoped

that they had risen from the field of conquest to a glory as bright and as durable as the stars, how few that continue long to interest mankind!

The victory of yesterday is reversed by the defeat of to-day; the star of military glory, rising like a meteor, like a meteor has fallen; disgrace and disaster hang on the heels of conquest and renown; victor and vanquished presently pass away to oblivion, and the world holds on its course, with the loss only of so many lives, and so much treasure.

But if this is frequently, or generally, the fortune of military achievements, it is not always so. There are enterprises, military as well as civil, that sometimes check the current of events, give a new turn to human affairs, and transmit their consequences through ages. We see their importance in their results, and call them great, because great things follow. There have been battles which have fixed the fate of nations. These come down to us in history with a solid and permanent influence, not created by a display of glittering armour, the rush of adverse battalions, the sinking and rising of pennons, the flight, the pursuit, and the victory; but by their effect in advancing or retarding human knowledge, in overthrowing or establishing despotism, in extending or destroying human happiness.

When the traveller pauses on the plains of Marathon, what are the emotions which strongly agitate his breast? what is that glorious recollection that thrills through his frame, and suffuses his eyes? Not, I imagine, that Grecian skill and Grecian valour were here most signally displayed; but that Greece herself was saved. It is because to this spot, and to the event which has rendered it immortal, he refers all the succeeding glories of the republic. It is because, if that day had gone otherwise, Greece had perished.

It is because he perceives that her philosophers and orators, her poets and painters, her sculptors and architects, her government and free institutions, point backward to Marathon, and that their future existence seems to have been suspended on the contingency, whether the Persian or Grecian banner should wave victorious in the beams of that day's setting sun.

And, as his imagination kindles at the retrospect, he is transported back to the interesting moment; he counts the fearful odds of the contending hosts; his interest for the result overwhelms him; he trembles as if it were still uncertain, and seems to doubt whether he may consider Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes, Sophocles, and Phidias as secure, yet, to himself and to the world.

"If we conquer,"—said the Athenian commander, on the morning of that decisive day,—"If we conquer, we shall make Athens the greatest city of Greece." A prophecy how well fulfilled! "if God prosper us,"—might have been the more appropriate language of our fathers, when they landed upon this rock,—"if God prosper us, we shall here begin a work that shall last for ages; we shall plant here a new society, in the principles of the fullest liberty, and the purest religion; we shall subdue this wilderness which is before us; we shall fill this region of the great continent, which stretches almost from pole to pole, with civilization and Christianity; the temples of the true God shall rise where now ascends the smoke of idolatrous sacrifice; fields and gardens, the flowers of summer, and the waving and golden harvests of autumn, shall extend over a thousand hills, and stretch along a thousand valleys, never yet, since the creation, reclaimed to the use of civilized man.

We shall whiten this coast with the canvass of a prosperous commerce; we shall stud the long and winding shore with a hundred cities. That which we sow in weakness shall be raised in strength. From our sincere, but houseless worship, there shall spring splendid temples to record God's goodness; from the simplicity of our social union, there shall arise wise and politic constitutions of government, full of the liberty which we ourselves bring and breathe; from our zeal for learning, institutions shall spring, which shall scatter the light of knowledge throughout the land, and, in time, paying back what they have borrowed, shall contribute their part to the great aggregate of human knowledge; and our descendants, through all generations, shall look back to this spot, and this hour, with unabated affection and regard."

LESSON XLVI.

Obligations to the Pilgrims.—WHELPLEY.

LET us go back to the rock, where the Pilgrims first stood, and look abroad upon this wide and happy land, so full of their lineal or adopted sons, and repeat the question, to whom do we owe it, that "the wilderness has thus been turned into a fruitful field, and the desert has become as the garden of the Lord?" To whom do we owe it, under an all-wise Providence, that this nation, so miraculously born, is now contributing with such effect to the welfare of the human family, by aiding the march of mental and moral improvement, and giving an example to the nations of what it is to be pious, intelligent, and free?

To whom do we owe it, that with us the great ends of the social compact are accomplished to a degree of perfection never before realized; that the union of public power and private liberty is here exhibited in a harmony so singular and perfect, as to allow the might of political combination to rest upon the basis of individual virtue, and to call into exercise, by the very freedom which such a union gives, all the powers that contribute to national prosperity?

To whom do we owe it, that the pure and powerful light of the gospel is now shed abroad over these countries, and is rapidly gaining upon the darkness of the western world;—that the importance of religion to the temporal welfare of men, and to the permanence of wise institutions is here beginning to be felt in its just measure;—that the influence of a divine revelation is not here, as in almost every other section of christendom, wrested to purposes of worldly ambition;—that the holy Bible is not sealed from the eyes of those for whom it was intended;—and the best charities and noblest powers of the soul degraded by the terrors of a dark and artful superstition?

To whom do we owe it, that in this favoured land the gospel of the grace of God has best displayed its power to bless humanity, by uniting the anticipations of a better world with the highest interests and pursuits of this;—

by carrying its merciful influence into the very business and bosoms of men;—by making the ignorant wise and the miserable happy;—by breaking the fetters of the slave, and teaching "the babe and the suckling" those simple and sublime truths, which give to life its dignity and virtue, and fill immortality with hope?—

To whom do we owe all this? *Doubtless to the Plymouth Pilgrims!*—Happily did one of those fearless exiles exclaim, in view of all that was past, and of the blessing, and honour, and glory that was yet to come, "God hath sifted three kingdoms, that he might gather the choice grain, and plant it in the wilderness!"

LESSON XLVII.

Song of the Pilgrims.—UPHAM.

THE breeze has swelled the whitening sail,
The blue waves curl beneath the gale,
And, bounding with the wave and wind,
We leave Old England's shores behind:—
Leave behind our native shore,
Homes, and all we loved before.

The deep may dash, the winds may blow,
The storm spread out its wings of wo,
Till sailors' eyes can see a shroud,
Hung in the folds of every cloud;
Still, as long as life shall last,
From that shore we'll speed us fast.

For we would rather never be,
Than dwell where mind cannot be free,
But bows beneath a despot's rod
Even where it seeks to worship God.
Blasts of heaven, onward sweep!
Bear us o'er the troubled deep!

O, see what wonders meet our eyes!
Another land, and other skies!

Columbian hills have met our view!
Adieu! Old England's shores, adieu!
Here, at length, our feet shall rest,
Hearts be free, and homes be blest.

As long as yonder firs shall spread
Their green arms o'er the mountain's head,—
As long as yonder cliffs shall stand,
Where join the ocean and the land,—
Shall those cliffs and mountains be
Proud retreats for liberty.

Now to the King of kings we'll raise
The pæan loud of sacred praise,
More loud than sounds the swelling breeze,
More loud than speak the rolling seas!
Happier lands have met our view!
England's shores, adieu! adieu!

LESSON XLVIII.

The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.—MRS. HEMANS.

THE breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of Exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New-England shore.

Not as the Conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,—
And the trumpet that sings of Fame:—

Not as the Flying come,
In silence and in fear:—

They shook the depths of the desert's gloom,
With their hymns of lofty cheer!

Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the Anthem of the Free!

The ocean Eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd:—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that Pilgrim band:—
Why had they come to wither *there*,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?
They sought for Faith's pure shrine!

Aye! call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstain'd what there they found,
Freedom to worship God!

LESSON XLIX.

The Safe Side of the Hedge.—TRENTON EMPORIUM.

YOU have often heard old people talk of "*Keeping on the safe side of the Hedge.*" It is one of the old-fashioned maxims, long known and but little understood or practised in the world. Our good Schoolmaster used some-

times to make use of it; and we very well knew, that by getting on the *wrong* side, he meant doing what would ensure us a sound basting: we of course took especial care to mind which the right side was, in matters that were to come under *his* scrutiny. But I have often since seen some one or other of my old classmates, groping along on the wrong side of the Hedge, and faring far more miserably than they would have fared in our days of scholarship, by being found there.

But I was reminded the other day of this old maxim, by rather a whimsical incident. I rode over in the morning to the vendue at the Chesnut-hill place, where all the people round had collected, to purchase bargains and talk over the affairs of the neighbourhood. When I reached the house, the people had just returned from the meadow where the crier had been selling off some stock; and old seventy-six John, the weaver, from over the creek, had got into a cart, and with his hat off, was making a speech to the people, after the manner, I suppose, of Poor Richard.

He had told them, among other things, it seems, that they should "*Keep on the safe side of the Hedge;*" and some wag, to lengthen out the scene, had just inquired what that meant, when I came up. "Do you see," said the old veteran, twisting his chew of tobacco three or four times round; "Do you see, there's Dick Donothing, who bought a barrel and a half of old whiskey this morning, and gave his note for it, as he had'nt the money to pay; I don't say he's on the safe side of the Hedge. And there's Tom Trustall, who went his security on the note: I dont say he keeps on the safe side. And there's"— "But answer the question," said a dozen voices, not knowing whose turn might come next; "What is keeping on the safe side?"

"Why, do you see Sam Steady there," replied John, "driving home two fine milch cows, which he bought low, paid the money for, and will make a nice penny out of: he has kept on the safe side of the Hedge. It means, at vendues, to buy only what you want, what you can get at a reasonable price, and what you can pay for." The people all clapped hands, and the old man kept himself on the safe side, by ending his speech when he had done, and while the current ran in his favour.

There appeared to me to be a good deal of pith in what the old man said.—I have often thought of it since, and I believe the maxim might be profitably applied to numberless cases; for instance:—the man who becomes an indorser or a surety for another, except under very peculiar circumstances, gets on the wrong side of the Hedge, and on a very dangerous one too, from which, ten chances to one, he does not escape with whole bones.

The man who stands waiting, with his hands in his pockets, for a windfall, or the death of a relation; who neglects providing himself with shoes, in hopes of wearing other people's, has got on the wrong side of the Hedge; and he will, in all probability, stand till he sticks fast there.

Many people who have sold fast estate in this country, and gone to hunt a better living abroad, have travelled all the way on a slippery side of the Hedge; and four out of five of them fell in the dirt ere they got back.

But I have not room to enlarge; nor is it necessary, as every one who reads may make his own additions, inferences and comments. I close with suggesting to my reader the importance of often inquiring both in regard to his temporal and eternal concerns—"*Am I on the safe side of the Hedge?*"

LESSON L.

Of exercising Attention in Reading.—UPHAM.

IF attention be the foundation of memory, then we are furnished with a practical rule of considerable importance. The rule is, not to give a hasty and careless reading of authors, but to read them with a degree of deliberation and thought.——It is the fault of some persons, that they are too quickly weary, that they skip from one author to another, and from one sort of knowledge to another. It is true, there are many things to be known; we would not have a person limit himself entirely to one science, but it is highly important, that he should guard against

that rapid and careless transition from subject to subject, which has been mentioned.

And why is it important? The intimation at the head of this section, that there cannot be memory without attention, or rather that the degree of memory will vary with the degree of attention, suggests the answer. By yielding to the desire of becoming acquainted with a greater variety of departments of knowledge, than the understanding is able to master, and, as a necessary consequence, by bestowing upon each of them only a very slight attention, we remain essentially ignorant of the whole.

The person, who pursues such a course, finds himself unable to recal what he has been over; he has a great many half-formed notions floating in his mind, but these are so ill shaped and so little under his control, as to be but little better than sheer ignorance. This is one evil result of reading authors and of going over sciences in the careless way, which has been specified, that the knowledge thus acquired, if it can be called knowledge, is of very little practical benefit, in consequence of being so poorly digested and so little under control.

But there is another and perhaps more serious evil; —this practice greatly disqualifies one for all intellectual pursuits; the mind, having been so long left at liberty to wander from object to object, without being called to account and subjected to the rules of salutary discipline, entirely loses at last the ability to dwell upon the subjects of its thoughts and to examine them. And when this power is once lost, there is but little ground to expect any solid attainments.

LESSON LI.

Means of improving the Memory.—UPHAM.

We are, in the first place, to make a selection among the particulars of our knowledge.—It is unwise to try to remember every thing. A memory thus loaded may be compared to what Milton calls the Fathers, a *drag-net*, which comes floating down to us on the stream of time, and bearing articles of most disproportionate value, shells and

shell-fish, jewels and pebbles, sticks and straws, sea-weeds and mud. It is important, therefore, to distinguish things aright; and in the multitude of particulars of greater and less value, to retain those only, which are of some real worth.

We are to refer our knowledge, as much as possible, to general principles.—To refer our knowledge to general principles is much the same as to classify it; at least this is the best mode of classification. If a lawyer or merchant were to throw all their papers together promiscuously, they could not calculate on much readiness in finding what they might at any time want.

If a man of letters were to record in a common-place-book all the ideas and facts, which occurred to him, without any method, he would experience the greatest difficulty in applying them to use. It is the same with a memory, where there is no classification. Whoever fixes upon some general principle, whether political, literary, or philosophical, and collects facts in illustration of it, will find no difficulty in remembering them, however numerous; when without such general principle the recollection of them would have been extremely burdensome.

Never be satisfied with a partial or half acquaintance with things.—There is no less a tendency to intellectual, than to bodily inactivity; students, in order to avoid intellectual toil, are too much inclined to pass on in a hurried and careless manner. This is injurious to the memory. "Nothing, (says Dugald Stuart) has such a tendency to weaken, not only the powers of invention, but the intellectual powers in general, as a habit of extensive and various reading without reflection." Always make it a rule fully to understand what is gone over.

Those, who are determined to grapple with the subject in hand, whatever may be its nature, and to become master of it, soon feel a great interest; truths, which were at first obscure, become clear and familiar. The consequence of this increased clearness and interest is an increase of attention; and the natural result of this is, that the truths are very strongly fixed in the memory. A perpetual vacillation between the honours and toils of science is a species of "halting between two opinions," that is not less injurious in learning, than in religion.

The memory may be strengthened by exercise.—It is found, that all the mental susceptibilities are strengthened by exercise, much the same as our bodily powers; and the faculty of memory certainly not less than others. This fact, which seems to be an ultimate law of our constitution, reminds one of a certain Milo, an inhabitant of Crotona. This man is said to have carried an ox on his shoulders; but he could do it, only by beginning with carrying a calf.

He practised this every day; as the animal grew in size, the firmness of his joints and his muscular strength increased also; and thus he gradually became able to support such an enormous burden. And, in the same way, our minds when left to sloth and inactivity, lose all their vigour; but when they are kept in exercise, and, after performing what was before them, are tasked with new requisitions, it is not easy to assign limits to their ability.

Consider the nature of the study, and make use of those helps which are thus afforded.—This rule may be illustrated by the mention of some departments of science. Thus, in acquiring a knowledge of geography, the study is to be pursued, as much as possible, with the aid of good globes, charts, and maps. It requires a great effort of memory, and generally an unsuccessful one, to recollect the relative extent and situation of places, the numerous physical and political divisions of the earth, from the book.

The advantages of studying geography with maps, globes, &c. are two, First—The form, relative situation, and extent of countries become, in this case, ideas, or rather conceptions of *sight;* such conceptions are very vivid, and are more easily recalled to remembrance, than others.—Second, Our remembrances are assisted by the law of contiguity in place, which is known to be one of the most efficient aids.

When we have once, from having a map or globe before us, formed an acquaintance with the general visible appearance of an island, a gulph, an ocean, or a continent, nothing is more easy than to remember the subordinate divisions or parts. Whenever we have examined, and fixed in our minds the general appearance or outlines of a particular country, we do not easily forget the situation of those countries, which are contiguous.

We find another illustration of the rule in the reading of history.——There is such a multitude of facts in histor-

ical writings, that to endeavour to remember them all is fruitless; and if it could be done, would be of very small advantage. Hence, in reading the history of any country, fix upon two or three of the most interesting epochs; make them the subject of particular attention; learn the spirit of the age, and the private life and fortunes of prominent individuals; in a word, study these periods not only as annalists, but as philosophers.

When they are thus studied, the mind can hardly fail to retain them; they will be a sort of landmarks; and all the other events in the history of the country before and afterwards, will naturally arrange themselves in reference to them. The memory will strongly seize the prominent periods, in consequence of the great interest felt in them; and the less important parts of the history of the country will be likely to be retained, so far as is necessary, by aid of the principle of contiguity; and without giving them great attention.

LESSON LII.

Instability of Human Existence.—FITCH.

WE have constant notices around us of our frailty, and inability to continue to ourselves our present privileges for the future. Even in the city of our privileges below, do we see ourselves hurried on, by an unseen hand we cannot control; the almighty Guide who conducts us seems unwilling we should stay; the God of our spirits, who goes with us, designs we should have our settled dwelling in eternity; and soon he will bring us to the gates of the city, and, at the bidding we cannot resist, must we take our leave of it for eternity.

Around us, every thing is betokening his design of our departure, and our inability to prolong our stay. The frail hold we take of every earthly possession tells that our grasp on none is for eternity. We are hurried on from object to object, before we can call any thing ours. We meet friends, but, while we cling to them, the unseen hand of Providence tears us away from their embrace. Beauty

we would linger here to admire, but, while we look, the grace of the fashion of it perisheth.

Power just takes us by the hand, and bids us adieu to greet a successor. Fame crowns us with her wreath, but, while we feel the rising flush of joy, she plucks it off to sport with others. Wealth comes to feast us, and roll us in his car of pleasures, and, while accepting his proposals, he dismisses us to tempt some other pilgrims on their way to eternity. The unseen hand of Providence thus tears us away from object after object, to show that here is not our rest, and that our hold on earth is frail and giving way.

Around the city of our habitation, too, are the messengers he sends to warn us of this approaching departure. Decay stands with tottering limbs and feeble breath, and lisps to us, with dying life, that we draw nigh the gates of our habitation, and soon will leave it for eternal worlds. Diseases—busy messengers—fly here and there, to tell us of our frail abode, and whisper in our ears "eternity."

Death, armed with resistless power, stands with his commissions, and their unknown dates, to lead us out of our residence below, and bar on us its gates forever. Every where in the city of our abode are we reminded, that we have not the power to prolong our stay in it, and that soon we shall leave its privileges, its dwellings, its streets, its sanctuaries, its Scriptures, its busy throng, for eternity.

LESSON LIII.

Rebellion in the State Prison.—N. E. GALAXY.

A MORE impressive exhibition of moral courage, opposed to the wildest ferocity, under the most appalling circumstances, was never seen than that which was witnessed, by the officers of our State Prison in the rebellion which occurred about five years since. Three convicts had been sentenced under the rules of the prison to be whipped in the yard, and by some effort of one of the other prisoners, a door had been opened at mid-day, communicating with the great dining hall, and through the

warden's lodge with the street. The dining hall is long, dark and damp, from its situation near the surface of the ground, and in this all the prisoners assembled, with clubs and such tools as they could seize in passing through the work-shops.

Knives, hammers, and chisels, with every variety of such weapons, were in the hands of the ferocious spirits, who are drawn away from their encroachments on society, forming a congregation of strength, vileness, and talent, that can hardly be equalled on earth, even among the famed brigands of Italy. Men of all ages and characters, guilty of every variety of infamous crimes, dressed in the motley and peculiar garb of the institution, and displaying the wild and demoniac appearance that always pertains to imprisoned wretches, were gathered together for the single purpose of preventing the punishment which was to be inflicted on the morrow, upon their comrades.

The warden, the surgeon, and some other officers of the Prison were there at the time, and were alarmed at the consequences, likely to ensue from the conflict necessary to restore order. They huddled together and could scarcely be said to consult, as the stoutest among them lost all presence of mind in overwhelming fear. The news rapidly spread through the town, and a subordinate officer of most mild and kind disposition, hurried to the scene, and came calm and collected into the midst of the officers. The most equable tempered and the mildest man in the government was in this hour of peril the firmest.

He instantly despatched a request to Major Wainwright, commander of the marines stationed at the navy yard, for assistance, and declared his purpose to enter into the hall and try the force of firm demeanor and persuasion upon the enraged multitude. All his brethren exclaimed against an attempt so full of hazard; but in vain. They offered him arms, a sword and pistols, but he refused them, and said, that he had no fear and in case of danger arms would do him no service; and alone, with only a little rattan, which was his usual walking stick, he advanced intothe hall, to hold parley with the selected, congregated, and enraged villains of the whole commonwealth.

He demanded their purpose, in thus coming together with arms, in violation of the prison laws. They replied

that they were determined to obtain the remission of the punishment of their three comrades. He said, it was impossible; the rules of the prison must be obeyed, and they must submit. At the hint of submission, they drew a little nearer together, prepared their weapons for service, and, as they were dimly seen in the farther end of the hall, by those who observed, from the gratings that opened up to the day, a more appalling sight cannot be conceived, nor one of more moral grandeur, than that of the single man, standing within their grasp and exposed to be torn limb from limb instantly, if a word or look should add to the already intense excitement.

That excitement, too, was of a most dangerous kind. It broke not forth in noise and imprecations, but was seen only in the dark looks and the strained nerves, that showed a deep determination. The officer expostulated. He reminded them of the hopelessness of escape; that the town was alarmed and that the government of the prison would submit to nothing but unconditional surrender. He said that all those who would go quietly away, should be forgiven for this offence; but that if every prisoner was killed in the contest, power enough would be obtained to enforce the regulations of the Prison.

They replied that they expected that some would be killed, that death would be better than such imprisonment, and with that look and tone, which bespeaks an indomitable purpose, they declared, that not a man should leave the hall alive, till the flogging was remitted. At this period of the discussion their evil passions seemed to be more inflamed, and one or two offered to destroy the officer, who still stood firmer, and with a more temperate pulse, than did his friends who saw from above, but could not avert the danger that threatened him.

Just at this moment, and in about fifteen minutes from the commencement of the tumult, the officer saw the feet of the marines, whose presence alone he relied on for succour, filing by the small upper lights. Without any apparent anxiety he had repeatedly turned his attention to their approach, and now he knew that it was his only time to escape, before a conflict for life became as was expected, one of the most dark and dreadful in the world. He stepped slowly backwards, still urging them to depart, before the officers were driven to use the last resort of fire

arms. When within three or four feet of the door, it was opened, and closed instantly again, as he sprang through, and was so unexpectedly restored to his friends.

Major Wainwright was requested to order his men to fire down upon the convicts through the little windows, first with powder and then with ball, till they were willing to retreat; but he took a wiser as well as a bolder course, relying upon the effect, which firm determination would have upon men, so critically situated. He ordered the door to be again opened, and marched in at the head of twenty or thirty men, who filed through the passage and formed at the end of the hall opposite to the crowd of criminals huddled together at the other.

He stated that he was empowered to quell the rebellion, that he wished to avoid shedding blood, but that he should not quit that hall alive, till every convict had returned to his duty. They seemed balancing the strength of the two parties; and replied that some of them were ready to die, and only waited for an attack to see who was the most powerful, swearing that they would fight to the last, unless the flogging was remitted, for they would not submit to any such punishment in the prison. Major Wainwright ordered his marines to load their pieces, and, that they might not be suspected of trifling, each man was made to hold up to view the bullet which he afterwards put in his gun.

This only caused a growl of determination and no one blenched or seemed disposed to shrink from the foremost exposure. They knew that their number would enable them to bear down and destroy the handful of marines, after the first discharge, and before their pieces could be reloaded. Again they were ordered to retire; but they answered with more ferocity than ever. The marines were ordered to take their aim so as to be sure and kill as many as possible—their guns were presented—but not a prisoner stirred, except to grasp more firmly his weapon.

Still desirous to avoid such a tremendous slaughter as must have followed the discharge of a single gun, Major Wainwright advanced a step or two, and spoke even more firmly than before, urging them to depart. Again, and while looking directly into the muzzles of the guns,

which they had seen loaded with ball, they declared their intention "to fight it out." This intrepid officer then took out his watch, and told his men to hold their pieces aimed at the convicts, but not to fire till they had orders; then turning to the prisoners he said, "you must leave this hall—I give you three minutes to decide—if at the end of that time a man remains, he shall be shot dead."

No situation of greater interest than this can be conceived. At one end of the hall a fearful multitude of the most desperate and powerful men in creation, waiting for the assault—at the other, a little band of disciplined men, waiting with arms presented, and ready, upon the least motion or sign, to begin the carnage—and their tall and imposing commander, holding up his watch to count the lapse of three minutes, given as the reprieve to the lives of numbers. No poet or painter can conceive of a spectacle of more dark and terrible sublimity—no human heart can conceive a situation of more appalling suspense.

For two minutes not a person or a muscle was moved, not a sound was heard in the unwonted stillness of the prison, except the laboured breathings of the infuriated wretches, as they began to pant, between fear and revenge —at the expiration of two minutes, during which they had faced the ministers of death, with unblenching eyes, two or three of those in the rear and nearest to the farther entrance went slowly out—a few more followed the example, dropping out quietly and deliberately, and before half of the last minute had gone, every man was struck by the panic and crowded for an exit; and the hall was cleared as if by magic. Thus the steady firmness of moral force, and the strong effect of determination, acting deliberately, awed the most savage men, and suppressed a scene of carnage, which would have instantly followed the least precipitancy or exertion of physical force.

LESSON LIV.

Specimen of the Eloquence of James Otis.

ENGLAND may as well dam up the waters of the Nile, with bulrushes, as to fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life, another his crown—and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

We are two millions—one fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous,—and we call no man master. To the nation, from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never can be extorted.

Some have sneeringly asked, "Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?" No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds, implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth, that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust? True the spectre is now small; but the shadow he casts before him, is huge enough to darken all this fair land.

Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude, which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the faggot and torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy; forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics, and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid, than the increase of our wealth and population.

And do we owe all this to the kind succour of the mother country? No! we owe it to the tyranny, that

drove us from her,—to the pelting storms, which invigorated our helpless infancy.

But perhaps others will say, "We ask no money from your gratitude,—we only demand that you should pay your own expenses." And who I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the King—(and with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects, as little as he does the language of the Choctaws.) Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The cabinet behind the throne.

In every instance, those who take, are to judge for those who pay; if this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege, that rain and dew do not depend upon parliament; otherwise they would soon be taxed and dried.

But thanks to God, there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome, but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs, that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies, shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember, that a fire is lighted in these colonies, which one breath of their king may kindle into such fury that the blood of all England cannot extinguish it.

LESSON LV.

Of Anger.—Upham.

The precept of St. Paul, "Be ye angry, and sin not," reminds us, that this passion is liable to exceed due limits, and also that we ought to cherish such considerations, as are likely to check and properly control its influence. —When we are angry, we should consider, in the first place, that we may have mistaken the motives of the per-

son, whom we imagine to have injured us. Perhaps the oversight or crime, which we allege against him, was mere inadvertence. And it is possible, that his intentions were favourable towards us, instead of being, as we suppose, of a contrary character.

We should consider, secondly, that the indulgence of this passion on slight occasions renders us contemptible in the sight of all around us; it excites no pity, nothing but feelings of scorn; and, therefore, instead of being a punishment to the cause or supposed cause of the affront, only increases our own misery.

Let it be remembered also, that when the mind is much agitated by this passion, it is incapable of correct judgment; actions, considered as the indications of feeling and character, do not appear in their true light; and the moral susceptibility is overborne and rendered useless. The saying of Socrates to his servant, "I would beat you, if I were not angry," although uttered by a Heathen, is not unworthy of the Christian philosopher.

There is another consideration, which ought to prevent the indulgence of this passion, and to allay its effects; It is, that all have offended against the Supreme Being, and stand in need of pardon from Him. Every one, who knows his own heart, must see, and feel himself to be a transgressor. How pitiful is it, then, for man to talk largely of satisfaction and revenge, when he is every moment dependant on the clemency and forgiveness of a Being, whom he has disobeyed and dishonoured!

There is a species of anger, termed PEEVISHNESS or FRETFULNESS, which often interrupts the peace and happiness of life. It differs from ordinary anger in being excited by very trifling circumstances, and in a strange facility of inflicting its effects on every body, and every thing within its reach. The peevish man has met with some trifling disappointment, (it matters but little what it is,) and the serenity of whole days is disturbed; no smiles are to be seen; every thing, whether animate or inanimate, rational or irrational, is out of place, and falls under the rebuke of this fretful being.

LESSON LVI.

Nancy and Rose.

Nancy. There is no bearing it, Rose, I wonder you can bear it!

Rose. Bear what, Nancy?

Nancy. To have my children, and your children, *faulted* as they are by Bet Shaughness. She scolded them, and that was not enough; but she beat my Jem, and your Larry, because her dirty brat said they took his ball.

Rose. Did they take his ball? I would be very sorry for that! If children rob their play-fellows, what will they do when they are men?

Nancy. O, Rose, you are too particular! What great matter if they took his ball?

Rose. Great matter indeed! one can't be too particular in making children honest.

Nancy. Well, they did not take his ball then. I saw it, with my two eyes, roll into the ditch.

Rose. Now I'm easy.

Nancy. But I'm not easy. I'll be revenged on her for beating my child.

Rose. It was very wrong and silly of her to mind what her child said; but it is not worth taking notice of. Never think any thing about children falling out. Poor things! they'll be out, and in again in a minute. Don't harden their little hearts, by taking part with one against another.

Nancy. Bet's a bad neighbour! Did you hear what she said of you?

Rose. I strive not to deserve to have any of my neighbours speak ill of me; but if they do I had rather not hear it. There is nothing in this world worth losing one's peace of mind for; and I should not have much peace, if I watched what people said of me. If they say wrong, it is the worse for themselves; but I pray that nothing may make me keep ill will to any one; for then I think I could not lie down in comfort to sleep, or rise up pleasantly to work, or do any thing as I ought, if my mind was poisoned with spite.

Nancy. And would you let yourself be trod upon? and sure you will, if you don't show spirit.

Rose. I think people that mind their own business, and live lovingly with their neighbours, are never trod upon.

Nancy. O, it's hard to live lovingly with some; and when I've said my say, it's all over in a minute; besides, the best natured people are the most passionate; that's my comfort.

Rose. Nancy, dear, can you believe that foolish saying, invented, and spread abroad by the passionate, to excuse themselves? Pray recollect amongst your own friends and acquaintances, if the best natured were not always the gentlest, and the mildest too.

Nancy. I can't say but they are. However, it's my nature to be hasty, and I can't help it.

Rose. Every person can help it. Do you ever see any one in a passion with those who can do them great service? a man, for instance, with an old person, from whom he expects a good legacy? or a tenant with his landlord? No, no, they take care to keep their passion for those that are under them and in their power. Besides, as to saying it's your nature, Nancy, to be sure it is the nature of us all to do wrong; and we must try to get the better of our bad inclinations, and pray against them, and not let them grow into bad habits.

LESSON LVII.

Paraphrase of the Nineteenth Psalm.—ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars, that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball!
What, though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

LESSON LVIII.

The Sacrifice of Abraham.—WILLIS.

MORN breaketh in the east. The purple clouds
Are putting on their gold and violet,
To look the meeter for the sun's bright coming.
Sleep is upon the waters and the wind;
And nature, from the tremulous forest leaf
To her majestic master, sleeps. As yet
There is no mist upon the deep blue sky,
And the clear dew is on the blushing bosoms
Of crimson roses, in a holy rest.
How hallowed is the hour of morning! meet,
Aye, beautifully meet, for the pure prayer.

The patriarch standeth at his tented door,
With his white locks uncovered. 'T is his wont
To gaze upon the gorgeous orient;
And at that hour the awful majesty
Of one who talketh often with his God,
Is wont to come again and clothe his brow
As at his fourscore strength. But now he seemeth

To be forgetful of his vigorous frame,
And boweth to his staff as at the hour
Of noontide sultriness; and that bright sun!
He looketh at its pencilled messengers,
Coming in golden raiment, as if light
Were opening a fearful scroll in heaven.
Ah! he is waiting till it herald in
The hour to sacrifice his much loved son!

Light poureth on the world. And Sarah stands,
Watching the steps of Abraham and her child
Along the dewy sides of the far hills,
And praying that her sunny boy faint not.
Would she have watched their path so silently,
If she had known that he was going up,
Even in his fair-haired beauty, to be slain
As a white lamb for sacrifice? They trod
Together onward, patriarch and child;
The bright sun throwing back the old man's shade,
In straight and fair proportions, as of one
Erect in early vigour. He stood up
Firm in his better strength, and like a tree
Rooted in Lebanon, his frame bent not.
His thin, white hairs had yielded to the wind,
And left his brow uncovered; and his face,
Impressed with the stern majesty of grief,
Nerved to a solemn duty, now stood forth
Like a rent rock, submissive, yet sublime.
But the young boy, he of the laughing eye
And ruby lip, the pride of life was on him.
He seemed to drink the morning. Sun and dew,
And the aroma of the spicy trees,
And all that giveth the delicious East
Its fitness for an Eden, stole like light
Into his spirit, ravishing his thoughts
With love and beauty. Every thing he met,
Floating or beautiful, the lightest wing
Of bird or insect, or the palest dye
Of the fresh flowers, won him from his path;
And joyously broke forth his tiny shout,
As he flung back his silken hair, and sprung
Away to some green spot or clustering vine,
To pluck his infant trophies. Every tree

And fragrant shrub was a new hiding-place,
And he would crouch till the old man came by,
Then bound before him with his childish laugh,
Stealing a look behind him playfully,
To see if he had made his father smile.

The sun rode on in heaven. The dew stole up
Like a light veil from nature, and the heat
Came like a sleep upon the delicate leaves,
And bent them with the blossoms to their dreams.
Still trod the patriarch on with that same step,
Firm and unfaltering, turning not aside
To seek the olive shades, or lave his lips
In the sweet waters of the Syrian wells,
Whose gush hath so much music. Weariness
Stole on the gentle boy, and he forgot
To toss his sunny hair from off his brow,
And spring for the light wings and gaudy flowers,
As in the early morning; but he kept
Close by his father's side, and bent his head
Upon his bosom like a drooping bud,
Lifting it not, save now and then to steal
A look up to the face whose sternness awed
His childishness to silence.

It was noon;
And Abraham on Moriah bowed himself,
And buried up his face, and prayed for strength.
He could not look upon his son and pray;
But with his hand upon the clustering curls
Of the fair, kneeling boy, he prayed that God
Would nerve him for that hour. Oh! man was made
For the stern conflict. In a mother's love
There is more tenderness; the thousand cords
Woven with every fibre of her heart,
Complain, like delicate harp strings, at a breath;
But love in man is one deep principle,
Which, yielding not to lighter influence,
Abides the tempest. He rose up, and laid
The wood upon the altar. All was done.
He stood a moment, and a vivid flush
Passed o'er his countenance; and then he nerved
His spirit with a bitter strength, and spoke:

'Isaac! my only son!' The boy looked up,
And Abraham turned his face away, and wept.
'Where is the lamb, my father?' Oh! the tones,
The sweet, the thrilling music of a child!
How it doth agonize at such an hour!
It was the last, deep struggle. Abraham held
His loved, his beautiful, his only son,
And lifted up his arm, and called on God—
And lo! God's Angel stayed him; and he fell
Upon his face and wept.

LESSON LIX.

Retirement.—COWPER.

ABSENCE of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.
The vet'ran steed, excus'd his task at length,
In kind compassion of his failing strength,
And turn'd into the park or mead to graze,
Exempt from future service all his days,
There feels a pleasure perfect in its kind,
Ranges at liberty, and snuffs the wind:
But when his lord would quit the busy road,
To taste a joy like that he had bestow'd,
He proves, less happy than his favour'd brute,
A life of ease a difficult pursuit.
Thought, to the man that never thinks, may seem
As natural as when asleep to dream;
But reveries (for human minds will act)
Specious in show, impossible in fact,
Those flimsy webs, that break as soon as wrought,
Attain not to the dignity of thought:
Nor yet the swarms that occupy the brain,
Where dreams of dress, intrigue, and pleasure reign.
Whence, and what are we? to what end ordained?
What means the drama by the world sustained?
Business or vain amusement, care or mirth,
Divide the frail inhabitants of earth.
Is duty a mere sport, or an employ?
Life an intrusted talent, or a toy?

Is there, as reason, conscience, Scripture, say,
Cause to provide for a great future day,
When, earth's assign'd duration at an end,
Man shall be summon'd and the dead attend?
The trumpet—will it sound, the curtain rise,
And show th' august tribunal of the skies;
Where no prevarication shall avail,
Where eloquence and artifice shall fail,
The pride of arrogant distinctions fall,
And conscience and our conduct judge us all?
Pardon me, ye that give the midnight oil
To learned cares, or philosophick toil,
Though I revere your honourable names,
Your useful labours and important aims,
And hold the world indebted to your aid,
Enrich'd with the discov'ries ye have made;
Yet let me stand excus'd, if I esteem
A mind employ'd on so sublime a theme,
Pushing her bold inquiry to the date
And outline of the present transient state,
And, after poising her advent'rous wings,
Settling at last upon eternal things,
Far more intelligent, and better taught
The strenuous use of profitable thought,
Than ye, when happiest, and enlighten'd most,
And highest in renown, can justly boast.

LESSON LX.

Duelling.—BEECHER.

AND now let me ask you solemnly; will you persist in your attachment to these guilty men? Will you any longer, either deliberately or thoughtlessly, vote for them? Will you renounce allegiance to your Maker, and cast the bible behind your back? Will you confide in men void of the fear of God and destitute of moral principle? Will you intrust life to murderers—liberty to despots? Are you patriots, and will you constitute those legislators who despise you, and despise equal laws, and wage war with the eternal principles of justice?

Are you christians, and by upholding duellists will you

deluge the land with blood, and fill it with widows and with orphans? Will you aid in the prostration of justice—in the escape of criminals—in the extinction of liberty? Will you place in the chair of state—in the senate—on the bench of justice, or in the assembly, men who, if able, would murder you for speaking truth? Shall your elections turn on expert shooting, and your deliberative bodies become an host of armed men? Will you destroy public morality by tolerating, yea, rewarding, the most infamous crimes? Will you teach your children that there is no guilt in murder?

Will you instruct them to think lightly of duelling, and train them up to destroy or be destroyed in the bloody field? Will you bestow your suffrage, when you know that by withholding it you may arrest this deadly evil—when this too is the only way in which it can be done, and when the present is perhaps the only period in which resistance can avail—when the remedy is so easy, so entirely in your power; and when God, if you do not punish these guilty men, will most inevitably punish you?

If the widows and the orphans, which this wasting evil has created and is yearly multiplying, might all stand before you, could you witness their tears; listen to their details of anguish? Should they point to the murderers of their fathers, their husbands, and their children, and lift up their voice and implore your aid to arrest an evil which had made them desolate—could you disregard their cry? Before their eyes could you approach the poll and patronize by your vote the destroyers of their peace?

Had you beheld a dying father, conveyed bleeding and agonizing to his distracted family: had you heard their piercing shrieks, and witnessed their frantic agony—would you reward the savage man who had plunged them in distress? Had the duellist destroyed your neighbour—had your own father been killed by the man who solicits your suffrage—had your son been brought to your door, pale in death, and weltering in blood, laid low by his hand—would you then think the crime a small one? Would you honour with your confidence, and elevate to power by your vote, the guilty monster? And what would you think of your neighbours, if, regardless of your agony, they should reward him? And yet, such scenes of unutterable anguish, are multiplied every year.

Every year the duellist is cutting down the neighbour of somebody. Every year, and many times in the year, a father is brought dead or dying to his family, or a son laid breathless at the feet of his parents. And every year you are patronizing, by your votes, the men who commit these crimes, and looking with cold indifference upon, and even mocking the sorrows of your neighbour.—Beware—I admonish you solemnly to beware, and especially such of you as have promising sons preparing for active life, lest, having no feeling for the sorrows of another, you be called to weep for your own sorrow; lest your sons fall by the hand of the very murderer you vote for, or by the hand of some one whom his example has trained to the work of blood.

With such considerations before you, why, in the name of heaven, do you wish to vote for such men? What have they done for you—what can they do, that better men cannot as happily accomplish? And will you incur all this guilt and hazard all these consequences for nothing? Have you no religion—no conscience—no love to your country? No attachment to liberty—no humanity—no sympathy—no regard to your own welfare in this life; and no fear of consequences in the life to come?—Oh, my countrymen, awake! Awake to crimes which are your disgrace—to miseries which know not a limit—to judgments which will make you desolate.

LESSON LXI.

Moral Sublimity.—WAYLAND.

PHILOSOPHERS have speculated much concerning a process of sensation, which has commonly been denominated the emotion of sublimity. Aware that, like any other simple feeling, it must be incapable of definition, they have seldom attempted to define it; but, content with remarking the occasions on which it is excited, have told us that it arises in general from the contemplation of whatever is vast in nature, splendid in intellect, or lofty in morals: or, to express the same idea somewhat varied, in the language of a critic of antiquity, "That alone is truly sub-

lime, of which the conception is vast, the effect irresistible, and the remembrance scarcely, if ever, to be erased."

But, although philosophers alone have written about this emotion, they are far from being the only men who have felt it. The untutored peasant, when he has seen the autumnal tempest collecting between the hills, and, as it advanced, enveloping in misty obscurity village and hamlet, forest and meadow, has tasted the sublime in all its reality; and, whilst the thunder has rolled and the lightning flashed around him, has exulted in the view of Nature moving forth in her majesty.

The untaught sailor-boy, listlessly hearkening to the idle ripple of the moonlight wave, when on a sudden he has thought upon the unfathomable abyss beneath him, and the wide waste of waters around him, and the infinite expanse above him, has enjoyed to the full the emotion of sublimity, whilst his inmost soul has trembled at the vastness of its own conceptions. But why need I multiply illustrations from nature? Who does not recollect the emotion he has felt while surveying aught, in the material world, of terror or of vastness?

And this sensation is not produced by grandeur in material objects alone. It is also excited on most of those occasions in which we see man tasking to the uttermost the energies of his intellectual or moral nature. Through the long lapse of centuries, who, without emotion, has read of Leonidas and his three hundred's throwing themselves as a barrier before the myriads of Xerxes, and contending unto death for the liberties of Greece?

But we need not turn to classic story to find all that is great in human action; we find it in our own times, and in the history of our own country. Who is there of us that, even in the nursery, has not felt his spirit stir within him, when, with child-like wonder, he has listened to the story of Washington? And although the terms of the narrative were scarcely intelligible, yet the young soul kindled at the thought of one man's working out the delivery of a nation. And as our understanding, strengthened by age, was at last able to grasp the detail of this transaction, we saw that our infantile conceptions had fallen far short of its grandeur.

Oh! if an American citizen ever exults in the contemplation of all that is sublime in human enterprise, it is

when, bringing to mind the men who first conceived the idea of this nation's independence, he beholds them estimating the power of her oppressor, the resources of her citizens, deciding in their collected might that this nation should be free, and, through the long years of trial that ensued, never blenching from their purpose, but freely redeeming the pledge they had given, to consecrate to it "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour."

LESSON LXII.

Address to the Survivors of the Battle of Bunker Hill.—WEBSTER.

VENERABLE men! you have come down to us, from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now, where you stood, fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers, and your neighbours, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed!

You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death;—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace.

The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with an universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of posi-

tion appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence.

All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

LESSON LXIII.

Reflections on the Battle of Lexington.—E. EVERETT.

IT was one of those great days, one of those elemental occasions in the world's affairs, when the people rise, and act for themselves. Some organization and preparation had been made; but, from the nature of the case, with scarce any effect on the events of that day. It may be doubted, whether there was an efficient order given the whole day to any body of men, as large as a regiment. It was the people, in their first capacity, as citizens and as freemen, starting from their beds at midnight, from their firesides, and from their fields, to take their own cause into their own hands.

Such a spectacle is the height of the moral sublime; when the want of every thing is fully made up by the spirit of the cause; and the soul within stands in place of discipline, organization, resources. In the prodigious efforts of a veteran army, beneath the dazzling splendour of their array, there is something revolting to the reflective mind. The ranks are filled with the desperate, the mercenary, the depraved; an iron slavery, by the name of subordination, merges the free will of one hundred thousand men, in the unqualified despotism of one; the humanity, mercy, and remorse, which scarce ever desert the individual bosom, are sounds without a meaning to that fearful, ravenous, irrational monster of prey, a mercenary army.

It is hard to say, who are most to be commiserated, the wretched people on whom it is let loose, or the still more wretched people, whose substance has been sucked out, to nourish it into strength and fury. But in the efforts of the people, of the people struggling for their rights, moving not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart,—though I like not war nor any of its works,—there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle, without entrenchments to cover, or walls to shield them.

No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of a conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble; their valour springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life, knit by no pledges to the life of others. But in the strength and spirit of the cause alone they act, they contend, they bleed.

In this, they conquer. The people always conquer. They always must conquer. Armies may be defeated; kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed by foreign arms on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade; and when they rise against the invader, are never subdued.

If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket their palisado, and nature,—God, is their ally. Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now he buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; he lets loose his tempests on their fleets; he puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; and never gave and never will give a full and final triumph over a virtuous, gallant people, resolved to be free.

LESSON LXIV.

The Banian Tree.—ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

THIS tree, which is also called the *Burr Tree*, or the *Indian Fig*, is one of the most curious and beautiful of Nature's productions, in the genial climate of India, where she sports with the greatest variety and profusion. Each tree is in itself a grove; and some of them are of an amazing size and extent, and, contrary to most other animal and vegetable productions, seem to be exempted from decay. Every branch from the main body, throws out its own roots; at first, in small tender fibres, several yards from the ground; these continually grow thicker, until, by a gradual descent, they reach the surface, and there, striking in, they increase to large trunks, and become parent trees, shooting out new branches from the tops.

These in time suspend their roots, and receiving nourishment from the earth, swell into trunks, and shoot forth other branches; thus continuing in a state of progression, so long as the earth, the first parent of them all, contributes her sustenance. A Banian tree, with many trunks, forms the most beautiful walks, vistas, and cool recesses, that can be imagined. The leaves are large, soft, and of a lively green; the fruit is a small fig, when ripe, of a bright scarlet, affording sustenance to monkeys, squirrels, peacocks, and birds of various kinds, which dwell among the branches.

The Hindoos are peculiarly fond of the Banian tree; they consider its long duration, its outstretching arms, and its overshadowing beneficence, as emblems of the Deity, and almost pay it divine honours. The Brahmins, who thus 'find a fane in every sacred grove,' spend much of their time in religious solitude, under the shade of the Banian tree; they plant it near their temples or pagodas; and in those villages where there is no structure erected for public worship, they place an image under one of these trees, and there perform a morning and evening sacrifice.

The natives of all castes and tribes are fond of recreating in the cool recesses, beautiful walks, and lovely vistas of this umbrageous canopy, impervious to the hottest beams

of a tropical sun. These are the trees under which a sect of philosophers, called Gymnosophists, assembled in Arrian's days, and this historian of Ancient Greece presents a true picture of the modern Hindoos. 'In winter,' he says, 'the Gymnosophists enjoy the benefit of the sun's rays in the open air; and in summer, when the heat becomes excessive, they pass their time in cool and moist places, under large trees, which, according to the accounts of Nearchus, cover a circumference of *five acres*, and extend their branches so far, that *ten thousand men* may easily find shelter under them.'

On the banks of the river Narbudda, in the province of Guzzerat, is a Banian tree, supposed, by some persons, to be the one described by Nearchus, and certainly not inferior to it. It is distinguished by the name of Cubbeer Burr, which was given it in honour of a famous saint. High floods have, at various times, swept away a considerable part of this extraordinary tree; but what still remains, is nearly *two thousand feet* in circumference measured round the principal stems; the overhanging branches, not yet struck down, cover a much larger space; and under it grow a number of custard-apple and other fruit trees. The large trunks of this single tree amount to *three hundred and fifty*; and the smaller ones exceed *three thousand*; every one of these is constantly sending forth branches and hanging roots, to form other trunks, and become the parents of a future progeny.

The Cubbeer Burr is famed throughout Hindostan, not only on account of its great extent, but also of its surpassing beauty. The Indian armies generally encamp around it; and at stated seasons, solemn Jatarras, or Hindoo festivals, to which thousands of votaries repair, from every part of the Mogul empire, are there celebrated. It is said that seven thousand persons find ample room to repose under its shade. It has long been the custom of the British residents in India, on their hunting and shooting parties, to form extensive encampments, and spend weeks together, under this delightful and magnificent pavillion, which affords a shelter to all travellers, particularly to the religious tribes of the Hindoos.

It is generally filled with greenwood pigeons, doves, peacocks, and a variety of feathered songsters—with monkeys, which both divert the spectator, by their antic tricks,

and interest him by the parental affection they display to their young offspring, in teaching them to select their food, and to exert themselves in jumping from bough to bough, —and is shaded by bats of a large size, many of them measuring upwards of six feet, from the extremity of one wing to the other. This tree affords not only shelter, but sustenance, to all its inhabitants; being covered amid its bright foliage, with small figs, of a rich scarlet, on which they all regale with as much delight as the lords of creation on their more costly fare, in their parties of pleasure.

LESSON LXV.

Human Knowledge, scanty as it is, truly admirable.—BURGH.

IT is amazing and delightful to consider, what seemingly difficult things are done by means of human knowledge, scanty and confined as it is. The wonders performed by means of reading and writing are so striking, that some learned men have given it as their opinion, that the whole was communicated to mankind originally by some superior being.

That by means of the various compositions of about twenty different articulations of the human voice, performed by the assistance of the lungs, the glottis, the tongue, the lips, and the teeth, ideas of all sensible and intelligible objects in nature, in art, in science, in history, in morals, in supernaturals, should be communicable from one mind to another; and again, that signs should be contrived, by which those articulations of the human voice should be expressed, so as to be communicable from one mind to another by the eye; this seems really beyond the reach of humanity left to itself.

That one man should, by uttering a set of sounds no way connected with, or naturally representative of, one set of ideas more than another, enlighten the understanding, rouse the passions, delight or terrify the imagination of another; and that he should not only be able to do this when present, but that he should produce the same effect by a set of figures no way naturally fit to represent either

the ideas he would communicate, or (less still) the articulate sounds, which are themselves but representatives of ideas; and that he should affect another person at pleasure, at the distance of five thousand miles, and with as much precision and accuracy as if he were upon the spot, nay, as if he could open to him his mind, and give him to apprehend the ideas as they lie there in their original state, is truly admirable.

The translating (so to speak) ideas into sounds, the translating those sounds into visible objects, the translating one set of those visible objects into another, or turning one language into another, as *Hebrew*, *Greek*, or *Latin*, into *English*; all this, if we were not familiar with it, would appear a sort of magic; but our being accustomed to it, does not lessen its real excellence.

Again, if we consider what strange things are commonly done by every novice in numbers, we cannot help admiring the excellence of knowledge. To tell an *Indian*, that a boy of twelve years of age could, by making a few scrawls upon paper, determine the number of barley-corns, which would go round the globe of the earth; would strangely startle him!

To talk to one unacquainted with the first principles of arithmetic, of adding together a set of numbers, as five thousand five hundred and fifty-five, six thousand six hundred and sixty-six, seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven, and so on; to the number of twenty or thirty lines of figures, especially, if those lines consisted of a great many places of figures, going on to hundreds of thousands, millions, billions, trillions, and so on, to tell such a person, that it was not only possible, but even that nothing was more easy or trifling, than to determine the whole amount of such a set of numbers, and that without mistaking a single unit,—all this would seem to the untutored *Indian* utterly incredible, and impossible!

To tell a Barbarian, that nothing was more common, than for traders in this part of the world, to buy in goods to the value of many thousand pounds, to sell them out again in parcels, not exceeding the value of ten or twenty shillings each, to receive in their money only once a year, and yet they committed no considerable mistake, nor suffered any material loss in the dealings of many years together, through error or miscalculation; he would

conclude, that either those traders had memories above the usual rate of human nature, or that they had supernatural assistance! Yet all that has been hitherto mentioned, and a thousand times more, is what we find persons of the meanest natural endowments, and the narrowest educations, capable of acquiring!

In what light then ought we to view those groveling and mean-spirited mortals, who make a pride of declaring their contempt of knowledge? Did one hear a vicious person expressing his contempt of honesty and virtue, should we think the more meanly of them, or of him? In the same manner, when a shallow fop sneers at what he does not understand, his low raillery ought to cast no reflection upon learning; but he is to be considered as sunk from the dignity of reason, and so far degenerate as to make his ignorance his pride, which ought to be his shame.

LESSON LXVI.

Savages first seeing a Watch.—MARINER.

ONE morning during Fenaw's stay at this Island, some of the natives brought Mr. Mariner's watch, which they had procured from his chest, and with looks of curiosity, inquired what it was. He took it from them, wound it up, and put it to the ear of one of them and returned it. Every hand was now outstretched with eagerness to take hold of it—it was applied in turns to their ears—they were astonished at the noise it made—they listened again to it—turned it on every side, and exclaimed, "it is alive." They then pinched and bit it, as if expecting it would squeak out—they looked at each other with wonder and laughed aloud, and snapped their fingers.

One brought a sharp stone for Mr. Mariner to force it open with. He opened it in the proper way, and showed them the works. Several endeavoured to seize hold of it at once, but one ran off with it, and all the rest after him. About an hour after, they returned with the watch completely broken to pieces, and giving him the fragments, made signs for him to make it do as it did before.

Upon his making them understand that they had killed it, and that it was impossible to bring it to life again, the man who considered it as his property, exclaimed "spoiled;" and making a hissing noise expressive of disappointment, accused the rest of using violence; and they in their turn accused each other. Whilst they were in high dispute, another native approached, who had seen and learned the use of a watch on board a French ship. Understanding the cause of their dispute, he called them all "a pack of fools," and explained in the following manner, the use of the watch.

Making a circle in the sand, with sundry marks about its circumference, and turning a stick about the centre of the circle to represent an index, he informed them that the use of it was to tell where the sun was—that when the sun was in the east, the watch would point to such a mark, and when the sun was highest it would point low—and when in the west it would point there, and this he said the watch would do, although it was in the house, and could not see the sun; adding that in the night time, it would tell what portion of the day's length it would be before the sun would rise again. It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of their astonishment. One said it was an animal—another said it was a plant—but when he told them that it was manufactured, they all exclaimed—"what an ingenious people."

LESSON LXVII.

Science enables us to take an extensive Survey of the Empire of God.—DICK.

THE views of some individuals are confined chiefly within the limits of their own parish, or at farthest, extend only to the blue mountains that skirt their horizon, and form the boundary of their sight. Within this narrow circle, all their ideas of God, of religion, and of the relations of intelligent beings to each other, are chiefly confined. There are others, who form an extensive class of our population, whose ideas are confined nearly to the county in which they reside, and to the adjacent districts;

and there are few, comparatively, whose views extend beyond the confines of the kingdom to which they belong.

Of the vast extent of this earthly ball, of its figure and motions, of its continents, seas, islands, and oceans; of its volcanoes and ranges of mountains, of its numerous and diversified climates and landscapes; of the various nations and tribes of mankind that people its surface, and of the moral government of God respecting them,—they are almost as completely ignorant as the untutored Greenlander, or the roving savage.

With regard to the objects which lie beyond the boundary of our world, they have no precise and definite conceptions. When the moon is "walking in brightness", through the heavens, they take the advantage of her light to prosecute their journeys; and, when the sky is overcast with clouds, and they are anxious to travel a few miles to their destined homes, they will lift up their eyes to the heavens to see if any of the stars are twinkling through the gloom, that their footsteps may be directed by their glimmering rays. Beyond this they seldom soar. What may be the nature of the vast assemblage of shining points which adorn the canopy of their habitation, and the ends they are destined to accomplish in the plan of the Creator's operations, they consider as no part of their province to inquire.

> "Their minds, fair Science never taught to stray
> Far as the Solar Worlds, or Milky Way."

How very different, in point of variety, of grandeur, and of extent, are the views of the man who connects all the different departments of knowledge, and the discoveries of science, with his prospects of God's Universal Dominions and government? With his mental eye he can traverse the different regions of the earth, and penetrate into the most distant and retired recesses where human beings have their residence.

He can contemplate and adore the conduct of Divine Sovereignty, in leaving so many nations to grope amidst the darkness of Heathen Idolatry,—he can trace the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, as they gradually arise to illumine the benighted tribes of men,—he can direct his prayers, with intelligence and fervour, in behalf of par-

ticular kindreds and people,—he can devise, with judgment and discrimination, schemes for carrying the "Salvation of God" into effect,—he can realize, in some measure, to his mental sight, the glorious and happy scenes which will be displayed in the future ages of time, when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ," and when the "everlasting gospel" shall be published, and its blessings distributed among all who dwell upon the face of the earth.

He can bound from this earth to the planetary worlds, and survey far more spacious globes, peopled with a higher order of intelligences, arranged and superintended by the same Almighty Sovereign, who "doth according to his will among the inhabitants of the earth." He can wing his way beyond the visible region of the sky, till he find himself surrounded on every hand with suns and systems of worlds, rising to view in boundless perspective, throughout the tracts of immensity—diversified with scenes of magnificence, and with beings of every order—all under the government and the wise direction of Him who "rules among the armies of heaven," and who "preserveth them all," and whom the "host of heaven worship" and adore.

He can soar beyond them all to the throne of God, where angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, celebrate the praises of their Sovereign Lord, and stand ready to announce his Will, by their rapid flight to the most distant provinces of his empire. He can descend from that lofty eminence to this terrestrial world, allotted for his temporary abode, and survey another unbounded province of the Empire of God, in those living worlds which lie hid from the unassisted sight, and which the microscope alone can descry.

He can here perceive the same Hand and Intelligence which direct the rolling worlds above, and marshal all the angelic tribes—organizing, arranging, and governing the countless myriads of animated existence which people the surface of a muddy pool. He can speed his course from one of these departments of Jehovah's kingdom to another, till, astonished and overwhelmed with the order, the grandeur and extent of the wondrous scene, he is constrained to exclaim, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!" "Thine understanding is infi-

nite!" The limits of thy dominions are "past finding out!"

LESSON LXVIII.

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.—GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow, twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure:
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud! impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unrol
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton, here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply,
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,—
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beach,
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful wan! like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he:

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway-path we saw him borne:
Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had, a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished)—a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

LESSON LXIX.

The Hour of Death.—Mrs. Hemans.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?—

Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?—
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

LESSON LXX.

Skepticism.—CAMPBELL.

OH! lives there, Heaven! beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark Idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefin'd,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, mould'ring earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?—
There live, alas! of Heav'n-directed mien,
Of cultur'd soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay!
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower!
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To Night and Silence sink for ever more!—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science search'd, on weary wing,
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing?

Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driv'n,
And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of Heav'n?
Oh! star-ey'd Science, hast thou wander'd there
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurel'd wreath that murder rears,
Blood-nurs'd, and water'd by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the skeptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if Heav'n-ward Hope remain!
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awak'd, inexorable pow'r!
This frail and fev'rish being of an hour,
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom!
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!
Truth, ever lovely, since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

LESSON LXXI.

Saturday Evening.—TRENTON EMPORIUM.

THERE is something peculiarly solemn in the eve of the Sabbath, in the return of labourers, and the preparation for rest, and the general feeling of enlargement. And even where we do not observe the eastern custom of commencing our Sabbath on Saturday evening, yet the Lord's day seems to dawn, and the cessation of cares to betoken something peaceful, and the expectation of approaching solemnities to calm the soul; so that the man must be peculiarly volatile, or peculiarly stupid, who is not, of necessity, thrown out of the common rout of his giddy, or his busy thoughts, when the ruddy streaks of the west are beginning to grow dusky, and the week seems fading away.

And what are the thoughts which a conscientious person would have, and which, of course, we all *ought* to have, at such a time?—A week is past; let my thoughts run through its business; and let conscience pass a faithful sentence.—Am I a better man, a better husband, a better wife, a better neighbour, or whatever be my calling, and whatever the duties which it lays upon me? Am I more satisfied with my conduct, than I was the week before? If I am not, I have lived in vain. What have I done for the good of the neighbourhood? what for the public good? How have I been prospered in business; and how have I shown my thankfulness by administering to the necessities of those around me?

Are no sick, afflicted strangers in my vicinity? If *not*, is not this the most favoured spot under heaven? And if there *are*, what have I done for their relief? If in none of these things, I have been improving, I am living for myself, a selfish niggard, unworthy of the name of man or Christian. Am I better prepared for dying, than I was last week? And when I look forward, how am I going to spend the next week; and what new project for improvement have I in mind? And how am I about to sanctify the Sabbath? And what can I do for the good of others?

LESSON LXXII.

The Sabbath.—WILCOX.

WHO scorn the hallowed day, set heaven at naught.
Heav'n would wear out whom one short sabbath tires.
Emblem and earnest of eternal rest,
A festival with fruits celestial crown'd,
A jubilee releasing him from earth,
The day delights and animates the saint.
It gives new vigour to the languid pulse
Of life divine; restores the wandering feet,
Strengthens the weak, upholds the prone to slip,
Quickens the lingering, and the sinking lifts,
Establishing them all upon a rock.
Sabbaths, like way-marks, cheer the pilgrim's path,
His progress mark, and keep his rest in view.
In life's bleak winter they are pleasant days,
Short foretastes of the long, long spring to come.
To every new-born soul, each hallowed morn
Seems like the first when every thing was new.
Time seems an angel come afresh from heav'n,
His pinions shedding fragrance as he flies,
And his bright hour-glass running sands of gold.
In every thing a smiling God is seen.
On earth his beauty blooms, and in the sun
His glory shines. In objects overlooked
On other days he now arrests the eye.
Not in the deep recesses of his works,
But on their face he now appears to dwell.
While silence reigns among the works of man,
The works of God have leave to speak his praise
With louder voice, in earth, and air, and sea.
His vital Spirit, like the light, pervades
All nature, breathing round the air of heaven,
And spreading o'er the troubled sea of life
A halcyon calm. Sight were not needed now
To bring him near, for Faith performs the work,
In solemn thought surrounds herself with God,
With such transparent vividness, she feels
Struck with admiring awe, as if transform'd
To sudden vision. Such is oft her power

In God's own house, which in th' absorbing act
Of adoration, or inspiring praise,
She with his glory fills, as once a cloud
Of radiance filled the temple's inner court;
At which display she cries with trembling awe
How dreadful is this place! while love responds,
How amiable thy courts, my King, my God!

LESSON LXXIII.

The Importance of the Sabbath, considered as merely a Civil Institution.—W. JAY.

A SLIGHT view of the comparative influence of human laws, and religious sentiment, in correcting the evils, and promoting the happiness of society, will afford abundant evidence of the superior efficacy of the latter. Human laws forbid only the commission of crimes: they presume not to take cognizance of thoughts and intentions. Religion, on the contrary, erects her throne in the heart, sways its affections, controls its passions, and directs its motives. Before the magistrate can enforce the sanctions of his laws, the offender must be discovered, and his guilt established by proof: and the fear of punishment is often counteracted by the possibility and the hope of eluding detection.

But the votary of religion knows that he serves a master, whose omniscience and omnipotency render escape hopeless, and punishment inevitable. So conscious are all governments of the inefficacy of penalties to secure obedience to their law, that in a great variety of cases, they call in the aid of religious obligation, and bind their subjects by oaths, to the performance of their duties. Human laws trust solely to the influence of terror, while religion addresses herself to the hopes as well as the fears of mankind, and offers rewards as rich and glorious, as her punishments are awful and appalling.

If we reflect for a moment what a vast proportion of mankind are doomed to daily labour for their subsistence, we shall be sensible that multitudes are necessarily deprived of all opportunity of acquiring religious information, except such as the Sabbath affords. Were the scriptures universally distributed, there would still be

many without either ability or leisure to peruse them. To such persons, the Sabbath brings not merely a respite from toil, and consequently time for religious study and meditation, but also the instruction of the pulpit, and the rites and worship of the house of God.

Without a periodical and general cessation from labour, the public worship of the Deity, and the religious instruction connected with it, would be greatly interrupted, if not wholly abandoned. The ministers of religion could not advantageously exercise their functions, unless their people were permitted at stated periods to suspend their ordinary avocations, in order to attend their ministrations. Religious services, if casual and precarious, would afford but little benefit, and be offered to but few auditors. Under such circumstances, the sacred order itself would ultimately cease to exist; or it would sustain itself only by an usurped authority over the consciences of the people. Ignorance of the truths of Christianity would lead to their perversion, and a blind and debasing superstition would take the place of that religion, which, while it sanctifies the heart, enlightens the understanding.

The agency of the Sabbath in preserving and extending the influence of religion, is not, however, the only benefit it confers upon society. No political institution whatever contributes so much to the actual comfort and enjoyment of mankind; and multitudes who derive no religious advantages from it, participate largely in its temporal blessings.

The returning day of rest brings repose and quiet to thousands, who would otherwise spend their lives in unremitting labour. The avarice of the rich would extort from the necessities of the poor the utmost exertion of human strength and endurance. But the Sabbath, like an angel of mercy, pays its weekly visit to the children of poverty and of labour, suspends their toil, revives their exhausted strength, and cheers their drooping spirits with visions of future happiness and glory.

In Sunday Schools, we behold a mighty engine, whose influence in promoting the virtue and happiness of society, no political economist is able to calculate. If the real substantial prosperity of a State is to be estimated only by the comfort, sobriety and intelligence of its citizens, the religious education of youth is the only perennial spring of

national felicity. In our own country alone, more than 100,000 children are taught in these schools the highest and best of all knowledge—their duty to God and man. Were the Sabbath abolished, Sunday Schools would cease with it; nor could any adequate substitute be provided in their room.

Education may indeed be furnished at the public expense; but education, unaccompanied by a sense of moral obligation, instead of restraining crimes, would afford new facilities for their commission. It would be difficult for any government, and impossible for our own, to provide religious instruction for the young. But in Sunday Schools this great and desirable object is attained, without the smallest encroachment upon the rights of conscience, or upon the principles of our political institutions. In these schools, and in these alone, is the influence of example constantly added to that of precept; and religion is recommended to the youthful heart and understanding, by the disinterested labours of pious and affectionate teachers.

In these alone is the attendance of the children not merely voluntary but cheerful; and punishment is unknown as a corrective, either of indolence or misbehaviour. In the remarkable fact, that scarcely an instance has occurred, either in Great-Britain or America, of the conviction of a felon who had enjoyed the advantages of a Sunday School, we find a strong and delightful testimony to the efficacy of this mode of instruction, in promoting the peace and good order of society.

LESSON LXXIV.

Extracts, relating to the Sabbath, from different authors.

Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy. This is the command of God; and were I to comprise all my directions to you in one, it should be this. Nothing furnishes so sure a protection against the allurements of the world; nothing tends so much to invigorate private virtue, and diffuse around, a healthful, public sentiment, as a serious observance of the Lord's day. No young man, who habitually keeps this day, is in much danger of having his

principles undermined, or his morals corrupted. There is something in the very act of ceasing from worldly occupations on this holy day, and repairing with the people of God, to worship him in the sanctuary, which wonderfully tends to form and strengthen all good habits, and to adorn the character with the charms of a fair and lovely virtue.

If there were nothing beyond the grave, and no motive for keeping the Sabbath, but your prosperity in this life, you would be unspeakable losers not to keep it. No habitual Sabbath breaker can be permanently prospered. He has thrown away the greatest safeguard of virtue and happiness, and is constantly exposed to fall into those habits and vices, which will ruin him, both for this world and that which is to come.

Lord Chief Justice Hale remarks, "that of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes, while he was on the bench, he found a few only, who would not confess, on inquiry, that they began their career of wickedness, by a neglect of the duties of the Sabbath, and vicious conduct on that day." And in favour of strictly keeping the Sabbath, he gives this decided testimony, from his own experience. "I have found by a strict and diligent observation, that a due observing the duty of this day, hath ever had joined to it a blessing upon the rest of my time; and the week that hath been so begun, hath been blessed and prosperous to me.

And, on the other side, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week hath been unsuccessful and unhappy to my secular employments; so that I could easily make anestimate of my success in my own secular employments the week following, by the manner of observing this day; and this, I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound observation and experience."—Let me then enjoin it upon you, my friends, with allpossible seriousness, and the deepest concern for your present and eternal well-being, to "*remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.*" *Hawes.*

Anecdote of Washington.

In a town in Connecticut, where the roads were extremely rough, Washington was overtaken by night on

Saturday, not being able to reach the village where he designed to rest on the Sabbath. Next morning about sunrise, his coach was harnessed, and he was proceeding forwards to an inn near the place of worship, which he proposed to attend. A plain man, who was an informing officer, came from a cottage and inquired of the coachman, whether there was any urgent reason for his travelling on the Lord's Day.

The General, instead of resenting this as impertinent rudeness, ordered the coachman to stop, and with great civility explained the circumstances to the officer, commended him for his fidelity, and assured him that nothing was farther from his intention than to treat with disrespect the laws and usages of Connecticut relative to the Sabbath, which met his most cordial approbation. How many admirers of Washington might receive instruction and reproof from his examples!

From Memoirs of Lindley Murray.

One small instance of Mr. Murray's reverence for the sabbath may not improperly be adduced. He took much pleasure in reading a daily newspaper: but that he might not, on any occasion of peculiar interest, be induced to look into it, on the sabbath day, he did not, on that day, receive it into his house.

LESSON LXXV.

Vanity confessed.—WATTS.

SENOTUS was a man of mortified soul, a sagacious self inquirer while he lived; and among his most secret papers which escaped the flames, the following soliloquy was found after his death:—

Sometimes I raise my thoughts a little to contemplate my Creator, in the numerous wonders of his power and wisdom, in his inimitable perfections, and in the majesty and grandeur of his nature; I fall down before him, confounded in his presence. My own ideas of his transcend-

ent excellency overwhelm me with a sense of my own meanness, and I lay myself low in the dust, whence I and all my forefathers sprang: But, perhaps, a sudden moment turns my thoughts aside to my brethren, my fellow-mortals; and when I imagine myself superior to some of them, the worm which lay level with the dust begins to swell and rise again, and a vain self-comparison with creatures interrupts the humble prostrations of my soul, and spoils my devotion to my God.

And here it is very astonishing to consider upon what trifling circumstances foolish man is ready to exalt himself above his neighbour. I am even ashamed to think, that when I stand among persons of a low stature, and a mean outward appearance, (especially if they are utter strangers) I am ready to look downward upon their understandings, as beneath my own, because nature has formed my limbs by a larger model, has raised this animal bulk upon higher pillars, and given me a full and florid aspect. Ridiculous thought, and wild imagination! as though the size and colour of the brute were the proper measure to judge of the man!

At another time, when I have been engaged in free discourse, I have heard a sprightly youth talk most pertinently on the proposed subject; but I felt myself ready before-hand to despise whatever he should say, because I happened to be born ten years before him; and yet how wretchedly inconsistent is this distemper of mind! for, I was tempted the next moment to neglect what was spoken by a grave gentleman present, because he was born twenty years before me: My own vanity would persuade me, that the one was so much younger than I, that he had not yet *arrived* at sense, and the other so much older, that he had *forgotten* it.

I find it is not *youth* or *age*, but it is *self* that is the idol and the temptation. My foolish heart is apt to say within itself, even when I am in the midst of persons of thought and sagacity, "Methinks they should all be of my mind, when I have given my opinion;" and I feel a secret inclination to flatter my own judgment, though I condemn the young and the old.—Thus is pride busy and zealous to exalt *self* on every occasion, to set up the *idol*, and make all bow down to it.

These silent and unseen turns of thought within me are

so impudent, and so unreasonable, that I cannot bear to let them appear even before my own judgment; I scarce bring them to a trial, for I know they are evil; I condemn them as soon as they are born, I banish them for ever from my soul, and forbid their return. But ere I am aware, they will come to their old native seat again, in spite of all the laws and rules of reason and religion; they overleap all the bars and fences that I raise perpetually to keep them out.—This wicked pride is a home-born and domestic enemy; it knows every avenue of the soul, and is hardly excluded even by the severest watchfulness.

We are so fond to appear always in the right, that I find myself to need a great degree of self-denial, in order to believe that truth is truth, when I have happened to fall into a different sentiment; and what is this but pride of heart? I need not go far backward in my life, to find an instance of this folly or madness; something of this kind so often occurs.

Three days ago I was relating an affair of great consequence, and was opposed in my narrative by a friend, who knew the whole story perfectly: I felt my heart unwilling to yield to his opposition, though the reasonings that attended his narration carried superior light and force in them; I was hardly convinced that I was in the wrong, till I had left the company, and bethought myself. This conceit, how it blinds the eyes to reason, and bars our conviction! And it is the same disease of the mind that prevents our confession of an error, even when we are inwardly convinced of it. It is pride that cramps the organs of speech, and makes these words, *I was mistaken*, so hard to pronounce in every language.

When I am debating a point of controversy, how much am I pleased when I overcome! and how ready do I find my tongue to contend for victory, too often with greater solicitude than for truth! I feel the mischief working, though I hate it. I look inward, I blush, and chide myself; but in the next company, nature returns, the inward distemper stirs again, I am ambitious of conquest in the next dispute; yet profess to be a philosopher, a disciple of wisdom, and a lover of truth; but I feel I am a son of Adam.

I watch against the first risings of this inbred evil; but it is before-hand with me: I resolve to speak my

sentiments with a modest air, but vanity sits upon my lips, and forms the sentence, or at least gives some swelling accents to the sound: Then I sigh inwardly at the sudden reproach, *What a vain wretch am I!* and should condemn myself as the very vilest piece of human nature, if I did not observe the same folly working at my right hand and at my left, and shewing itself all around me in a variety of shapes.

Vanisso was in company while the paper was read, in which Senotus confessed this foible of his soul; and with some confusion broke out thus: "What! *Senotus*, the wise and pious, the modest and the humble, say all this! *Senotus*, the venerable man of the Episcopal order, and the glory of our church, talk at this rate! O for an eternal succession of such bishops in every see!—But what lesson shall I learn by it? I will retire to my closet and search inward; for, how many vices soever hang about me, yet I never thought myself a *proud* man before; I begin to suspect me now."

LESSON LXXVI.

The Fertility caused by the Nile.—ROLLIN.

THERE is no country in the world where the soil is more fruitful than in Egypt; which is owing entirely to the Nile. For whereas other rivers, when they overflow lands, wash away and exhaust their vivific moisture: the Nile, on the contrary, by the excellent slime it brings along with it, fattens, and enriches them in such a manner, as sufficiently compensates for what the foregoing harvest had impaired.

The husbandman, in this country, never tires himself with holding the plough, or breaking the clods of earth. As soon as the Nile retires, he has nothing to do but to turn up the earth, and temper it with a little sand, in order to lessen its rankness; after which he sows it with great ease, and with little or no expense. Two months after, it is covered with all sorts of corn and pulse. The Egyptians generally sow in October and Novem-

ber, according as the waters draw off, and their harvest is in March and April.

The same land bears, in one year, three or four different kinds of crops. Lettuces and cucumbers are sown first; then corn; and after harvest, several sorts of pulse which are peculiar to Egypt. As the sun is extremely hot in this country, and rains fall very seldom in it, it is natural to suppose, that the earth would soon be parched, and the corn and pulse burnt up by so scorching a heat, were it not for the canals and reservoirs with which Egypt abounds; and which, by the drains from thence, amply supply wherewith to water and refresh the fields and gardens.

The Nile contributes no less to the nourishment of cattle, which is another source of wealth to Egypt. The Egyptians begin to turn them out to grass in November, and they graze till the end of March. Words could never express how rich their pastures are, and how fat the flocks and herds (which, by reason of the mildness of the air, are out night and day,) grow in a very little time. During the inundation of the Nile they are fed with hay and cut straw, barley and beans, which are their common food.

A man cannot help observing the admirable providence of God to this country, who sends at a fixed season such great quantities of rain in Ethiopia, in order to water Egypt, where a shower of rain scarce ever falls; and who, by these means, causes the driest and most sandy soil to become the richest and most fruitful country in the universe.

Another thing to be observed here, is, that (as the inhabitants say) in the beginning of June and the four following months, the north-east winds blow constantly, in order to keep back the waters, which otherwise would flow too fast; and to hinder them from discharging themselves into the sea, the entrance to which these winds bar up, as it were from them. The ancients have not omitted this circumstance.

The same providence, whose ways are wonderful and infinitely various, displayed itself after a quite different manner in Palestine, in rendering it exceeding fruitful; not by rains, which fall during the course of the year, as is usual in other places; nor by a peculiar inundation like

that of the Nile in Egypt; but by sending fixed rains at two seasons, when the people were obedient to God, to make them more sensible of their continual dependance upon him.

God himself commands them, by his servant Moses, to make this reflection: "The land whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs; but the land whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven." After this, God promises to give his people, so long as they shall continue obedient to him, "the former and latter rain:" the first in autumn, to bring up the corn; and the second in the spring and summer to make it grow and ripen.

LESSON LXXVII.

Forgetfulness.—GUARDIAN AND MONITOR.

"MY dear Charles," said Mrs. Ellerton to her little boy, "did you remove that geranium into the green-house last night, as I desired you?" Charles blushed deeply, and replied, "indeed mamma, I intended doing it, but Edward and I went to play, and when I heard the bell ring for supper, I ran in and *quite forgot it.*" The plant was found severely injured by the frost, which so often succeeds the warmest days in spring; and Mrs. Ellerton, alarmed for the consequences of careless forgetfulness in this amiable child, as well as grieved at the unfortunate fate of her plant, endeavoured to impress his mind with the importance of avoiding it in future, lest it should become habitual to him.

While I sat listening with delight to her maternal instructions, I could not help feeling impressed with the many consequences attendant on this common excuse for inattention, and regretting that I, among the rest, had often sheltered myself beneath it. I determined, however, to guard against it as much as possible for the future, and by way of assisting my firmness in keeping this reso-

lution, I determined to mark with attention the evils it every day occasions.

Calling one day at a friend's house, I found the eldest child, a sweet little girl, about eight years old, in great distress, and though my presence made her attempt to conceal her grief, still I could not but perceive the tears often rolling down her cheek. "What is the matter, Charlotte," I said, "come tell me what distresses you so much." She hung down her head, and I looked to her mamma, as fearing I might have interfered with the parental discipline which the best of children sometimes require. However, before I could speak, Maria, scarcely three years of age, rose from her little stool at her mother's feet, and looking sorrowfully in my face, said—"Charlotte's canary bird is dead; it was starved."

Upon this her mamma said—"Poor Charlotte has unfortunately been reaping the fruits of *forgetfulness;* she had a beautiful canary given her, of which she was very fond, and which for some time was carefully fed and cleaned, but one unlucky day it was *forgotten*, amid her preparations for the reception of some young visitors, and I am sorry to say, starved to death." The dear child appeared so much afflicted at her loss, that I could not avoid requesting her mamma to allow me to present her with another canary bird, in the hope that she would, in future, *remember* to take care of it. Charlotte thanked me, her countenance beaming with delight, and promised she would "endeavour never to *forget* any thing again." Soon after this I took my leave of this interesting family not without having learned another important practical lesson on the subject of *forgetfulness.*

Being afterwards on a visit at the house of another friend, it so happened, that a letter was received, stating, that a certain sum of money had been bequeathed by an individual to his next of kin, and if my friend could by letter prove his claim on such a day, he might obtain it. On account of distance, the letter was to be answered by return of post, to arrive in time, and it was done accordingly and committed to the care of the servant who usually carried the letters to the office, with strict orders to take it immediately. Something occurred to prevent his doing it at the moment—he laid the letter by, and *forgot*

to take it till within five minutes of the time for the mail's departure.

He then hastily seized it, and ran with it to the Post-Office; but when he arrived, the box was shut, and the mail gone! What could he do? He would attempt to overtake it—but that was impossible! There was no alternative but to return to his master, and intreat his forgiveness. He came home, and to add to the mortification of such an event, his only excuse was, "indeed Sir, I quite forgot it." "Did I not desire you to take it immediately?" said my friend. "Yes Sir, but I was called away, and then it went quite out of my head." "Was it not your place to *remember* it?" "Yes Sir, I know it was, and I am very sorry *I forgot it;* I would not have had it happen for the world."

"Well, John," said his kind master, "your carelessness has cost me some hundreds of pounds, and I might instantly dismiss you from my service; but you are generally careful, therefore I forgive you; yet henceforth I never will, from any of my servants, accept of *forgetfulness* as an excuse for neglect." When not conquered, you see how great a fault is a habit of *forgetfulness*, and of how serious a nature, may be the consequences arising from it. Here I could not but deeply feel the evil; yet nothing is more common than to hear servants say, in excuse for negligence, "I am very sorry, but I *quite forgot it*," not considering that the duty of *endeavouring to remember* is as urgent as *to do those things which are remembered.*

Another instance which I may record, is that of a youthful friend, who one day visited a poor man, labouring under the influence of a disorder which often proves fatal, but, with timely assistance, may sometimes be effectually checked. My young friend determined, immediately on his return home, to mention the circumstance to his father, that medical advice might be procured. When he arrived at home, he found some old acquaintances of the family had unexpectedly come on a visit, and in his joy at seeing them, and his participation in the general happiness, he forgot to mention the case of the poor man till too late. The poor sufferer died, and my young friend often reproaches himself for his unintentional *neglect*, which many of our modern casuists would soften into mere "*forgetfulness.*"

Thus we often cover our neglected duties with the flimsy excuse, "I quite forgot it;" but does not this form an additional breach of duty, and an aggravation of our guilt? It is very remarkable, that many commandments enforced in the Bible, are prefaced with "Remember," which word, by this means, becomes part of the command itself. Thus, one of the ten delivered on Mount Sinai, is, "*Remember* that thou keep holy the Sabbath day," &c. Besides this, there are others, similarly worded, dispersed throughout the sacred pages; such as, to the Jews in particular, "*Remember* the word which Moses commanded you:" and to every young person, "*Remember* now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Many more might be quoted, but these alone appear sufficient to show that *forgetfulness*, so far from excusing the breach of our duty, rather increases the measure of our guilt.

LESSON LXXVIII.

Magnitude of the Objects of Missionary Efforts.—WAYLAND.

Our object will not have been accomplished till the tomahawk shall be buried forever, and the tree of peace spread its broad branches from the Atlantic to the Pacific; until a thousand smiling villages shall be reflected from the waves of the Missouri, and the distant valleys of the West echo with the song of the reaper; till the wilderness and the solitary place shall have been glad for us, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. Our labours are not to cease, until the last slave-ship shall have visited the coast of Africa, and, the nations of Europe and America having long since redressed her aggravated wrongs, Ethiopia, from the Mediterranean to the Cape, shall have stretched forth her hand unto God.

How changed will then be the face of Asia! Bramins and sooders and casts and shasters will have passed away, like the mist which rolls up the mountain's side before the rising glories of a summer's morning, while the land on which it rested, shining forth in all its loveliness, shall, from its numberless habitations, send forth the high

praises of God and the Lamb. The Hindoo mother will gaze upon her infant with the same tenderness which throbs in the breast of any one of you who now hears me, and the Hindoo son will pour into the wounded bosom of his widowed parent, the oil of peace and consolation.

In a word, point us to the loveliest village that smiles upon a Scottish or New-England landscape, and compare it with the filthiness and brutality of a Caffrarian kraal, and we tell you that our object is to render that Caffrarian kraal as happy and as gladsome as that Scottish or New-England village. Point us to the spot on the face of the earth, where liberty is best understood and most perfectly enjoyed, where intellect shoots forth in its richest luxuriance, and where all the kindlier feelings of the heart are constantly seen in their most graceful exercise; point us to the loveliest and happiest neighbourhood in the world on which we dwell; and we tell you that our object is to render this whole earth, with all its nations and kindreds and tongues and people, as happy, nay, happier than that neighbourhood.

LESSON LXXIX.

Anecdote of an Elephant.—LINDLEY MURRAY.

THOUGH I might sometimes be disposed, at this early period of life, to think and to act properly, I was often impelled by inclinations of a very different nature. I had a curious propensity to discover and observe the natural dispositions of animals. And this curiosity was, in some instances, so strong as to make me overlook the uneasiness which, by teasing them, was occasioned to the animals themselves. I was not naturally of a cruel disposition; but was rather pleased to see the animal creation about me, enjoy themselves. The propensity I have mentioned was, however, sometimes unwarrantably indulged: so much so, as to mark a depraved turn of mind, which, even now, it gives me pain to recollect.

I ought to have reflected, that all animals have assigned to them by the Author of nature, a pleasurable existence; and that it is our duty to second his intention, as

we have opportunity; and especially to avoid all occasions of inflicting upon them unnecessary pain. An additional excitement to this duty, is, that whilst we encourage a disposition to promote the pleasures, or increase the pains, of the animals which surround us, we are cherishing the general spirit of benevolence, or its contrary; which will naturally be extended towards our fellow-creatures. In this point of view, it is of very great importance to cultivate, in young persons especially, proper dispositions and conduct towards the creatures endued with animal life.

The unwarrantable curiosity which I have just mentioned, continued to operate, in some degree, for many years; and, occasionally, showed itself long after I was grown up. I recollect a particular instance of it, which was very near proving fatal to me; and which, though a little out of the course of my narrative, may not improperly be related in this place. As nearly as I can recollect, the incident was as follows.

When I was in England, in the year 1771, I went to see the elephants, which were kept at the Queen's stables, Buckingham-house. Whilst I was gratifying myself with observing the huge creatures, and their various actions and peculiarities, I took occasion to withdraw from one of them a part of the hay, which he was collecting on the floor with his proboscis. I did this with my cane; and watched the animal very narrowly, to prevent a stroke from him, which I had reason to expect. The keeper said that I had greatly displeased the elephant, and that he would never forget the injury.

I thought but little of this admonition, at the time. But about six weeks afterwards, when I accompanied some other persons, on a visit to the elephants, I found that, though probably several hundred people had been there since my preceding visit, the animal soon recognised me. I did not attempt to molest or tease him at all; and I had no conception of any concealed resentment. On a sudden, however, when I was supposed to be within the reach of his proboscis, he threw it towards me with such violence, that if it had struck me, I should probably have been killed, or have received some material injury.

Happily for me, I perceived his intention, and being very active, I sprung out of his reach. To every other

person present, he was gentle and good-tempered; and his enmity to me arose, as the keeper declared, solely from the circumstance of the little affront which I had formerly put upon him.—This incident made some impression upon me; and perhaps contributed to subdue a curiosity, which could not be gratified but at the expense of the feelings of others.

LESSON LXXX.

Thoughts on Thinking.—CONNECTICUT MIRROR.

THE human mind is said to be progressive; but there is one fact about it that has not been attended to. It is as apt to go backward as forward. The work of improving the mind must progress or recede, for it can be stationary but for a short time. Four or six years spent in a school or a college are far from making an educated man. In teaching the *art of thinking*, consists the whole mystery of education.—The object is, to strengthen, enlarge, and render more agreeable the faculties of the mind—not to furnish subjects on which they are to act. It is to teach the use of tools, not to supply senses or raw materials.

Great proficiency has been often made in this art of thinking, by such as have never been to a college, perhaps not even to a school.—There are divers schools, besides the charities which the law or private munificence has established, in which an education can be obtained cheap in one sense, but dear in another. There is a fund more exhaustless than the school fund, that pours its bounties on many a reluctant scholar, and leads him struggling through all the degrees of experience.

In this school, ambition is checked, vanity is mortified, and the premiums, if possible, declined. In this school is taught, if the scholar "be capable to learn," the art of thinking; and it is called the school of ADVERSITY. It is largely endowed: it is supplied with professors, teachers, and scholars, who never envy one another's promotion, and who would decline their own offices if they could. An elderly instructor in this school, by the name

of *Experience*, has gone through with a Lancastrian system, which is older than the Proverbs of Solomon. He is said to be a dear schoolmaster, though he declines pay, and teaches on principles the most disinterested. Under him are those ushers from whom wit is *bought;* here necessity teaches her pupils all the diversities of invention. In this school, every instrument of discipline is freely used, from the birch to the dungeon; and no scholar, however mean his capacity, can escape without his portion of instruction.

In this school, the greatest and most useful men have been brought up, and few have arrived at distinction without the tuition of a quarter, or at least some serious lessons. This school has turned out poets from the days of Jeremiah, and heroes from the days of Sampson. It records more statesmen than the catalogue of any other. It monopolizes martyrdom, and can number more great men than all others put together. In this spot, by way of historical proof, a writer more so by profession than I am, might insert a volume of examples. All that this school has ever professed to teach is, the *art of thinking*, and it has depended for its success entirely upon discipline.

Those, therefore, whose means for the present exempt them from such rude discipline, may borrow a hint, in time, from that source of instruction. But will they voluntarily subject themselves to it, or those under their charge? That such discipline of the mind, and of the passions, too, is necessary, however rude the means, must be owned; but when the forming process does not overtake us against our own will, it is difficult and natural not to undergo it.

LESSON LXXXI.

Eloquence of John Adams.—WEBSTER.

THE eloquence of Mr. Adams resembled his general character, and formed, indeed, a part of it. It was bold, manly, and energetic; and such the crisis required. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions

excited, nothing is valuable, in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction.

True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labour and learning may toil for it; but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible.

Even genius itself then feels rebuked, and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, out-running the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence,—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

In July, 1776, the controversy had passed the stage of argument. An appeal had been made to force, and opposing armies were in the field. Congress, then, was to decide, whether the tie, which had so long bound us to the parent State, was to be severed at once, and severed forever. All the colonies had signified their resolution to abide by this decision, and the people looked for it with the most intense anxiety. And surely, fellow-citizens, never, never were men called to a more important political deliberation. If we contemplate it from the point where they then stood, no question could be more full of interest; if we look at it now, and judge of its importance by its effects, it appears in still greater magnitude.

Let us, then, bring before us the assembly, which was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empire. Let us open their doors, and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and care-worn countenances, let us hear the firm-toned voices, of this band of patriots.

Hancock presides over the solemn sitting; and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence, is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the declaration.

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It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness.

'Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand, and my heart, to this vote. It is true, indeed, that, in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance?

Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honour to Washington, when, putting him forth

to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes, and our lives?

I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver, in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And, if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign.

Nay, I maintain that England, herself, will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge, that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know, that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will

inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honour. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,—and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time, when this declaration shall be made good. We may die, die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honour it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in

this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment;—independence *now;* and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!'

LESSON LXXXII.

Effects of the modern Diffusion of Knowledge.—WAYLAND.

IN consequence of this general diffusion of intelligence, nations are becoming vastly better acquainted with the physical, moral and political conditions of each other. Whatever of any moment is transacted in the legislative assemblies of one country is now very soon known, not merely to the rulers, but also to the people, of every other country. Nay, an interesting occurrence of any nature cannot transpire in an insignificant town of Europe or America, without finding its way, through the medium of the national journals, to the eyes and ears of all Christendom.

Every man must now be in a considerable degree a spectator of the doings of the world, or he is soon very far in the rear of the intelligence of the day. Indeed, he has only to read a respectable newspaper, and he may be informed of the discoveries in the arts, the discussions in the senates, and the bearings of public opinion all over the world. The reasons of all this may chiefly be found in that increased desire of information, which characterizes the mass of society in the present age. Intelligence of every kind, and especially political information, has become an article of profit; and when once this is the case, there can be no doubt that it will be abundantly supplied.

Besides this, it is important to remark, that the art of navigation has been within a few years materially improved, and commercial relations have become vastly more extensive. The establishment of packet ships between the two continents has brought London and Paris as near to us as Pittsburgh and New Orleans. There is every reason to believe, that, within the next half century, steam navigation will render communication between the ports

of Europe and America as frequent, and almost as regular, as that by ordinary mails.

The commercial houses of every nation are establishing their agencies in the principal cities of every other nation, and thus binding together the people by every tie of interest; while at the same time they are furnishing innumerable channels, by which information may be circulated among every class of the community. Hence it is, that the moral influence which nations are exerting upon each other, is greater than it has been at any antecedent period in the history of the world. The institutions of our country are becoming known, almost of necessity, to every other country. Knowledge provokes to comparison, and comparison leads to reflection.

The fact that others are happier than themselves prompts men to inquire whence this difference proceeds, and how their own melioration may be accomplished. By simply looking upon a free people, an oppressed people instinctively feel that they have inalienable rights; and they will never afterwards be at rest, until the enjoyment of these rights is guarantied to them. Thus one form of government, which in any pre-eminent degree promotes the happiness of man, is gradually but irresistibly disseminating the principles of its constitution, and, from the very fact of its existence, calling into being those trains of thought, which must in the end revolutionize every government within the sphere of its influence, under which the people are oppressed.

And thus is it that the field, in which mind may labour, has now become wide as the limits of civilization. A doctrine advanced by one man, if it have any claim to interest, is soon known to every other man. The movement of one intellect now sets in motion the intellects of millions. We may now calculate upon effects, not upon a state or a people, but upon the melting, amalgamating mass of human nature. Man is now the instrument which genius wields at its will; it touches a cord of the human heart, and nations vibrate in unison.

And thus he who can rivet the attention of a community upon an elementary principle hitherto neglected in politics or morals, or who can bring an acknowledged principle to bear upon an existing abuse, may, by his own intellectual might, with only the assistance of the press,

transform the institutions of an empire or a world. In many respects the nations of Christendom collectively are becoming somewhat analogous to our own Federal Republic. Antiquated distinctions are breaking away, and local animosities are subsiding.

The common people of different countries are knowing each other better, esteeming each other more, and attaching themselves to each other by various manifestations of reciprocal good will. It is true, every nation has still its separate boundaries, and its individual interests; but the freedom of commercial intercourse is allowing those interests to adjust themselves to each other, and thus rendering the causes of collision of vastly less frequent occurrence. Local questions are becoming of less, and general questions of greater importance. Thanks be to God, men have at last begun to understand the rights, and feel for the wrongs, of each other.

Mountains interposed do not so much make enemies of nations. Let the trumpet of alarm be sounded, and its notes are now heard by every nation, whether of Europe or America. Let a voice, borne on the feeblest breeze, tell that the rights of man are in danger, and it floats over valley and mountain, across continent and ocean, until it has vibrated on the ear of the remotest dweller in Christendom. Let the arm of oppression be raised to crush the feeblest nation on earth, and there will be heard every where, if not the shout of defiance, at least the deep-toned murmur of implacable displeasure.

It is the cry of aggrieved, insulted, much-abused man. It is Human Nature waking in her might from the slumber of ages, shaking herself from the dust of antiquated institutions, girding herself for the combat, and going forth conquering and to conquer; and wo unto the man, wo unto the dynasty, wo unto the party, and wo unto the policy, on whom shall fall the scath of her blighting indignation.

LESSON LXXXIII.

Right Use of the Scriptures.—A. DICKINSON.

WHEN a letter is received from a far distant friend, or from any person of acknowledged excellence, we are sure to open and read it in good earnest. If it bring tidings that some eminent benefactor of our nation and the world has fallen by wicked hands; or that sudden destruction and overwhelming disgrace await our own family; we read it with increasing earnestness. And if it bear every mark of truth and benevolence, our interest is not diminished, though an air of mystery may hang over some parts of it.

What language then can express the apathy, not to say the guilt, of those, who acknowledge the Bible, with all its grand announcements and rich provisions, to be from GOD, and yet treat it with carelessness or neglect? If this book of God was completed nearly eighteen hundred years ago; and if, as would seem from the closing chapter, no further communication is to come forth from Heaven till the consummation of all things,—if this one Volume is to be our only directory through this world of sin and death, and our only passport to life beyond the grave—how immeasurably important is it, that we use this one Volume aright.

It is not every kind of familiarity with the Bible, that is able to make men *wise unto salvation.* Surely, then, it well becomes men to inquire, with what feelings they should consult these Holy Oracles. In answering this inquiry, we remark,—Read the Bible under an affecting sense of the goodness of God in thus deigning to communicate with you by his written word.—This blessed Book, sent down from God out of heaven, contains all that men know of the true God, of Jesus Christ the Saviour, and of that eternity which stretches before us. This blessed Book unfolds our ruined condition, and is the grand charter of all our spiritual rights and privileges, and of all our hopes.

If, then, there be any value in such knowledge and such privileges, while you read, let your *gratitude* ascend up

continually to the Author and giver of the Bible. In the daily enjoyment of this light of revelation, we are apt, from the commonness of the blessing, to forget our infinite obligations to the Giver; in the same manner that we fail to appreciate the privilege of that sun which daily moves in grandeur through the heavens. But blot the sun from the firmament, and what would be the situation of our world! So, blot out the Bible, and who can tell the horrour of that night, which must hang over the everlasting destinies of us all! Read the Bible, then, with gratitude to its Heavenly Author.

Read the Bible, also, under a deep sense of your inability at once to comprehend it.—Though the most essential truths of the Bible are plain; and though, by prayerful diligence, we may learn enough of the Scriptures to make us *wise unto salvation;* still, it must be confessed with humility, that in them *are some things hard to be understood,* and many things which we cannot yet fully comprehend. Let no one be startled at this, as though it were a vain thing for God to have given us a Bible above our immediate comprehension. Does not the kind parent present his child a book even before he understands its alphabet?

There must be a beginning and a gradual progress of improvement in the Book of divine knowledge, as well as in books of human science. On this point experience confirms what analogy suggests. The student, who consults his Bible by day and by night, finds its channels of knowledge widening and deepening the farther he advances. And whatever current of divine truth he pursues, he finds it expanding into a boundless ocean of intelligence. And could he live to the age of Methuselah, and be all the while exploring the Sacred Volume with the penetration of an angel's mind, I apprehend he would still exclaim, with increasing wonder and delight, *O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!*

Read the bible with the solemn and hearty resolution *to do the will of God,* just as fast as you learn it.—O, it is madness, it is impious mockery, for a poor worm to come near the Holy Oracles with a mind unyielding and disobedient to the heavenly voice. God cannot reasonably be expected to pour his cheering light on such a mind. But *if any man* WILL DO HIS WILL, *he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.* Let there be first *a willing*

mind, and the word of truth will not fail to illumine every path of duty; and the Spirit of truth will sanctify every effort. Settle it therefore in your heart, that you *will* obey, unreservedly.

LESSON LXXXIV.

The ways of God are equal.—BIBLE.

IF the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die. All his transgressions that he hath committed, they shall not be mentioned unto him: in his righteousness that he hath done he shall live. Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God; and not that he should return from his ways and live?

But when the righteous turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, and doeth according to all the abominations that the wicked man doeth, shall he live? All his righteousness that he hath done shall not be mentioned: in his trespass that he hath trespassed, and in his sin that he hath sinned, in them shall he die.

Yet ye say, The way of the Lord is not equal. Hear now, O house of Israel; Is not my way equal? are not your ways unequal? When a righteous man turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, and dieth in them; for his iniquity that he hath done shall he die. Again, when the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive. Because he considereth, and turneth away from all his transgressions that he hath committed, he shall surely live, he shall not die.

Yet saith the house of Israel, The way of the Lord is not equal. O house of Israel, are not my ways equal? are not your ways unequal? Therefore I will judge you, O house of Israel, every one according to his ways, saith the Lord God. Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin.

Cast away from [illegible] you all your transgressions where-

by ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die, O house of Israel? For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord GOD: wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye.

LESSON LXXXV.

Of bridling the Tongue.—BIBLE.

BEHOLD, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us; and we turn about their whole body. Behold also the ships, which though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governour listeth.

Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! and the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell.

For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind: But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.

Therewith bless we God, even the father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be.

Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? Can the fig-tree, my brethren, bear olive berries? either a vine, figs? so can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh. Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom.

LESSON LXXXVI.

Indolence.—DENNIE.

He who surveys the paths of active life, will find them so numerous and long, that he will feel the necessity of early rising, and late taking rest, to accomplish so much travel. He who pants for the shade of speculation, will find that literature cannot flourish in the bowers of indolence and monkish gloom. Much midnight oil must be consumed, and innumerable pages examined, by him whose object is to be really wise.

Among the various men, whom I see in the course of my pilgrimage through this world, I cannot frequently find those who are broad awake. Sloth, a powerful magician, mutters a witching spell, and deluded mortals tamely suffer this drowsy being to bind a fillet over their eyes. All their activity is employed in turning themselves like the door on a rusty hinge, and all the noise they make in the world is a snore.

When I see one, designed by nature for noble purposes, indolently declining the privilege, and, heedless, like Esau, bartering the birthright, for what is of less worth than his red pottage of lentils,—for liberty to sit still and lie quietly,—I think I see, not a man, but an oyster. The drone in society, like that fish on our shores, might as well be sunken in the mud, and enclosed in a shell, as stretched on a couch, or seated in a chimney-corner.

LESSON LXXXVII.

Idleness avoided by the Observation of Order.—BLAIR.

By attending to order, you avoid idleness, that most fruitful source of crimes and evils. Acting upon a plan, meeting every thing in its own place, you constantly find innocent and useful employment for time. You are never at a loss how to dispose of your hours, or to fill up life agreeably. In the course of human action, there are two extremes equally dangerous to virtue; the multiplicity of

affairs, and the total want of them. The man of order stands in the middle between these two extremes, and suffers from neither: he is occupied, but not oppressed. Whereas the disorderly, overloading one part of time, and leaving another vacant, are at one period overwhelmed with business, and at another either idle through want of employment, or indolent through perplexity.

Those seasons of indolence and idleness, which recur so often in their life, are their most dangerous moments. The mind, unhappy in its situation, and clinging to every object which can occupy or amuse it, is then aptest to throw itself into the arms of every vice and folly. Farther; by the preservation of order, you check inconstancy and levity. Fickle by nature is the human heart. It is fond of change; and perpetually tends to start aside from the straight line of conduct.

Hence arises the propriety of bringing ourselves under subjection to method and rule; which, though at first it may prove constraining, yet, by degrees, and from the experience of its happy effects, becomes natural and agreeable. It rectifies those irregularities of temper and manners to which we give the name of caprice; and which are distinguished characteristics of a disorderly mind. It is the parent of steadiness of conduct. It forms consistency of character. It is the ground of all the confidence we repose in one another. For, the disorderly we know not where to find. In him only can we place any trust, who is uniform and regular; who lives by principle, not by humour; who acts upon a plan, and not by desultory motions.

The evening of the day before his death, General Washington complained of slight indisposition; and, after a single cup of tea, repaired to his Library, where he remained writing until between eleven and twelve o'clock. Mrs. Washington retired about the usual family hour; but becoming alarmed at not hearing the accustomed sound of the Library door, as it closed for the night, and gave signal for rest in the well-regulated mansion, she arose again, and continued sitting up, in much anxiety and suspense.

At length the well-known step was heard on the stair; and upon the General's entering his chamber, the lady

kindly chided him for remaining up so late, knowing himself to be unwell; to which Washington made this memorable reply:—"I came so soon as my business was accomplished. You well know, that, *through a long life, it has been my unvaried rule, never to put off till the morrow the duties which should be performed to-day.*" *Custis.*

LESSON LXXXVIII.

The Art of Printing.—DICK.

THIS art appears to have been invented (at least in Europe) about the year 1430, by one Laurentius, or Lawrence Koster, a native of Haerlem, a town in Holland. As he was walking in a wood near the city, he began to cut some letters upon the rind of a beach tree, which, for the sake of gratifying his fancy, being impressed on paper, he printed one or two lines as a specimen for his grandchildren to follow. This having succeeded, he meditated greater things; and first of all, invented a more glutinous writing-ink; because he found the common ink sunk and spread; and thus formed whole pages of wood, with letters cut upon them.

I am aware that the honour of this invention has been claimed by other cities besides Haerlem, particularly by Strasburg, and Mentz, a city of Germany; and by other individuals besides Laurentius, chiefly by one *Fust*, commonly called Dr. Faustus; by Schoeffer, and by Gutenberg. It appears that the art, with many of its implements, was stolen from Laurentius by one of his servants, whom he had bound, by an oath, to secrecy, who fled to Mentz, and first commenced the process of printing in that city. Here the art was improved by Fust and Schoeffer, by their invention of *metallic*, instead of *wooden* types, which were first used.

When Fust was in Paris, disposing of some Bibles he had printed, at the low price (as was then thought) of sixty crowns, the number, and the uniformity of the copies he possessed, created universal agitation and astonishment. Informations were given to the Police against him as a magician, his lodgings were searched, and a great

number of copies being found, they were seized : the red ink with which they were embellished, was said to be his blood ; it was seriously adjudged, that he was in league with the Devil; and if he had not fled from the city, most probably he would have shared the fate of those whom ignorant and superstitious judges, at that time, condemned for witchcraft.

By the gradual improvement of this art, and its application to the diffusion of knowledge, a new era was formed in the annals of the human race, and in the progress of science, religion, and morals. To it we are chiefly indebted for our deliverance from ignorance and error, and for most of those scientific discoveries and improvements in the arts which distinguish the period in which we live. Without its aid, the Reformation from Popery could scarcely have been achieved; for, had the books of Luther, one of the first reformers, been multiplied by the slow process of hand-writing and copying, they could never have been diffused to any extent; and the influence of bribery and of power might have been sufficient to have arrested their progress, or even to have erased their existence.

But, being poured forth from the press in thousands at a time, they spread over the nations of Europe like an inundation, and with a rapidity which neither the authority of princes, nor the schemes of priests and cardinals, could counteract or suspend. To this noble invention it is owing that copies of the Bible have been multiplied to the extent of many millions—that ten thousands of them are to be found in every Protestant country—and that the poorest individual who expresses a desire for it, may be furnished with the "Word of Life" which will guide him to a blessed immortality.

That Divine light which is destined to illuminate every region of the globe, and to sanctify and reform men of all nations, and kindreds, and tongues, is accelerated in its movements, and directed in its course through the nations, by the invention of the Art of Printing ; and ere long, it will distribute among the inhabitants of every land, the "Law and the testimony of the Most High," to guide their steps to the regions of eternal bliss. In short, there is not a more powerful engine in the hand of Providence, for diffusing the knowledge of the nature and

the will of the Deity, and for accomplishing the grand objects of Revelation, than the art of multiplying books, and of conveying intelligence through the medium of the Press.

Were no such art in existence, we cannot conceive how an extensive and universal propagation of the doctrines of Revelation could be effected, unless after the lapse of an indefinite number of ages. But, with the assistance of this invention, in its present improved state, the island of Great Britain alone, within less than a hundred years, could furnish a copy of the Scriptures to every inhabitant of the world, and would defray the expense of such an undertaking, with much more ease, and with a smaller sum, than were necessary to finish the political warfare in which we were lately engaged.

These considerations teach us, that the ingenious inventions of the human mind are under the direction and control of the Governour of the World—are intimately connected with the accomplishment of the plans of his providence, and have a tendency, either directly or indirectly, to promote, over every region of the earth, the progress and extension of the kingdom of the Redeemer. They also show us, from what small beginnings the most magnificent operations of the Divine economy may derive their origin.

Who could have imagined that the simple circumstance of a person amusing himself by cutting a few letters on the bark of a tree, and impressing them on paper, was intimately connected with the mental illumination of mankind; and that the art which sprung from this casual process was destined to be the principal means of illuminating the nations, and of conveying to the ends of the earth, "the salvation of our God?" But, "He who rules in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth," and who sees "the end from the beginning," overrules the most minute movements of all his creatures, in subserviency to his ultimate designs, and shows himself, in this respect, to be "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."

LESSON LXXXIX.

Solitude.—HENRY K. WHITE.

IT is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow:
It is not grief that bids me moan:
It is—that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or, by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet, when the silent evening sighs,
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead:
It floats upon the water's bed:—
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh.

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale:—
I've none to smile when I am free,
And, when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet, in my dreams, a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too:
I start;—and, when the vision's flown,
I weep, that I am all alone.

LESSON XC.

Life is a Vapour.—ANONYMOUS.

I DREAMED:—I saw a rosy child,
With flaxen ringlets, in a garden playing;

Now stooping here, and then afar off straying,
As flower or butterfly his feet beguiled.

'Twas changed ; one summer's day I stepped aside,
To let him pass; his face had manhood's seeming,
And that full eye of blue was fondly beaming
On a fair maiden, whom he called his bride.

Once more ; 'twas evening, and the cheerful fire
I saw a group of youthful forms surrounding,
The room with harmless pleasantry resounding;
And, in the midst, I marked the smiling sire.

The heavens were clouded—and I heard the tone
Of a slow-moving bell: the white-haired man had gone!

LESSON XCI.

Dangers of Young Men.—HAWES.

THE time, during which we usually denominate one *a young man*, is the most important and perilous period of his whole existence. Then the passions, budding and hastening to ripeness, acquire new vigour, become impatient of restraint and eager for gratification. Then the imagination, unchecked by experience and unrestrained by judgment, paints the world in false and fascinating colours, and teaches the young bosom to sigh after its vain and forbidden pleasures.

Then springs up in the mind, the restless desire of independence and self-control ;—a disposition to throw off the restraints of parental counsel and authority, and to think and act for itself. "Then the social impulse is felt, and the young man looks around for companions and friends ;" then the calling for life is chosen, the principles of action adopted, habits acquired, and those connexions in business and society formed, which usually decide the character and fix the condition, both for this and the future world.

The present then, young men, is to you, a season of deep and everlasting interest. Consequences of infinite

moment hang on the span of time that is now passing over you.—The path to respectability, to usefulness and happiness, is open before you; so also is the path to infamy and wretchedness and wo. And now the election is to be made. You are now to lay your course for eternity; to enter upon that path which, in all probability, you will pursue through life, and which will terminate in heaven or in hell.

And the chances that you will choose wrong, are greatly against you. Such are the dangers that encompass you, and so little are persons, at your age, aware of them, that there is great reason to fear, you will mistake the road to happiness and heaven, and wander into some one of the ten thousand ways that lead to ruin. But this is a general view of the subject; let us descend to a few particulars.

In the first place then, young men, for the most part, are but little aware of the danger which attends the *beginnings of evil.* They readily perceive the degrading and destructive tendency of the grosser vices; but they are slow of heart to believe, that there are certain dispositions and habits, which inevitably lead to those vices and their consequent degradation and ruin. Hence, while they are careful to shun the more open and flagrant offences, they are not afraid to venture upon what are deemed little sins,—upon slight deviations from duty,—occasional indulgence of the appetites and passions.

No mistake is more common, or more fatal than this. It is the way in which vice maintains its dominion in our world,—the standing cause of ruin to the character and the souls of men. All vicious habits commence in what are considered little sins. No young man becomes suddenly abandoned and profligate. There is always a gradual progress. He begins in *slight, occasional departures* from rectitude, and goes on, from one degree of guilt to another, till conscience becomes seared, the vicious propensity strong, the habit of indulgence fixed, and the character ruined.

Nothing is more obvious than this connexion between the beginning and the consummation of evil; and yet, hardly any thing is more difficult, than to convince the young of its reality. In entering upon wrong courses, they have not the least expectation or fear of the dreadful

issue. They mean not to proceed beyond the point of safety; and they have no doubt, they can easily effect an escape, whenever danger appears; but ere they are aware, they are arrested by the iron grasp of habit, and ruined forever.

Take for example, a young man, who occasionally drinks to excess in the social circle; he does not dream that he is entering upon a course which will probably end in confirmed intemperance. He means no harm; he says of the sin, is it not a little one? there can be no danger in this. But soon his bands are made strong, and he becomes the slave of a sottish vice.

Thus it is with all vicious practices. However slight at first, they tend, by a strong and necessary impulse, to the point of utter depravation of principle, and ruin of character. There is no safety but in guarding against the first approaches of evil. To step upon forbidden ground is to throw one's self into the power of the destroyer; and if God interpose not to deliver, ruin is inevitable. It was a wise saying, among the ancients, that the way of vice lies down hill. If you take but a few steps, the motion soon becomes so impetuous and violent, that it is impossible for you to resist it.

Another danger, to which young men are exposed, arises from the want of *firmness and independence* of character. They have not a due sense of their individual responsibility; and are too apt to yield to the practices and opinions of others, in opposition to their own convictions of duty. They imagine, that their respectability and success in life, depend on being on good terms, with those of the same age and standing with themselves. This leads them to accommodate themselves to their habits, to their modes of thinking and acting, and to their errors and vices.

They dread the thought of being singular. They cannot bear the ridicule of companions, nor gather courage enough to say, *no*, to those associates who would draw them into a fellowship with themselves, in dissipation and vice. Many a young man has, in this way, fallen, to rise no more. He yielded to the solicitations of a sinful companion, not because he approved of them, but because he did not dare to resist them. He went with him in to the ways of evil, not because he was pleased with them,

but because he had not courage to turn his back on his seducer, or incur the sneers of an unprincipled associate.

I have here touched upon a topic which deserves a much more careful consideration than I can now give it,—I mean the pernicious influence of bad company. Of all the causes which operate to undermine the principles and ruin the characters of young men, this, I have long been satisfied, is the most fatal. We are all, says Mr. Locke, a kind of chameleons, who take a tincture from the objects which surround us. And a greater than he has said ;—He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.

We are, by the very constitution of our nature, creatures of imitation. We instinctively and necessarily catch the spirit, and copy the manners, and imitate the practices, of those with whom we associate. Show me the company you keep, and I will tell you your character, is an old adage ; and it is verified by universal observation. This principle of our nature is capable of being turned to the most valuable purposes. By associating with the virtuous, the wise and the good, we bring to bear on ourselves, a most powerful influence of assimilation. All our good principles and good traits are strengthened and improved; and we feel ourselves advancing daily, in all that is worthy and excellent.

On the other hand, if we associate with the immoral and the unprincipled, we come under an influence which cannot fail to injure us. We shall soon be like them. "If we do not carry to them a similarity of taste, we shall be sure to acquire it." And let me say to you, my friends, it is not the low and the dissipated, the vulgar and the profane, from whose example and society you are most in danger. These, every young man, who has *any* sense of character, will, of course, despise and shun.

But there are persons of decent morals, of polished manners, and interesting talents, but who, at the same time, are unprincipled and wicked ; who make light of sacred things, scoff at religion, and deride the suggestions and scruples of a tender conscience, as superstition,—these are the persons whose society and influence are most to be feared. Their breath is pollution, their embrace, death.

To guard against the dangers that have been mentioned, bring strongly before your minds the deep, personal interest you have, in keeping yourselves secure from the evils that threaten you. Recollect your high destination, as rational and immortal beings, and remember, that your all, both for this, and the future world, depends on the manner in which you demean yourselves in this state of your probation. If, during the few years in which your characters are forming, you shun the paths of vice, and carefully cultivate habits of virtue, intelligence and good conduct; you cannot fail to rise to respectability, and usefulness, and happiness.

You will have the sweet approbation of your own minds to cheer and animate you; friends will rise up to patronise and encourage you; providence will smile upon your efforts and ways; and your life, crowned with the blessings of God and the gratitude of your fellow men, will decline in peace, and give a fair promise of a bright rising in another world. Remember, my young friends, that all this depends on a few short years; upon this vernal season of habit and character; upon the very hours that are now flitting by you. Improve these aright, and you are made forever,—misimprove them, and you are undone forever.

LESSON XCII.

The Use of Biography.—JANE TAYLOR.

THAT "what man has done man may do," is a most stimulating and encouraging truth. It is this consideration chiefly, that renders the lives of individuals who have distinguished themselves in their day and generation so interesting to their fellow-creatures: and it is a remark which should be borne in mind, whether we are studying the actions of *great good men*, or of *clever bad men*. In the former case, we should inquire whether we are not possessed of the same qualities, powers, and opportunities, (generally speaking) with which they were favoured; and in the latter, that we partake of the same depraved nature, and are liable to the same temptations that

led them astray. It is not the history of other beings,—of those above or below us in the scale of intelligence; it is neither of angels nor brutes, but of men like ourselves that we read.

It is a common remark, that biography is one of the most useful studies to which we can apply; but we must remember, that its usefulness, to us, entirely depends upon our right application of it. It is idle indeed, to take up a book of any kind, merely with a view to entertainment: we hope our readers are all of them, by this time, above so childish a practice: but it is possible to read with a general desire to derive benefit, and yet without that close, personal application of it to ourselves, which alone is likely to do us good. We would therefore recommend, especially to the reader of biography, to keep one grand object in view; and to make this close inquiry whenever such a volume is opened,—In what respects is this applicable to me?—How can I make it subservient to my own improvement? We will endeavour to offer some suggestions that may assist the reader in this inquiry.

Suppose that a young person in the quiet and humble walks of life should meet with the annals of some great warrior or statesman;—he would probably say, "This is nothing to me, except as mere amusement; I have no ambition, at least I have no talents or opportunities to distinguish myself in public life; I am quite contented with my humble lot; I seek not great things for myself." Herein, indeed, he would show his wisdom; and yet it might not be true that such a history was nothing to him. Whatever is in itself excellent, is worthy of our attention, and more or less of our imitation, however widely our circumstances may differ.

Great talents and splendid achievements are necessarily confined to a few; and as we may be virtuous and happy without them, this is not to be regretted: but it is the duty and interest of every individual to aim at excellence, in his own sphere, however humble: and while it may be the farthest from our wishes or our duty to engage in public services, it may still be highly to our advantage to trace the steps, and to mark the progress, by which great men have arrived at eminence. Many of the very same qualities are requisite to make a good tradesman, or skilful

mechanic, which are needed to form a great statesman or general.

We shall probably find that such a man was early distinguished from the frivolous or dissolute around him by devotedness to his object: that he made it his study, his pleasure; not merely engaging in it as a matter of course, or of necessity. We shall find that he was not discouraged by difficulties, but rather stimulated by them to more vigorous efforts; that he never consulted his own ease or gratification, when they stood in the way of his grand design: that he was characterized by a disregard to trifles of all sorts, and by a steady aim at the most important ends.

Now as these, among other good qualities, ensured to him success and distinction, so we may be assured that the same causes will produce the same effects, in whatever situations they are applied. Thus far a little apprentice-boy may learn of Peter the Great; and become, by and by, as distinguished in his trade, as the Czar was in his empire. When we read the lives of distinguished persons, we are generally struck with the lamentable mixture of mean qualities and bad actions which sullied the glory of their highest achievements. In the whole history of mankind, there are but a very few exceptions to this remark.

From which we may learn, not to envy that eminence of rank or talent, which so peculiarly exposes to temptation. At the same time it should make us watchful of ourselves; since, if men thus eminently gifted, and possessed of such gigantic powers, had not wisdom sufficient to govern their passions, nor strength to resist temptation, what need must there be for us to guard against the danger! For although it frequently appears that clever men are wicked men, it by no means follows that to be wicked one must needs be clever; on the contrary it is often seen that persons of the weakest intellect sink into the lowest degrees of vice.

From the lives of distinguished bad men, we see the small value, in themselves, of those shining qualities which dazzle mankind. What is genius without virtue!—it is but a splendid curse; proving still more baleful to the individual himself, than to those within the sphere of his influence. But in tracing the career of men distinguish-

ed alike by their talents and their vices, it is especially profitable to observe the gradual steps by which they arrived at the height, or rather the depth of their notoriety. There was a time when Nero appeared amiable and humane.

Let us not, therefore, conclude, that we shall never be guilty of a crime, because we now shrink from the thought of it; but rather, if we find that we have not resolution to resist the small temptations of the present moment, let us remember that we are in the high road to vice, although as yet but at its commencement. It is presumption and ignorance of ourselves to imagine, that the power of resistance will increase with the strength of temptation. By such self-deception some once promising characters have become the tyrants and scourges of society: from their examples we should learn, "when we think we stand, to take heed lest we fall."

LESSON XCIII.

Benjamin Franklin.—JUVENILE MISCELLANY.

FEW individuals have been as useful to mankind as Benjamin Franklin; and very few, even in this happy land, where the path to honourable distinction is ever open to talents, industry, and integrity, have experienced a greater reverse of fortune.—In very early life, he served as apprentice to a tallow chandler; but he soon found that cutting wicks, and filling moulds, would never satisfy his strong and inquisitive mind. He had a great predilection for a sailor's life. He was eager to see mankind under all the variety of appearances, which manners, habits, and costume have given them. A spirit of enterprise was the first trait of character which developed itself very strongly.

He read, with eagerness, accounts of cabin boys, who had become admirals; of chimney-sweepers converted into mayors of London; of scholars, poor and secluded in early life, whose names had gone down to posterity, followed by a long wake of glory; and of rustic clerks, who by some fortunate venture at sea had amassed a splendid fortune.—Had his father encouraged his propensity for a

sea-faring life, he probably would have been an *industrious* sailor, a *skilful* pilot and an *economical* and *judicious* captain. Luckily for him, however, Mr. Franklin thought best to thwart his boyish inclinations; and he lived to show all these qualities in the character of a philosopher and statesman.

The avidity with which he read all the books that came in his way, induced his father to bind him as apprentice to an elder son, who was then a printer in Boston. In this trade, he made a rapid proficiency, and was soon very useful to his brother; unfortunately, however, they could not agree together. Benjamin had published some verses, &c. in his brother's newspaper, which met with considerable praise. This flattered his youthful vanity; and according to his own account of their disagreement, he was as much to blame for forwardness and self-importance, as his brother was for severity. Whatever might be the causes of complaint, they became so irksome to him, that he absconded from Boston, and offered himself as a journeyman printer in Philadelphia.

The account of his first visit to that city, affords a striking contrast to his success in after life. "I was," says he, "in my working dress, which was covered with dirt, and my pockets were stuffed with shirts and stockings." Fatigued and hungry, with very little money in his purse, he roamed along the streets, until he met a child with a loaf of bread. He eagerly inquired where it was bought; and having the baker's pointed out to him, he purchased three large rolls which he devoured as he walked along through the principal streets. After this refreshment, he followed a crowd of well dressed people, who were all going the same way,—and very soon found himself in the interior of a Quaker meeting-house. It happened to be one of the Friends' *silent* meetings; and Mr. Franklin soon fell into a profound sleep.

Such was his first introduction to the city of Philadelphia; where his shrewdness, and talent for business, soon made him a distinguished citizen. The great cause of Doctor Franklin's rise in the world was his habits of close observation upon men and things. His attention was always wide awake,—always interested in what was around him. This led him to invent his metallic kite, with silken cords, to draw lightning down from the heavens; this led

him to apply his knowledge to a practical use, by the introduction of lightning rods; and to this we owe the sententious wisdom, which every where pervades his writings.

Perhaps economy was a still more striking trait of his character than shrewd discrimination. Every child has read the story of the dear-bought whistle; and most children have probably figured to themselves how Benjamin Franklin looked, when he went home piping in the merriment of his heart, and thinking how his brothers and sisters would envy him the noisy play-thing,—and then his look of disappointment and vexation when every one in the house laughed at his purchase, and told him he had paid "*too dear for his whistle.*" This lesson seems to have made a deep impression upon him; for economy was the spirit breathed from all his actions, and all his writings.

He was frugal in his own expenses; frugal in his system of politics; and frugal even in his words. Thus instead of saying that it is difficult for a man deeply in debt to be independent in his integrity, and to avoid flattering the rich,—he says with peculiar brevity, "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright." Yet his economy seems to have had no tinge of meanness. He was always willing to lend money to those who were entering life destitute; and when these people were able and willing to pay him, he would often say, "Lend it to the first poor tradesman you find, who is industrious and honest; and tell him to lend it to another, as soon as he is able to spare it. In this way, with a small sum of money, I shall do good to the end of time."

This extraordinary man was born in Boston, in a house which formerly stood where the Commission Ware House, in Milk street, now stands; and he always said that he owed his thirst for knowledge entirely to the good education he received from the free grammar schools of that intelligent city. It was Doctor Franklin's misfortune, to have associated in early life, with some unprincipled characters, and to have read pernicious books. It is impossible to go through the temptations of life, with any degree of safety, without the protection of religious principle. Hence, we find this learned man bitterly regretting, in his old age, the errors of his misguided youth. Let this teach

the young, that they cannot be too careful in the choice of their companions, and their books.

And, if the laugh of the gay and fashionable, should ever make industry and economy appear like contemptible virtues; let them remember that Benjamin Franklin, a poor hard-working mechanic, became by means of these very virtues, a philosopher, whose discoveries were useful and celebrated throughout Europe. If they grow weary of application and despise frugality; let them think of a dirty printer boy, eating his roll of dry bread, in the streets of Philadelphia, afterwards Ambassador to the Court of France; welcomed to the most splendid Parisian saloons; and his grey hairs crowned with a wreath of laurel, by the young and fair of that enthusiastic nation.

LESSON XCIV.

Character of Lindley Murray.—MEMOIRS OF MURRAY.

MR. Murray seems to have been raised up by Providence, for peculiar purposes, to do good in the world, and to exhibit a beautiful specimen of a Christian character. His endowments, both moral and intellectual, were of a superior order. Few men have left behind them a higher character for wisdom, piety, and benevolence.

Good sense and sound judgment were the predominating qualities of his mind. He took a large, comprehensive, and accurate view of the objects presented to his mental eye; and he discerned, clearly and readily, which of those objects were to be preferred and pursued. His apprehension was quick, his memory retentive, and his taste delicate and refined. There did not appear in any of the faculties of his mind, either exuberance or deficiency. Their general harmony, as well as strength, constituted the distinguishing excellence of his intellectual character.

To the appellation of a man of genius, he has an undoubted claim; if true genius signifies, according to the definition of a celebrated author, "a mind of large, general powers, accidentally," or rather providentially, "determined to some particular direction."—The strength of

his intellect, and the habit of close, vigorous application which he acquired early in life, enabled him, at will, to collect his thoughts, and to fix them wholly, and for a sufficient length of time, on any subject under his consideration. Hence, whatever he did, was well done, and with comparative ease.

And hence too, he would have excelled in every pursuit in which he had engaged, or on whatever subject to which he had turned his attention. His grammatical works have obtained so much celebrity, and they exhibit so high a degree of excellence, that it might not unreasonably be supposed, grammar was the principal study of his life; but it did not particularly engage his attention, until a short time previous to the publication of his first work on that subject.

Before he began any literary work, or engaged in any undertaking, he considered what was useful, practicable, and excellent. His imagination did not bewilder him with a diversity of plans and views. A few obvious and judicious means of accomplishing the end proposed, immediately presented themselves to his mind. These he considered with attention; selected from them what he thought best; and then proceeded to action, without any agitating hope of success, or fear of failure.

He pursued a strait forward path; not unnecessarily retracing his steps, nor wasting his powers in idle wanderings, or useless cogitations. He formed a grand outline of what he proposed, from which he seldom deviated: then he filled up all the parts successively; overcoming the difficulties as they occurred, and, on no account, suffering them to accumulate. He never undertook any thing to which he was not more than equal; and he seldom relinquished any thing which he had undertaken.

LESSON XCV.

Character of Washington.—AMES.

THERE has scarcely appeared a really great man, whose character has been more admired in his life time, or less correctly understood by his admirers. When it is com-

prehended, it is no easy task to delineate its excellencies in such a manner as to give to the portrait both interest and resemblance; for it requires thought and study to understand the true ground of the superiority of his character over many others, whom he resembled in the principles of action, and even in the manner of acting. But perhaps he excels all the great men that ever lived in the steadiness of his adherence to his maxims of life, and in the uniformity of all his conduct to the same maxims.

These maxims, though wise, were yet not so remarkable for their wisdom, as for their authority over his life; for, if there were any errors in his judgment, (and he discovered as few as any man,) we know of no blemishes in his virtue. He was the patriot without reproach; he loved his country well enough to hold his success in serving it an ample recompense. Thus far self-love and love of country coincided; but when his country needed sacrifices that no other man could, or perhaps would, be willing to make, he did not even hesitate. This was virtue in its most exalted character.

More than once he put his fame at hazard, when he had reason to think it would be sacrificed, at least in this age. Two instances cannot be denied; when the army was disbanded, and again, when he stood, like Leonidas at the pass of Thermopylæ, to defend our independence against France. It is, indeed, almost as difficult to draw his character, as the portrait of Virtue. The reasons are similar: our ideas of moral excellence are obscure, because they are complex, and we are obliged to resort to illustrations.

Washington's example is the happiest to show what virtue is; and, to delineate his character, we naturally expatiate on the beauty of virtue; much must be felt, and much imagined. His pre-eminence is not so much to be seen in the display of any one virtue, as in the possession of them all, and in the practice of the most difficult. Hereafter, therefore, his character must be studied before it will be striking; and then it will be admitted as a model, a precious one to a free republic. It is no less difficult to speak of his talents. They were adapted to lead, without dazzling mankind; and to draw forth and employ the talents of others, without being misled by

them. In this he was certainly superiour, that he neither mistook nor misapplied his own.

His great modesty and reserve would have concealed them, if great occasions had not called them forth; and then, as he never spoke from the affectation to shine, nor acted from any sinister motives, it is from their effects only that we are to judge of their greatness and extent. In public trusts, where men, acting conspicuously, are cautious, and in those private concerns where few conceal or resist their weaknesses, Washington was uniformly great, pursuing right conduct from right maxims His talents were such as assist a sound judgment, and ripen with it.

His prudence was consummate, and seemed to take the direction of his powers and passions; for, as a soldier, he was more solicitous to avoid mistakes that might be fatal, than to perform exploits that are brilliant; and, as a statesman, to adhere to just principles, however old, than to pursue novelties; and therefore, in both characters, his qualities were singularly adapted to the interest, and were tried in the greatest perils of the country. His habits of inquiry were so far remarkable, that he was never satisfied with investigating, nor desisted from it, so long as he had less than all the light that he could obtain upon a subject, and then he made his decision without bias.

This command over the partialities that so generally stop men short, or turn them aside in their pursuit of truth, is one of the chief causes of his unvaried course of right conduct in so many difficult scenes, where every human actor must be presumed to err. If he had strong passions, he had learned to subdue them, and to be moderate and mild. If he had weaknesses, he concealed them, which is rare, and excluded them from the government of his temper and conduct, which is still more rare. If he loved fame, he never made improper compliances for what is called popularity.

The fame he enjoyed is of the kind that will last forever; yet it was rather the effect, than the motive of his conduct. Some future Plutarch will search for a parallel to his character. Epaminondas is perhaps the brightest name of all antiquity. Our Washington resembled him in the purity and ardour of his patriotism; and like him he first exalted the glory of his country. There, it is to

be hoped, the parallel ends; for Thebes fell with Epaminondas.—But such comparisons cannot be pursued far without departing from the similitude. For we shall find it as difficult to compare great men as great rivers.

Some we admire for the length and rapidity of their current, and the grandeur of their cataracts; others for the majestic silence and fulness of their streams: we cannot bring them together to measure the difference of their waters. The unambitious life of Washington, declining fame, yet courted by it, seemed, like the Ohio, to choose its long way through solitudes, diffusing fertility; or, like his own Potomac, widening and deepening his channel as he approaches the sea, and displaying most the usefulness and serenity of his greatness towards the end of his course. Such a citizen would do honour to any country. The constant affection and veneration of his country will show, that it was worthy of such a citizen.

LESSON XCVI.

Death of Socrates.—MORAL INSTRUCTOR.

SOCRATES, having been accused by his enemies, of whom the best men frequently have the greatest number, and brought to a public trial, on a variety of frivolous and mostly false charges, was condemned, by a majority of five hundred judges, to suffer death by drinking a decoction of hemlock, which he submitted to, with undaunted firmness and composure. One accusation was, that he denied the fabulous deities adored by his country; which if true, would have been one of the most magnanimous and glorious deeds he could have been guilty of. He, however, denies the charge, and cites the sacrifices he had made to them, in the temples and in his own house.

He was accused of corrupting and leading astray the youth, there being mischievous and abandoned men found among those who had been his pupils. To which he makes the following defence: "I am accused of corrupting the youth, and of instilling dangerous maxims into them, as well in regard to the worship of the gods, as the rules of government. You know, Athenians, that I never

made it my profession, to teach; nor can envy, however violent against me, reproach me with ever having sold my instructions. I have an undeniable evidence for me in this respect, which is my poverty.

"Always equally ready to communicate my thoughts either to the rich or poor, and to give them entire leisure to question or answer me, I lend myself to every one who is desirous of becoming virtuous; and if amongst those who hear me, there are any who prove either good or bad, neither the virtues of the one, nor the vices of the other, to which I have not contributed, are to be ascribed to me.

"My whole employment is to persuade young and old against too much love for the body, for riches, and all other precarious things of whatever nature they be, and against too little regard for the soul, which ought to be the object of their affection: for I incessantly urge to you, that virtue does not proceed from riches, but on the contrary, riches from virtue; and that all the other goods of human life, as well public as private, have their source in the same principle.

"And what is the cause that when others are under a necessity to procure their delicacies from abroad, at an exorbitant rate, *I* can indulge in pleasures far more exquisite, by recurring to the reflections in my own mind? If to speak in this manner be to corrupt youth, I confess, Athenians, that I am guilty, and deserve to be punished." "Pass on me what sentence you please, Athenians, but I can neither repent nor change my conduct."

On hearing his final sentence, addressing himself to the judges with a noble tranquillity, "I am going," said he, "to suffer death by your order, to which nature had condemned me from the first moment of my birth; but my accusers will suffer no less from infamy and injustice by the decrees of truth."

While in prison, Socrates was notified by his friends that his jailer was bribed, and that it was in his power to escape the fatal destiny which awaited him, which he was pressingly urged to do. But he sternly rejected the proposition, on the principle that it would be unjust and shameful to violate and evade the laws of the republic, even in their cruel excesses; having repeatedly pledged

himself to inviolable fidelity, by the most solemn engagements.

"It has always been a maxim with us," says he, "that it is never allowable, upon any pretence whatsoever, to commit injustice, not even in regard to those who injure us, nor to return evil for evil; and that when we have once engaged our word, we are bound to keep it inviolably; no interest being capable to dispense with it."

Some time after the death of Socrates, the Athenians became sensible of their shameful outrage, which appeared in all its horrours. Athens was in universal mourning and consternation. The accusers were called to an account, and condemned to death, banishment, and treated with every kind of contumely; so that some of them killed themselves.

Although Socrates discovered extraordinary sagacity in the perception of moral truth, it appears, from his construing his penetrating prompt judgment into a personal genius, or demon, that he had not divested his mind of the influence of the fantastic chimeras that were generally prevalent in those dark ages of ignorance and superstition. Another evidence of this, is, his faith in oracles, in sacrifices to imaginary fabulous deities, in a multiplicity of gods, &c.

The excellent instructions which Socrates delivered to the Athenians, in relation to the practical moral duties, entitled him to their respect and gratitude; but they still remained idolatrous, and "*too superstitious*," until, five hundred years after him,—"PAUL stood in the midst of Mars hill," and declared unto them the God "that dwelleth not in temples made with hands!"

LESSON XCVII.

The African Chief.—U. S. LITERARY GAZETTE.

CHAIN'D in the market-place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrunk to hear his name,—
All stern of look and strong of limb,

His dark eye on the ground:
And silently they gaz'd on him,
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought—
He was a captive now;
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow:
The scars his dark broad bosom wore
Showed warrior true and brave:
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—
"My brother is a king:
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring,
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold dust from the sands."

'Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain;
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle-spear again.
A price thy nation never gave
Shall yet be paid for thee;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave
In land beyond the sea.'

Then wept the warriour chief, and bade
To shred his locks away;
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the platted locks, and long,
And deftly hidden there
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crisped hair.

"Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold,
Long kept for sorest need:
Take it—thou askest sums untold—
And say that I am freed.

Take it,—my wife, the long, long day
Weeps by the cocoa tree,
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me."

'I take thy gold,—but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween that by the cocoa shade
Thy wife shall wait thee long.'
Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look
Was chang'd to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—craz'd his brain—
At once his eye grew wild:
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whisper'd, and wept, and smil'd;
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
And once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands,
The foul hyena's prey.

LESSON XCVIII.

The Family Bible.—ANONYMOUS.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connexions and innocent joy,
When blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies—with peace from on high—
I still view the chairs of my sire and my mother,
The seats of their offspring, as rang'd on each hand;
And that richest of books, which excell'd every other—
That Family Bible that lay on the stand:

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight;
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,

Half rais'd us from earth to that rapturous dwelling
Describ'd in the Bible that lay on the stand :
That richest of books which excell'd every other,
That Family Bible that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted ;
My hope's almost gone, and my parents no more :
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand :
Oh ! let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand :
That richest of books which excell'd every other,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

Blest Bible, the light and the guide of the stranger ;
With thee I seem circled by parents and friends :
Thy kind admonition shall guide me from danger—
On thee my last lingering hope then depends.
Hope wakens to vigour, and rises to glory,
I'll hasten and flee to the promised land ;
For refuge lay hold on the hope set before me,
Reveal'd in the Bible that lay on the stand.

Hail rising the brightest and blest of the morning,
The star which has guided my parents safe home,
A beam of thy glory my pathway adorning,
Shall scatter the darkness and brighten my gloom.
As the eastern sages, to worship the stranger,
In ecstasy hasten to Canaan's land—
I'll bow to adore him, but not in a manger,
He's seen in the Bible that lay on the stand.

Though age and misfortune press hard on my feelings,
I'll flee to the Bible, and trust in the Lord :
Though darkness should cover his merciful dealings,
My soul is still cheer'd by his heavenly word.
And now from things earthly my soul is removing ;
I soon shall shout glory with heaven's bright band,
In raptures of joy be forever adoring
The God of the Bible that lay on the stand :
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

LESSON XCIX.

Night.—MONTGOMERY.

NIGHT is the time for rest:
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round our aching breast
The curtain of repose;
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams,—
The gay romance of life,—
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah, visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch;
On ocean's dark expanse
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we loved, and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours mispent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent;

Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalworth ghost.

Night is the time to muse :
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and, with expanding views,
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray :
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away :
So will his followers do ;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God !

Night is the time for death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease ;
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends :—Such death be mine !

LESSON C.

Christian Forbearance.—GRIFFIN.

I WOULD recommend to your particular attention the virtue of forbearance, in opposition to retaliation and revenge. In this thing, I fear, very few in our world come up to the point in practice, or even carry their ideas far enough in theory.—The great mass of the Christian world are doubtless far too warlike in their feelings and opinions. Native selfishness and pride, combined with those wars to which they have been long familiar, have given to the whole system of their thoughts a turn in favour of retaliation, and produced an impression that in no other way can honour and manliness be maintained. Hence the general opinion of the Christian world in favour of *offensive* wars.

Even the standard writers on the law of nations, whose professed object is to mitigate the horrours of war,

justify offensive wars when they are necessary to punish or to prevent injuries; a principle broad enough to cover all the wars ever likely to be waged to the end of the world. I fully believe that most of the wars which have desolated modern Europe have been wrong on both sides, and that the whole system of war as now conducted is far removed from that gentleness, humility, and love which the Gospel requires.

As the day approaches when men were to beat their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning hooks, it was to be expected that a spirit in opposition to war would go forth into the world. But the friends of peace will gain nothing by running to extremes. These always produce a reaction which throws back the reformation they were intended to advance. If you would carry forward any cause with the resistless current of public opinion, you must not shock that opinion by extravagancies. In the present case you must not bind the Christian world hand and foot and throw them to the mercy of the Turks.

The principle of absolute non-resistance has been chiefly drawn from the sermon on the mount. The injunctions there given to turn the other cheek, to go the second mile with him who has compelled you to go one, to give to him that asketh, to lend to him that would borrow, and to give your cloak to him who by process of law has taken your coat, all manifestly stand on the same footing, and are either all literal precepts or all proverbs. And if proverbs, they only throw out general principles which are to be limited by common sense and other parts of Scripture.

What first convinced me that they were proverbs, was to find them in company with one which, taken literally, would prohibit all resort to civil law. This surely must be a proverb. If a man by a law suit takes away half your property, it cannot be meant that you should give him the rest. Much less can it be intended that you should never resort to the laws of your country for protection. Such a principle would not promote the happiness of the world. It would go to abolish all human laws and leave society in the state of the wild Arabs: for if the good may not resort to law, none may, and the law ought to be given up.

And if men may not appeal to civil *courts*, but must leave all things to arbitration, most of the results of judicial experience and most of the benefits of uniform rules would be lost; for both the experience and the rules are embodied in the common law which is founded on the decisions of courts. And into what a chaos would this loss plunge the rights of society. Those texts therefore which seem arrayed against law suits, must be understood as pointed only against a litigious spirit and in favour of that forbearance which will consent to be defrauded to a supportable degree rather than contend.

The injunction therefore about the cloak *must* be proverbial, and this fixes the character of all the rest. Indeed the rest bear intrinsic marks of being proverbs. Who will suppose that we are bound to give to every vagabond whatever he may take it into his head to ask? or that we must lend to every thief whatever he may pretend to borrow? The meaning is, that we should respect the wants and wishes of others as far as reason approves. If a ruffian drags you one mile and drops you there, it cannot be meant that you should rise up and go with him another; for that might disoblige him no less than yourself.

It means only that we should be meek under oppression and not hasty or violent in asserting our rights. So also when we are directed to turn the other cheek, it cannot be meant that we should literally court another blow, for Christ did not this in the judgment hall; it only means that we should exhibit great meekness and patience under injuries. How far this forbearance is to be carried, is not to be learnt from the parable itself, but from other parts of Scripture and common sense.

LESSON CI.

An Oriental Bazaar.—HOWISON.

A STRANGER should visit the Bombay bazaar in the evening. It is a street about half a mile long, with shops on each side throughout its whole extent. These are brilliantly lighted up at night, and one in strolling along may observe distinctly every thing that goes on in them. He

will here see a range of cloth-shops, full of native women examining the goods, disputing about their value, and urging the seller to lower his price. Then his attention will be drawn to the shed of a brass-manufacturer, where highly-polished jars of all sizes stand glittering in rows, and where the incessant hammering of the artificers drowns the voices of the crowds in their vicinity.

On advancing a little further, he will see a confectioner's shop hung with festoons of dried fruits and sweetmeats, and environed by crowds of children longing for the luxuries that are displayed before them. The next shed will be that of a vegetable merchant, who offers for sale the various edible productions of the east, from the pine-apple down to the common yam; opposite him perhaps is the office of a shroff, or native banker, who sits at a table covered with gold, silver, and copper coins, and changes money at a small per centage. His scales and weights stand beside him, and he subjects to their test every piece of metal that is presented to him for negociation.

A dealer in grain next attracts the attention; the back part of his shop is crowded with bags of rice, grain, maize, &c. and in front, samples of the different articles are exhibited in large baskets, from which he measures out the quantities required by his customers. A little way off will be a barber's shop full of people, and resounding with their voices and merriment. Its bustling possessor talks with volubility, and the pleased and attentive countenances of his auditors testify that he is a humourist and a story-teller.

Meanwhile the street is crowded with men, women, and children, of different casts and complexions, and with donkies, oxen, and Paria dogs, the noise of whose united voices is deafening and incessant. Sometimes a Parsee drives furiously through the bazaar in a gig, and disturbs the loitering throng, and makes it open its ranks with sudden haste and alarm; or a European in a palanquin, surrounded with panting *himmauls*, will force his way amidst the motley assemblage.

The tumult of the whole scene not unfrequently receives some addition from the meeting and intermingling of two herds of bullocks, carrying bells upon their necks, and groaning under the blows inflicted by their irritated

drivers; and at this crisis, perhaps a marriage-procession passes down the bazaar, accompanied by hosts of people bearing torches, and by a party of native musicians, singing, and beating large drums and blowing horns. Things now reach an extremity which is insupportable to a European, and he must immediately take flight if he wishes to retain his senses and to preserve his hearing.

LESSON CII.

Brutus' Speech.—SHAKSPEARE.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.—If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him, I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition.—Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? if any, speak; for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply:—

None! Then none have I offended.—I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive—

benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not?—With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

LESSON CIII.

The Miracle.—A German Parable.

One day in Spring, Solomon, then a youth, sat under the palm-trees, in the garden of the King, his father, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and absorbed in thought. Nathan, his preceptor, went up to him and said, Why sittest thou thus, musing under the palm-trees?

The youth raised his head, and answered, Nathan, I am exceedingly desirous to behold a miracle.

A wish, said the prophet, with a smile, which I entertained myself in my juvenile years.

And was it granted? hastily asked the Prince.

A man of God, answered Nathan, came to me, bringing in his hand a pomegranate seed. Observe, said he, what this seed will turn to! He thereupon made with his fingers a hole in the earth, and put the seed into the hole, and covered it. Scarcely had he drawn back his hand, when the earth parted, and I saw two small leaves shoot forth—but no sooner did I perceive them than the leaves separated, and from between them arose a round stem, covered with bark, and the stem became every moment higher and thicker.

The man of God thereupon said to me, take notice! And while I observed, seven shoots issued from the stem, like the seven branches on the candlestick of the altar.

I was astonished, but the man of God motioned to me, and commanded me to be silent, and to attend. Behold, said he, new creations will soon make their appearance.

He thereupon brought water in the hollow of his hand from the stream which flowed past; and lo! all the branches were covered with green leaves, so that a cooling shade was thrown around us, together with a delicious odour.—Whence, exclaimed I, is this perfume amid the refreshing shade?

Seest thou not, said the man of God, the scarlet blossom, as, shooting forth from among the green leaves, it hangs down in clusters?

I was about to answer, when a gentle breeze agitated the leaves, and strewed the blossoms around us, as the autumnal blast scatters the withered foliage. No sooner had the blossoms fallen, than the red pomegranates appeared suspended among the leaves, like the almonds on the staves of Aaron. The man of God then left me in profound amazement.

Nathan ceased speaking. What is the name of the godlike man? asked Solomon, hastily. Doth he yet live? Where doth he dwell?

Son of David, replied Nathan, I have related to thee a vision.

When Solomon heard these words, he was troubled in his heart, and said, How canst thou deceive me thus?

I have not deceived thee, son of Jesse, rejoined Nathan. Behold, in thy father's garden thou mayest see all that I have related to thee. Doth not the same thing take place with every pomegranate, and with the other trees?

Yes, said Solomon, but imperceptibly, and in a long time.

Then Nathan answered—Is it therefore the less a divine work, because it takes place silently and insensibly? Study nature and her operations; then wilt thou easily believe those of a higher power, and not long for miracles wrought by a human hand.

LESSON CIV.

The Blind Preacher.—WIRT.

As I travelled through the county of Orange, my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road-side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship. Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the

congregation ; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives.

On entering the house, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man—his head, which was covered with a white linen cap ; his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaken under the influence of a palsy, and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind. The first emotions which touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah ! How soon were all my feelings changed ! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament, and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times ; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic, a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbol, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame to shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour—his trial before Pilate—his ascent up Calvary—his crucifixion—and his death. I knew the whole history ; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so coloured ! It was all new ; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable ; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.

His peculiar phrases, had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews—the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet—my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched. But when he came to touch the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour—when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven—his voice breathing to God, a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, " Father, forgive them, for they know

not what they do,"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faultered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was sometime before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive, how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God!" Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery.

LESSON CV.

"*I have seen an End of all Perfection.*"—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I HAVE seen a man in the glory of his days and the pride of his strength. He was built like the tall cedar that lifts its head above the forest trees; like the strong oak that strikes its root deeply into the earth. He feared no danger; he felt no sickness; he wondered that any should groan or sigh at pain. His mind was vigorous, like his body: he was perplexed at no intricacy; he was daunted at no difficulty; into hidden things he searched, and what was crooked he made plain.

He went forth fearlessly upon the face of the mighty deep; he surveyed the nations of the earth; he measured the distances of the stars, and called them by their names;

he gloried in the extent of his knowledge, in the vigour of his understanding, and strove to search even into what the Almighty had concealed. And when I looked on him I said, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God!"

I returned—his look was no more lofty, nor his step proud; his broken frame was like some ruined tower; his hairs were white and scattered; and his eye gazed vacantly upon what was passing around him. The vigour of his intellect was wasted, and of all that he had gained by study, nothing remained. He feared when there was no danger, and when there was no sorrow he wept. His memory was decayed and treacherous, and showed him only broken images of the glory that was departed. His house was to him like a strange land, and his friends were counted as his enemies; and he thought himself strong and healthful while his foot tottered on the verge of the grave. He said of his son—"He is my brother;" of his daughter, "I know her not;" and he inquired what was his own name. And one who supported his last steps, and ministered to his many wants, said to me, as I looked on the melancholy scene, "Let thine heart receive instruction, for thou hast seen an end of all earthly perfection."

I have seen a beautiful female treading the first stages of youth, and entering joyfully into the pleasures of life. The glance of her eye was variable and sweet, and on her cheek trembled something like the first blush of the morning; her lips moved, and there was harmony; and when she floated in the dance, her light form, like the aspen, seemed to move with every breeze. I returned,—but she was not in the dance; I sought her in the gay circle of her companions, but I found her not. Her eye sparkled not there—the music of her voice was silent—she rejoiced on earth no more.

I saw a train, sable and slow-paced, who bore sadly to an opened grave what once was animated and beautiful. They paused as they approached, and a voice broke the awful silence: "Mingle ashes with ashes, and dust with its original dust. To the earth, whence it was taken, consign we the body of our sister." They covered her with the damp soil and the cold clods of the valley; and

the worms crowded into her silent abode. Yet one sad mourner lingered, to cast himself upon the grave; and as he wept he said, "There is no beauty, or grace, or loveliness, that continueth in man; for this is the end of all his glory and perfection."

I have seen an infant with a fair brow, and a frame like polished ivory. Its limbs were pliant in its sports; it rejoiced, and again it wept; but whether its glowing cheek dimpled with smiles, or its blue eye was brilliant with tears, still I said to my heart, "It is beautiful." It was like the first pure blossom, which some cherished plant has shot forth, whose cup is filled with a dew-drop, and whose head reclines upon its parent stem.

I again saw this child when the lamp of reason first dawned in its mind. Its soul was gentle and peaceful; its eye sparkled with joy, as it looked round on this good and pleasant world. It ran swiftly in the ways of knowledge; it bowed its ear to instruction; it stood like a lamb before its teachers. It was not proud, or envious, or stubborn; and it had never heard of the vices and vanities of the world. And when I looked upon it, I remembered that our Saviour had said, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

But the scene was changed, and I saw a man whom the world called honourable, and many waited for his smile. They pointed out the fields that were his, and talked of the silver and gold that he had gathered; they admired the stateliness of his domes, and extolled the honour of his family. And his heart answered secretly, "By my wisdom have I gotten all this;" so he returned no thanks to God, neither did he fear or serve him. And as I passed along, I heard the complaints of the labourers who had reaped down his fields, and the cries of the poor, whose covering he had taken away; but the sound of feasting and revelry was in his apartments, and the unfed beggar came tottering from his door. But he considered not that the cries of the oppressed were continually entering into the ears of the Most High. And when I knew that this man was once the teachable child that I had loved, the beautiful infant that I had gazed upon with delight, I said in my bitterness, "I have seen an end of all perfection;" and I laid my mouth in the dust.

LESSON CVI.

The Spells of Home.—MRS. HEMANS.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd;
By the household tree through which thine eye
First look'd in love to the summer-sky;
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,
Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream;
By the shiver of the ivy-leaves
To the wind of morn at thy casement-eaves,
By the bees' deep murmur in the limes,
By the music of the Sabbath-chimes,
By every sound of thy native shade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight call'd unto household mirth;
By the fairy tale or the legend old
In that ring of happy faces told;
By the quiet hour when hearts unite
In the parting prayer and the kind "Good-night;"
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift!—it hath gentle might,
A guardian power and a guiding light.
It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain-battles of his land;
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;
And back to the gates of his father's hall,
It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray
From the pure first loves of its youth away;
When the sullying breath of the world would come
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home;

Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made,
Think of the tree at thy father's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more!

LESSON CVII.

Happiness.—POLLOK.

WHETHER in crowds, or solitudes—in streets
Or shady groves, dwelt happiness, it seems
In vain to ask; her nature makes it vain:
Though poets much, and hermits talked and sung
Of brooks, and crystal founts, and weeping dews,
And myrtle bowers, and solitary vales;
And with the nymph made assignations there;
And wooed her with the love-sick oaten reed:
And sages too, although less positive,
Advised their sons to court her in the shade.
Delirious babble all! Was happiness,
Was self-approving, God approving joy,
In drops of dew, however pure? in gales,
However sweet? in wells, however clear?
Or groves, however thick with verdant shade?

True, these were of themselves exceedng fair:
How fair at morn and even! worthy the walk
Of loftiest mind; and gave, when all within
Was right, a feast of overflowing bliss:
But were the occasion, not the cause of joy:
They waked the native fountains of the soul,
Which slept before; and stirred the holy tides
Of feeling up; giving the heart to drink
From its own treasures, draughts of perfect sweet.

The Christain faith, which better knew the heart
Of man—him thither sent for peace; and thus
Declared: Who finds it, let him find it there:
Who finds it not, for ever let him seek
In vain: 'tis God's most holy, changeless will.

True happiness had no localities;
No tones provincial; no peculiar garb.
Where duty went, she went; with justice went;
And went with meekness, charity, and love.
Where'er a tear was dried; a wounded heart
Bound up; a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed; or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed; or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or Virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured, and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish—
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.

LESSON CVIII.

The Mississippi Steam-Boats.—FLINT.

IT is, perhaps, necessary to have something of the experience which we have had of the slowness, difficulty, and danger of propelling boats against the current of these long rivers, fully to estimate the advantages of this invention. We have ascended the Mississippi in this way for fifty days in succession. We have had but too much of the same kind of experience on the other streams. We considered ten miles a day as good progress. It is now refreshing, and it imparts a feeling of energy and power to the beholder, to see the large and beautiful steam-boats scudding up the eddies as though on the wing.

When they have run out of the eddy, and strike the current, it is a still more noble spectacle. The foam bursts in a sheet quite over the deck. The boat quivers for a moment with the concussion, and then, as though she had collected her energy, and vanquished her enemy, she resumes her stately march, and mounts against the current five or six miles an hour. We have travelled ten

days together, between New-Orleans and Louisville, more than a hundred miles a day against the stream.—The difficulty of ascending used to be the only one that was dreaded in the anticipation of a voyage of this kind. This difficulty has now disappeared, and the only one that remains, is to furnish money for the trip.

Even the expense, considering the luxury of the fare, and accommodation, is more moderate than could be expected. A family in Pittsburg wishes to make a social visit to a kindred family on Red River. The trip, as matters now stand, is about two thousand miles. Servants, baggage, or "plunder," as the phrase is, the family and family dog, cat and parrot, all together. In twelve days they reach the point proposed. Even the return is but a short voyage. Surely we must resist strong temptations, if we do not become a social people. You are invited to a breakfast at seventy miles distance. You go on board the passing steam-boat and are transported, during the night, so as to go out in the morning and reach your appointment.

The day will probably come when the inhabitants of the warm and sickly regions of the lower points of the Mississippi will take their periodical migration to the north, with the geese and swans, and with them return to the south in the autumn. We have compared the most beautiful steam-boats of the Atlantic waters with those of the Mississippi; and we have seen none, which in splendour and striking effect upon the eye, and in the luxury and comfort of accommodation, could equal the Washington, Philadelphia, Lady of the Lake, Florida, and some others on these waters.

We have been amused in observing an Atlantic stranger who had heard us described by the phrase 'backwoodsmen,' taking his first survey of such a steam-boat. If there be any ground of complaint, it is that so much gorgeousness offends good taste, and seems to be in opposition to that ease and comfort, which one would desire in such a place. Certainly there can be no comparison between the comfort of the passage from Cincinnati to New-Orleans in such a steam-boat and a voyage at sea. The barren and boundless expanse of waters soon tires upon every eye, but a seaman's.

And then there are storms, and fastening of the tables,

and the necessity of holding to something to keep in bed. There is the insupportable nausea of sea sickness, and there is also danger. Here you are always near the shore, always see the green earth; can always eat, write, and study undisturbed. You can always obtain cream, fowls, vegetables, fruit, fresh meat, and wild game in their season from the shore.

A stranger to this mode of travelling would find it difficult to describe his impression upon descending the Mississippi for the first time in one of these steam-boats, which we have named. He contemplates the prodigious construction, with its double tiers of cabin, and its separate establishments for the ladies, and its commodious arrangements for the deck passengers and the servants. Over head, about him, and below him, all is life and movement. He contemplates the splendour of the cabin, its beautiful furnishing of the richest woods, its mirrors, and fine furniture, its sliding tables, its bar-room, and all its arrangements for the accommodation of eighty cabin passengers.

The fare is sumptuous, and every thing in a style of splendour, order, quiet, and regularity, far exceeding that of most city taverns. You read, you converse, or walk, or sleep, as you choose. The varied and verdant scenery shifts around you. The trees, the green islands, the houses on the shore, every thing has an appearance, as by enchantment, of moving past you. The river fowl, with their white and extended lines, are wheeling their flight above you. The sky is bright. The river is dotted with boats above you, beside, and below you.

You hear the echo of their bugle reverberating from the woods. Behind the wooded point you see the ascending column of smoke, rising over the trees, which announces that another steam-boat is approaching you. The moving pageant glides through a narrow passage, between an island, thick set with young cotton woods, so even, so beautiful, and regular, that they seem to have been planted for a pleasure ground, and the main shore.

As you shoot out again into the broad stream, you come in view of a plantation, with all its busy and cheerful ac-

companiments. At one time you are sweeping along for many leagues together, where either shore is a boundless and pathless wilderness. A contrast is thus strongly forced upon the mind, of the highest improvement and the latest pre-eminent invention of art, which with the most lonely aspect of a grand but desolate nature,—the most striking and complete assemblage of splendour and comfort, the cheerfulness of a floating hotel, which carries perhaps two hundred guests, with a wild and uninhabited forest, it may be an hundred miles in width, the abode only of bears, owls and noxious animals.

LESSON CIX.

Falls of Niagara.—DWIGHT.

ABOUT four miles above the cataract we began to see the mist, raised by the agitation of the water, ascending in the form of a large white cloud, and continually varying its aspect, as it was blown by the wind into every fantastical shape. At times, it almost entirely disappeared; at others, it burst suddenly upon the sight; and, rising slowly, with great solemnity and grandeur, dispersed its magnificent volumes into the atmosphere. Nothing could afford us more noble anticipations of the splendour of the scene, to which we were approaching.

After dining, at Chippeway, we proceeded to the cataract. About a mile from our inn, we were presented with one of the noblest prospects in the world; the more impressive, as none of us had ever heard it mentioned. Here the immense bed of lime-stone, which fills this country, begins rapidly to decline. A number of shelves, parallel to each other, cross the river obliquely, almost to the American shore. They are, however, irregular, broken and wild, formed into long and short ranges, sudden prominences, and pointed rocks.

Over this ragged and finely varied surface, the river rolls its amazing mass of waters with a force and grandeur, of which my own mind had never before formed a conception. The torrent is thrown up with immeasurable violence, as it rushes down the vast declivity, be-

tween two and three miles in breadth, into a thousand eminences of foam. All the magnificence of water scenery shrunk in a moment into playthings of Lilliput.

When we came over against the cataract, we secured our horses, and descended the ancient bank of the river, a steep of one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet. The foot-way which conducted us was of clay; and, having been wet by the preceding rain, was so slippery that we could hardly keep our footing. At the bottom we found a swamp, encumbered with trees, bushes, mire, and water. After stooping, struggling, and sliding, near a quarter of a mile, we came to the Table Rock; a part of the stratum over which the river descends, and the edge of the precipice which at this place forms the British bank of the river. This rock is at a small distance from the cataract, and presents the spectator with as perfect a view as can be imagined.

These falls are situated twenty-one miles, reckoned on the British, and twenty-three, reckoned on the American arm of the river, (where it is divided by Grand Isle,) from Buffaloe, two miles less from the outlet of Lake Erie, and fourteen miles from the entrance of the river into Lake Ontario, between Newark and Fort Niagara. The river bends, on the American side, about twelve miles to the north-west, and, on the British side, about four, immediately below Navy Island. It is here little less than four miles wide, and sufficiently deep for any navigation. It gradually becomes narrower as it approaches the falls, but immediately above them its breadth is not far from three miles. From one mile and three quarters above, or opposite to the Stedman farm, it begins to descend with a rapid and powerful current. At the falls it turns instantly, with a right angle, to the north-east, and in a moment is contracted to three quarters of a mile.

Below the falls the river is not more, and in some places it is less, than half a mile in breadth. Its depth here is great, being said to exceed three hundred feet; and its current is violent, proportionally to this contraction. The cataract is formed by the brow of that vast bed of lime-stone, which is the base of all this country. Here its surface is, perhaps, one hundred and fifty feet beneath the common surface of the earth; elsewhere it approaches nearer. The brow extends, as I am informed,

into the county of Ontario on the east, and on the west into Upper Canada a distance which is unknown.

The great falls of the Genesee are formed by the same brow. On the river Niagara it approaches near to Queenstown, at the distance of seven miles below the cataract. The whole height of the ledge above Lake Ontario is estimated by Mr. Ellicott to be four hundred and ten feet. At Lake Erie the common level of the shore is about twenty feet above its waters. This level continues to the falls, and probably to the neighbourhood of Queenstown; the river gradually declining, till it arrives at the rapids. Here, within the distance of one mile and three fourths, it declines fifty-seven feet.

The precipice, over which the cataract descends, is, according to Major Prescott's survey, one hundred and fifty-one feet. This vast descent is perpendicular, except that the rocks are hollowed underneath the surface, particularly on the western side. The length of the precipice is three fourths of a mile.

At the cataract the river is divided by an island, whose brow is perpendicular, and nearly coincident with the common line of the precipice. It occupies about one fifth or one sixth of the whole breadth. This island, it is reported, was visited by General Putnam during the last Canadian war, or that which began in the year 1755. A wager, it is said, was laid, that no man in that part of the army would dare to attempt a descent upon it. Putnam, with his customary resolution, undertook the enterprise. Having made fast a strong rope to a batteau, he proceeded a considerable distance up the stream. Then, taking some stout, skilful rowers, he put out into the river directly above the island. The rope, in the mean time, was holden firmly by several muscular soldiers on the shore. The batteau descended securely enough to the island, and, the enterprise being accomplished, was drawn again to the shore by his attendants.

The noise of this cataract has often been the object of admiration, and the subject of loose and general description. We heard it distinctly, when crossing the ferry, at the distance of eighteen miles; the wind blowing from the north-west, almost at right angles with the direction of the sound. Two gentlemen, who had lived some time at York, on the north side of Lake Ontario, and who

were my companions in the stage, informed me that it was not unfrequently heard there. The distance is fifty miles.

The note or tone, if I may call it such, is the same with the hoarse roar of the ocean; being much more grave, or less shrill, than that which proceeds from other objects of the same nature. It is not only louder, but seems as if it were expanded to a singular extent; as if it filled the atmosphere, and spread over all the surrounding country. The only variety which attends it, is a continual undulation, resembling that of long musical chords, when struck with a forcible impulse. These undulations succeed each other with great rapidity. When two persons stand very near to each other, they can mutually hear their ordinary conversation; when removed to a small distance, they are obliged to halloo; and, when removed a little farther, cannot be heard at all.

Every other sound is drowned in the tempest of noise made by the water, and all else in the regions of nature appears to be dumb. This noise is a vast thunder, filling the heavens, shaking the earth, and leaving the mind, although perfectly conscious of safety, and affected with a sense of grandeur only, lost and astonished, swelling with emotions which engross all its faculties, and mock the power of utterance. The strength of this sound may be illustrated in the following manner: The roar of the ocean on the beach, south of Long Island, is sometimes heard in New Haven, at the distance of forty miles. The cataract of Niagara is heard ten miles farther.

All cataracts produce greater or less quantities of mist; a proof to the common eye, that vapour may rise by mere agitation. The mist raised here is proportioned to the greatness of the cause. A large, majestic cloud, visible, from an advantageous position, for a great number of miles, rises without intermission from the whole breadth of the river below; and, ascending with a slow, solemn progress, partly spreads itself down the stream by an arching, and wonderfully magnificent motion; and partly mounts towards heaven, blown into every wild and fantastical form; when, separating into smaller clouds, it successively floats away through the atmosphere.

Nearest to the shore a considerable quantity of this vapour impinges against the rock; and, continually accumu-

lating, descends in a constant shower of drops and little streams. A person, standing under the shelving part of these rocks, would, in a short time, be wet to the skin.

In the mist, produced by all cataracts, rainbows are ordinarily seen in a proper position, when the sun shines; always, indeed, unless when the vapour is too rare. Twice, while we were here, the sun broke through the clouds, and lighted up, in a moment, the most lucid rainbow, which I ever beheld. In each instance the phenomenon continued a long time, and left us in perfect leisure to enjoy its splendours. It commenced near the precipice, and extended, so far as I was able to judge, at least a mile down the river.

When the eye was fixed upon any spot, commencing a few rods above the precipice, that is, where the cataract begins to be formed, the descending water assumes every where a circular figure from the place where it begins to descend to that where it falls perpendicularly. The motion here remarkably resembles that of a wheel rolling towards the spectator. The section is about one fifth or one sixth part of a circle, perhaps twelve rods in diameter. The effect of this motion of so vast a body of water, equally novel and singular, was exquisitely delightful. It was an object of inexpressible grandeur, united with intense beauty of figure; a beauty greatly heightened by the brilliant and most elegant sea-green of the waters, fading imperceptibly into a perfect white at the brow of the precipice.

The emotions excited by the view of this stupendous scene are unutterable. When the spectator casts his eye over the long ranges of ragged cliffs, which form the shores of this great river below the cataract; cliffs one hundred and fifty feet in height, bordering it with lonely gloom and grandeur, and shrouded every where by shaggy forests; when he surveys the precipice above, stretching with so great an amplitude, rising to so great a height, and presenting in a single view its awful brow, with an impression not a little enhanced by the divison which the island forms between the two great branches of the river; when he contemplates the enormous mass of water, pouring from this astonishing height in sheets so vast, and with a force so amazing; when, turning his eye to the flood beneath, he beholds the immense convulsion of the mighty

mass, and listens to the majestic sound which fills the heavens; his mind is overwhelmed by thoughts too great; and by impressions too powerful, to permit the current of the intellect to flow with serenity. The disturbance of his mind resembles that of the waters beneath him. His bosom swells with emotions never felt, his thoughts labour in a manner never known before. The pleasure is exquisite, but violent. The conceptions are clear and strong, but rapid and tumultuous. The struggle within is discovered by the fixedness of his position, the deep solemnity of his aspect, and the intense gaze of his eye. When he moves, his motions appear uncontrived. When he is spoken to, he is silent; or, if he speaks, his answers are short, wandering from the subject, and indicating that absence of mind, which is the result of labouring contemplation.

All these impressions are heightened to a degree, which cannot be conjectured, by the slowly ascending volumes of mist, rolled and tossed into a thousand forms by the varying blast, and by the splendour of the rainbow successively illuminating their bosom. At the same time, the spectator cannot but reflect, that he is surveying the most remarkable object on the globe. Nor will he fail to remember, that he stands upon a river, in most respects equal, and in several of high distinction superior, to every other; or that the inland seas which it empties, the mass of water which it conveys, the commercial advantages which it furnishes, and the grandeur of its disruption in the spring, are all suitable accompaniments of so sublime and glorious a scene.

LESSON CX.

The Falls of Niagara.—BRAINARD.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God pour'd thee from his 'hollow hand,'
And hung his bow upon thy awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,

'The sound of many waters;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His cent'ries in the eternal rocks.
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him,
Who drown'd a world, and heap'd the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

LESSON CXI.

Speech of Canuleius.—HOOKE.

WHAT an insult upon us is this? If we are not so rich as the Patricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? Inhabitants of the same country?—Members of the same community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even strangers more remote, are admitted, not only to marriage with us, but to what is of much greater importance—the freedom of the city. Are we, because we are commoners, to be worse treated than strangers? And when we demand that the people may be free to bestow their offices and dignities on whom they please, do we ask any thing unreasonable or new? Do we claim more than their original inherent right? What occasion then, for all this uproar, as if the universe were falling to ruin? They were just going to lay violent hands upon me in the senate house.

What! Must this empire, then, be unavoidably overturned! Must Rome of necessity sink at once, if a Plebeian, worthy of the office, should be raised to the consulship? The Patricians, I am persuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light. It certainly offends them that you breathe, that you speak, that you have the shapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a consul, would be, say they, a most enormous thing.—

Numa Pompilius, however, without being so much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome.

The elder Tarquin, by birth not even an Italian, was nevertheless placed upon the throne. Servius Tullius, the son of a captive woman, (nobody knows who his father was) obtained the kingdom, as the reward of his wisdom and virtue. In those days, no man in whom virtue shone conspicuous, was rejected or despised on account of his race and descent. And did the state prosper the less for that? Were not these strangers the very best of all our kings? And supposing, now, that a Plebeian should have their talents and merit, would he be suffered to govern us?

But, "we find, that, upon the abolition of the regal power, no commoner was chosen to the consulate."—And what of that? Before Numa's time, there were no pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius's days, there was no census, no division of the people into classes and centuries. Who ever heard of consuls before the expulsion of Tarquin the proud? Dictators, we all know, are of modern invention; and so are the officers of tribunes, ædilles, quæstors. Within these ten years we have made decemvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done but what has been done before? That very law, forbidding marriages of Patricians with Plebeians, is not that a new thing?

Was there any such law before the decemvirs enacted it? And a most shameful one it is in a free state. Such marriages, it seems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility! Why if they think so, let them take care to match their sisters and daughters with men of their own sort. No Plebeian will do violence to the daughter of a Patrician. Those are exploits for our prime nobles. There is no need to fear that we shall force any body into a contract of marriage. But, to make an express law to prohibit marriages of Patricians with Plebeians, what is this but to show the utmost contempt of us, and to declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean?

They talk to us of the confusion there would be in families, if this statute should be repealed. I wonder they don't make a law against a commoner's living near a nobleman, going the same road that he is going, or being present at the same feast, or appearing in the same

market place. They might as well pretend that these things make confusion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not every one know that the children will be ranked according to the quality of their father, let him be a Patrician or Plebeian?

In short, it is manifest enough that we have nothing in view, but to be treated as men and citizens; nor can they who oppose our demand have any motive to it, but the love of domineering. I would fain know of you, consuls and Patricians, is the soverign power in the people of Rome, or in you? I hope you will allow, that the people can, at their pleasure, either make a law or repeal one. And will you, then, as soon as any law is proposed to them, pretend to list them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their suffrages, by leading them into the field?

Hear me, consuls. Whether the news of the war you talk of be true, or whether it be only a false rumour, spread abroad for nothing but a colour to send the people out of the city: I declare, as a tribune, that this people, who have already so often spilt their blood in our country's cause, are again ready to arm for its defence and its glory, if they may be restored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat us like strangers in our own country.

But if you account us unworthy of your alliance, by intermarriages; if you will not suffer the entrance to the chief offices in the state to be open to all persons of merit, indifferently, but will confine your choice of magistrates to the Senate alone—talk of wars as much as ever you please—paint in your ordinary discourses, the league and power of our enemies, ten times more dreadful than you do now—I declare, that this people, whom you so much despise, and to whom, you are nevertheless indebted for all your victories, shall never more enlist themselves—not a man of them shall take arms—not a man of them shall expose his life for imperious lords, with whom he can neither share the dignities of the state, nor in private life, have any alliance by marriage.

LESSON CXII.

Moral Education.—HUMPHREY.

I USE the word moral here, in the largest sense, as comprehending all the instruction, restraints and discipline which are requisite, for the government of the passions, the moulding of the affections, the formation of an enlightened conscience and the renovation of the heart. I do not merely say that this branch is *indispensable*—for in a sense it is *every thing*. What would a finely cultivated mind, united to the best physical constitution be, without moral principle? What but mere brute force, impelled by the combined and terrible energies of a perverted understanding and a depraved heart?

How much worse than physical imbecility, is strength employed in doing evil? How much more to be dreaded than the most profound ignorance, is a high state of mental cultivation, when once men have broken away from the control of conscience and the Bible. The reign of terrour and atheism, under whose bloody seal the demon of anarchy once presided over a great and polished metropolis, affords so good an illustration here, that I hope I shall be indulged in the hackneyed allusion. What availed all the erudition of the National Institute, and all the learning of the Encyclopediasts, in the hands of men, who could bow the knee to the meretricious goddess of reason, and write over the tomb, that death is an eternal sleep?

It was not the blind and unlettered frenzy of the multitude, but the cool and calculating genius of infidel philosophy, which put the wheels of revolution in motion in France; and it was the friction, occasioned by that tremendous impulse, which set the whole machinery of the government on fire, and burnt down the palace, the altar and the throne together. Now, take away all the restraints, and sanctions of religion, and something like this might be expected to happen in any state, and in spite of the highest intellectual attainments. Without the fear of God nothing can be secure for one moment.

Without the control of moral and religious principle, education is a drawn and polished sword, in the hands of a

gigantic maniac. In his madness he may fall upon its point, or bathe it in the blood of the innocent. Great and highly cultivated talents, allied to skepticism, or infidelity, are the right arm that "scatters firebrands, arrows and death." After all the dreams of human perfectibility, and all the hosannas which have been profanely lavished upon reason, philosophy and literature, who, but for the guardianship of religion, could protect his beloved daughters, or be safe in his own house for one night? What would civil government be in the profound sleep of conscience, and in the absence of right moral habits and feelings—what, but an iron despotism on the one hand, or intoxicated anarchy on the other?

Let any system of education, which leaves out God and the scriptures, prevail for a short time only, in your families, schools and Colleges, and what would be the consequences? How long would you have any domestic circles to love, or to live in? How long would children reverence their parents, or listen to the voice of their teachers? The truth is, moral habits and religious sanctions cannot be dispensed with. The world would be one vast and frightful theatre of misery and crime without them.

LESSON CXIII.

The Lover of Ease.—JANE TAYLOR.

IN a dirty, ruinous looking house, that stood in one of the back streets of a smoky town, there lived an elderly man of the name of Smith. Very few people knew, and fewer cared any thing about him; yet it was impossible to pass his abode without noticing the broken window panes, mended with paper, or stuffed with rags; the wretched court-yard, overgrown with nettles, and bestrewed with fragments of earthen ware; the appearance of the whole bespeaking the sloth and misery of the owner.

Smith himself was not often visible, but occasionally he might be seen on a sun-shiny morning, leaning with his arms folded over the pales of his yard, basking in the

heat, like his old tabby cat. And sometimes on a dark evening, his long, lean, shabby figure might be discerned hovering over a handful of fire in his rusty grate. It is true, that there are in every town individuals equally wretched and comfortless; and it is also true, that in most, if not in every instance of the kind, there is more of fault than of misfortune.

But, in the case of Smith, it is worthy of record, that he was a man remarkable for his relish for the good and agreeable things of life. Though he was wretched, he had certainly no taste for wretchedness; though he was destitute of pleasure, pleasure was the thing he most desired. From his early childhood, his love of gratification was so great, that whenever an opportunity offered he never failed to avail himself of it; whether to do so were right or wrong, in season or out of season, he would deny himself no enjoyment *then;* by which means he is denied every enjoyment *now.* So improvident are the indulgent, even in scorning the very things that are most valued by them!

Smith was apprenticed to an honest trade, and he wanted not ability to become more than ordinarily expert in it. But whenever his master's back was turned, he thought it more agreeable to gossip over the fire with his fellow apprentices, to crack a pocket full of nuts, to play a game of whist, to read a dirty novel, or even to sit resting his head on his hands over the bench, than to go on with his work. Thus, at the end of seven years, he left his master with an imperfect knowledge of his business, an indifferent character, and, worse than all, desultory and idle habits.

Now, if he had but so far denied himself while he was an apprentice, as to have applied diligently to his business, he might have earned money enough as a journeyman to procure him all those comforts and enjoyments of which he was so fond. But instead of this, he was obliged to get work at low wages, when and where he could; so that he was poor, though he hated poverty, and he that was so fond of dainty fare had many a scanty meal.

Smith was fond of company, and had amongst his other partialities, a strong love of praise. He would not deny himself, when any opportunity offered, the pitiful pleasure of fishing for a compliment, and of saying these

little things to his own advantage, which always proved in fact to be to his own disadvantage. Thus, amongst the most severe denials to which his want of self-denial exposed him, were the perpetual mortifications which vanity is sure to encounter. Instead of being admired, Smith was ridiculed and pitied by his most discerning acquaintance; and as he was poor, they took no pains to conceal their contempt.

Having, as before hinted, read a great many worthless novels during his apprenticeship, his indolent mind was often occupied in the injurious habit of *castle building*. There was no handsome and gallant chevalier in old romance, no elegant and accomplished hero of modern tale, with whom this meagre, thread bare, and dirty journeyman, would not at times identify himself; "Who knows," he would often think, "but I may one day happen of good luck: some do, and why should not I!" Those persons have always the highest expectations from luck, who are least disposed to make use of their cunning. The many hours in every week that poor Smith sat dreaming over his hopes and his wishes for prosperity, would have done a great deal, well employed, to help him out of adversity.

But it was much easier, he thought, to sit still and wish for wealth and honour, than to work hard for competence and credit. At any rate, he would not, or, as he thought, he *could* not deny himself this unprofitable amusement.—Besides, he knew very well that the utmost diligence in his business would do no more than enable him to live with credit and comfort in his present rank of life; and that did not at all meet the ideas of one who was so familiar with great names, and high life, as are all readers of fiction; so he preferred to wait for the incalculably small chances of fortune, rather than to accept the certain rewards of industry. He thought the outside of a palace better than the inside of a cottage.

Every one who loves pleasure, knows how indispensable health is to the enjoyment of it; yet those who most value their ease, are generally the least careful in preserving it. Little acts of indulgence commonly introduce strong habits of intemperance. Thus Smith quickly lost one of the great advantages of honest poverty, health. Surely it must have been a great denial to one who was so fond of pleasure, to be always in pain!

It would not have been an easy thing to have persuaded Smith in his youth, to commence a life of austerity, and submit to the rigours of a monastic rule. Yet, it may well be questioned whether the hardships, denials, and mortifications to which his want of self-denial exposed him, were not less tolerable than those he would in that case have endured. For is not abstinence to be preferred to hunger? penance to pain? retirement to obscurity? concealment to contempt?

But how many people live in comfort and credit, who yet are little practised in the art of self-denial. If indulgence *always* reduced one to wretchedness and contempt, there would be nothing to be said for it. Nor is there any thing to be said for it, although the degrees of outward misery to which it subjects individuals are various. It is truly remarked by Dr. Johnson, that "in proportion as we consult our ease, we depart from happiness;" yes, in *exact* proportion. It is not necessary to be dirty, ragged, hungry, solitary and despised, in order to be uncomfortable.

A man, reclining on the softest couch, in the most splendid apartments in the kingdom, surrounded with obsequious attendants, and pampered with every delicacy, may be pretty nearly as devoid of comfort as poor Smith in his miserable house. Few persons are more uneasy than they who are *quite at ease*. If then, the indulgent and pleasure-loving had but a little more fore-thought and consideration, they would become self-denying, out of mere selfishness; from a conviction that round about is the nearest way to happiness.

How happy are they who, from better motives than their own immediate gratification, have learned to take up daily, the light cross; to bring every thought, word, and action, into captivity and holy obedience; and who thus reap the large benefit of present comfort, and satisfaction, with the good hope of an eternal reward!

LESSON CXIV.

Advantages of Adversity to our Forefathers.—E. EVERETT.

IT is sad, indeed, to reflect on the disasters which the little band of pilgrims encountered; sad to see a portion of them, the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unsound, unseaworthy ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel; one hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and sixty tons. One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and weary autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season; where they are deserted, before long, by the ship which had brought them, and which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow men, a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the numbers, the power, and the temper of the savage tribes, that filled the unexplored continent, upon whose verge they had ventured.

But all this wrought together for good. These trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurances of success. It was these that put far away from our fathers' cause all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to pre-eminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the pilgrims. No Carr nor Villiers would lead on the ill-provided band of despised Puritans. No well endowed clergy were on the alert to quit their cathedrals, and set up a pompous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness.

No craving governours were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorados of ice and of snow. No; they could not say they had encouraged, patronised, or helped the pilgrims; their own cares, their own labours, their own councils, their own blood, contrived all, achieved all, bore all, sealed all. They could not afterwards fairly pretend to reap where they had not strewn; and, as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the favour, which had always been withholden,

was changed into wrath; when the arm, which had never supported, was raised to destroy.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions; crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison; delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route,—and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves.

The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The labouring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore,—without shelter, without means,—surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventurers of other times, and find the parallel of this.

Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labour and spare meals; was it disease; was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise,

and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea; was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

LESSON CXV.

Miseries of Book-Lending.—ANONYMOUS.

THE miseries of book-making, and of book-selling, and sometimes of book-buying, are well known, and frequently lamented; but those of book-lending are a source of sufferings perhaps equally severe; and the lamentations excited by them, though not loud, are deep. I will trespass upon the time and patience of you and your readers, to attend to a *few* only of the miseries endured upon this interesting subject.

Your friend begs the favour *just* to borrow a small volume, which you have, and he does not wish to buy himself. After having expected the return of it, at due intervals, for a space of time, which, without calculation, you know to be much beyond a year; and after feeling considerable terrours, least your emigrated duodecimo should have been naturalized in the library, or family school-room, where it has so long resided; to be reduced, at length, to the delicate and formidable task of constructing a *hint* at once so *gentle* as not to offend, and yet so *broad* as to bring back your book.—The foregoing hint *given*, but not *taken*.

An acquaintance, not remarkable for the powers of reminiscence, keeps your book time enough to alarm or incommode you. By not merely broad hints, but by explicit and repeated expositions of the state of the case, and of your wishes, you oblige him to recollect that he has in his possession a book which belongs, not to him, but to you; he

accordingly returns it, with many apologies for its having *slipped his memory*. You lend again, and it slips his memory again.

After many inquiries for a book which you had lent, you at last *find*, that it is *lost*. The person who borrowed it of you lent it to somebody else, he forgets who.

A set of books lent, and returned; one volume missing, for which the borrower apologizes most pathetically; he *hopes*, however, to find it. *His* hope is *your* despair.

Your friend loves reading in bed; and your book, besides the various dislocations which it experiences in such an awkward situation, stands an enviable chance of receiving, and at length has the good fortune actually to receive, the whole overcharged contents of the snuffers; and although they are discharged, with the puff of an Eolus, from the open page to the bedside carpet, a wreck is left behind, which upon the reclosure of the volume, is ground to an impalpable powder; and, by some efforts of the finger to remove it, expanded into a jetty surface of considerable extent.

Another friend, who is likewise a borrower, is fond of accompanying his breakfast with reading, and your book comes in for that honour. A piece of hot roll, saturated with liquid butter, makes its transit in a line directly vertical to the expanded pages; and the reader, or eater, or rather both, meaning perhaps to give the book that *unction* which it does not itself possess, by a gentle pressure causes a few soft drops to distil in the passage; or the alternate apprehension of the oleaginous nutriment, and the necessary evolution of the leaves, produce a beautiful specimen of mottled *transparency*.

Your book, which is embellished with a variety of exquisite plates, is lent to a friend, who has a large family of children. A morning is appointed for viewing the pictures, and the mother with her family is placed in a semicircle round the table. As the object, in such a state of things, cannot be seen from precisely the same point of view by all, a little urchin, just big enough to do mischief, and not big enough to be under discipline, situated at one of the terminating points of the crescent, and eager to have under his own immediate inspection what all the rest are admiring, caring as little as he understands about the laws

of mechanics, makes a vigorous snatch at the unfolded plate, and attains his object, by getting it just in the situation he wished; but the ponderous quarto is left behind.

A set of splendid volumes, full of beautiful coloured engravings, and bound in morocco, sent by the coach to a friend; but packed with such strength and compactness, that they might be thrown over a house without injury; sent back again, by the same conveyance, with a slight, careless covering of brown paper, having travelled in very intimate neighbourhood with a parcel of red herrings, upon whose yielding substance they have been pressed by the superincumbent weight of a lid, well loaded with passengers, that would just shut. The saline moisture has communicated to the precious volumes a hue and a fragrance which they will never lose.

I would address myself to the borrowers, and earnestly recommend it to them, as they value the interests of learning, and their own credit, to inculcate upon themselves, with redoubled diligence, the duties of care and honesty; and particularly to cultivate the faculty of *memory;* which they will find to be useful in many instances. It were likewise much to be wished, that they would employ one particular day in the year in a careful scrutiny of their library, that they may satisfy themselves whether or not there be any stray volume detained prisoner, for the return of which the owner is sighing or groaning, in hopeless despair. In that case, let it be instantly restored.

LESSON CXVI.

Dialogue on keeping Promises.—JUVENILE MISCELLANY.

Eliza. I do not wish to go out this morning, mother, it is so cold; would you not like to have me read to you?

Mother. I should indeed like to hear you read; you know that always gives me pleasure. But why do you think of going out?

Eliza. I promised Sarah Lee, that I would call for her to go and see widow Harris, who is quite ill: and Sarah's mother told her she would send some nice things to her, if she would carry them. I suppose Sarah will

go without me, and Mrs. Harris will have the things; and my going will make no difference you know.

Mother. Make no difference! did you not say you *promised* to go? and do you make thus light of your promises?

Eliza. No, mamma, I should not, if it was of any consequence; but I do not see what good I shall do by going.

Mother. A promise is a promise, and as such is of the first consequence, and to be kept, because you have made it; this is the first and best reason for keeping a promise. You say it will make no difference; it *will* make a difference; and perhaps a great one. In the first place, Sarah may, and probably will, wait for you, perhaps, until it is too late to go; and her mother may not like to have her go alone at all. Then poor Mrs. Harris may suffer for the want of the comforting things, which Mrs. Lee is so kind as to provide for her. Then your kind friend Sarah will lose confidence in you, and not know what to expect or depend upon another time. But the most important thing of all, my dear, is, that you will get, and by repeated indulgence strengthen the habit of not keeping your promises; and you will certainly allow that this would be a very bad habit, and would be attended with many unpleasant consequences.

Eliza. Yes, mamma; but I would keep my promises when they are of consequence: and break them only when it is of no consequence.

Mother. You cannot always tell when it is of no consequence; you may sometimes think it of no consequence to keep your promise, when the person, to whom you have made it, thinks differently. The only *right way*, and therefore the only safe and happy way, is to make only such promises, as you intend fully to keep.

Eliza. Sometimes I have made promises which I could not keep, and at others, promises, which, I think, even you would have thought proper to break. Suppose I had engaged the same thing to two persons, for the same time; how could I keep both my promises? Or suppose I had engaged to walk with some one, and it should rain violently, at the time appointed to go, would you not think it proper for me to stay at home?

Mother. Certainly I should; but in this case, the rain is an unexpected circumstance, and one, which would have prevented your making the engagement, if you had known beforehand that it would happen; it is not like your disposition, something over which you have control, but is entirely out of your power, and is the very circumstance which renders it equally desirable both for you and your companion, that you should stay at home. It is your *disposition*, that which is in your power, that I would have you control: and not allow yourself, from any weariness, caprice of feeling, or fear of the cold, to suppose a promise may be broken with impunity; for in this case, you offend against truth, you deceive your friend, and injure yourself, by the indulgence of a bad habit. With regard to your first supposition, you must yourself undoubtedly see the fallacy.

Eliza. You will say, I suppose, that I should not make two such inconsistent promises: but sometimes I cannot well help it without giving offence.

Mother. And do you think to lessen your offence, by promising what you cannot, and in fact, do not mean to perform? I know this is a common fault in young ladies, and I hope never to be so unhappy, as to see it taking root and gaining strength in your character; for I consider it not only mean and disgusting, but sinful. There is a *diseased* desire of pleasing, which very often leads young people astray from the path of truth and plain dealing; and this desire is very different from the *laudable* and *salutary desire* of *approbation* on account of good actions and virtuous exertions.

I have known people, who had this contemptible fear of giving offence, to such a degree, that they were hardly ever heard to *say no*, and seldom known to *perform yes;* consequently, no one trusted them,—every one knew that they were in the habit of promising more than they could perform. They gained nothing but constant uneasiness, and apprehension, lest they should be unpopular, and in the end, the distrust and contempt of all who knew them. Far different from this may be the character of my daughter. Never make any promises, which you do not intend to keep, or which you do not think it probable you shall be able to keep.

Depend for your popularity, or, I would rather say, for the approbation of the good and sensible, on the character which you will form by a steady and dignified course of conduct. Be guided by a firm adherence to truth in all you say and do, and let your whole conduct be moulded by *Christian principle.* You are never too young to act from *principle;* and the earlier you begin, the happier you will be, and the stronger will be your character in mature life. There are many people who would start, if you were to tell them that they were destitute of principle, who yet, in their daily conversation and conduct exhibit the most unprincipled selfishness. They promise all kinds of things, knowing at the same time they shall never execute them; they *flatter* that they may be *flattered* in their turn; and you might, without exaggeration, say that their whole life was a system of cheating.

On such we can have no dependance; we cannot love them, nor can we take any pleasure in their company.—They are nuisances rather than ornaments to society; they live for themselves alone, while they are pretending to live for others; and if they have any influence in the world, it is a bad one. Preserve, my dear, singleness and purity of heart. Be simple in your intentions. Avoid stratagems; in your promises particularly, adhere to the rigbt line of intending and keeping them in the sense in which you know they are understood by others. Be what you are capable of being in heart and character. You will then gratify the dearest wish, and receive the most ardent blessing, of an affectionate mother.

LESSON CXVII.

The Graves of a Household.—MRS. HEMANS.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;

She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep—
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest,
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas! for love, if *thou* wert all,
And naught beyond, Oh earth!

LESSON CXVIII.

Select Paragraphs.

Learn to Stoop.—THE last time I saw your father was in 1724. On taking my leave, he shewed me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning

toward him, when he said hastily, STOOP! STOOP! I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an occasion of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me, *You are young, and have the world before you;* STOOP *as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.* This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people, by their carrying their heads too high. *Dr. Franklin.*

Six cents and a quarter, a day, with the interest and compound interest, in forty years amounts to Three Thousand, Five Hundred and Twenty-nine Dollars. A young mechanic, or farmer, therefore, who begins at the age of twenty to spend six cents and a quarter a day, for spirituous liquors, will, at the age of sixty, have spent a very considerable estate.

Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless are we, in youth, of all her anxieties and kindness. But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we find how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes; then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

It is true I had always loved my mother, even in my most heedless days; but I felt how inconsiderate and ineffectual had been my love. My heart melted as I retraced the days of infancy, when I was led by a mother's hand, and rocked to sleep in a mother's arms, and was without care or sorrow. "Oh, my mother," exclaimed I, burying my face again in the grass of the grave—"Oh, that I were once more by your side; sleeping, never to awake again on the cares and troubles of this world!" *W. Irving.*

Good manners do not consist in low bows and flourishing airs, so much as in avoiding all such behaviour as will be likely to disturb and trouble those around us. Interrupting the business or discourse of others, opening and shutting doors with violence, walking heavily, loud

talking and laughing, a noisy and voracious manner of eating and drinking, direct contradiction, fierce and positive assertion, and making a great bustle about trifles, are sure indications, not that a person has been ill educated merely, but that he is but partially civilized. As our manners depend so much on the habits which we acquire in early life, and as it is quite as easy to become accustomed to agreeable as to disagreeable habits, I recommend this subject to the particular attention of my young readers.

Do not say that good manners are of no consequence, because some other acquirements are of more importance. Good manners are a part of good morals; and it is as much your duty as your interest to practise both. What good man will be indifferent, whether he hurts the feelings and disturbs the enjoyment of others unnecessarily? What sensible man would wish to become the object of general aversion? What modest man will claim the right to be as disgusting as he pleases? Careless and ill bred people are sometimes tolerated on account of some rare quality which they possess; but they are never agreeable—never popular.

A man *has* just what he *uses* and no more. With a chest full of gold, he has a desire to eat but twice or thrice a day at most. With a thousand suits of apparel in his wardrobe, he can use but one at a time. His neighbour, therefore, who has but one dinner, and one coat at once, is, upon the whole, just as rich as he. Beyond what nature requires, reason approves, and the Almighty crowns with his blessing, all is childish and fantastical. *Hunter.*

If it be your misfortune to have to struggle with a harsh, ungainly, unbending disposition, the sooner you set out in quest of victory the better. Remember that your own comfort is involved, beyond the power of separation, with that of your fellow-creatures. Take care that the *manner* of shewing mercy, or of conferring obligation mar not the *matter* of the benefit. The man who *refuses graciously*, impresses on the heart a more favourable idea of himself, than he who *grants*, with harshness, insolence or pride. True goodness considers, together with what is

written on tables of stone, what is engraven on *the living tables of the heart*, and from the heart, communicates itself to the forehead, the eyes, the lips, the hand; impressing on the whole the *law of kindness*. *Ibid.*

Those are the genuine delights of human life at which we arrive through danger and difficulty, which are the immediate gift of Heaven, which we have not employed improper arts to acquire, and which we can therefore enjoy without shame or remorse. The felicity which we are in too great haste to grasp, which we pursue independently of God and religion, which by crooked paths we arrive at, proves at best a cloud in the embrace; often, a serpent full of deadly poison in the bosom. The very delays which Providence interposes, the sacrifices which a sense of duty offers up, the mortifications to which conscience submits, enhance the value, and heighten the relish of our lawful comforts. *Ibid.*

That boy, that youth, that man, that woman, is lost, who is, or who professes to be, indifferent about the opinion of the world. The love of reputation is one of the trees of nature's planting, and none of her plants are easily rooted up; it often survives the hope of life itself, and the man discovers an earnest concern about his memory, after he has resigned his head to the executioner, and his body to the grave.

I recommend not to you, my young friend, that servility of deportment, that fawningness of submission and compliance which aims at the applause of every one alike, which is continually fearful of giving offence, which shrinks from doing good, lest by some it might be misconstrued; but that steadiness and perseverance in rectitude, which looks, and goes straight on, which neither courts nor shuns the public eye, which can rejoice in the addition of the praise of men to the testimony of a good conscience, but trembles to think of purchasing the one with the loss of the other. *Ibid.*

Man was made for action,—for duty and usefulness; and it is only when he lives in accordance with this great design of his being, that he attains his highest dignity and

truest happiness. To make pleasure our ultimate aim is certainly to fail of it.

No matter what a young man's situation and prospects are; no matter if he is perfectly independent in his circumstances, and heir to millions; he will certainly become a worthless character, if he does not aim at something higher than his own selfish enjoyment; if he does not indeed devote himself to some honourable and useful calling. *Hawes.*

In cases of doubtful morality, it is usual to say is there any harm in doing this? This question may sometimes be best answered by asking ourselves another; is there any harm in letting it alone? *Colton.*

LESSON CXIX.

Hymn of Praise.—WILCOX.

GREAT is thy goodness, Father of all life,
Fount of all joy. Thou high and holy One,
Whom not thy glorious sanctuary, heaven,
Can e'er contain; Spirit invisible,
Whose omnipresence makes creation smile,
Great is thy goodness, worthy of all praise
From all thy works. Then let earth, air, and sea;
Nature, with every season in its turn;
The firmament with its revolving fires;
And all things living; join to give thee praise.
Thou glorious sun, like thy Original,
A vital influence to surrounding worlds
Forever sending forth, yet always full;
And thou fair queen of night, o'er the pure sky,
Amid thy glittering company of stars,
Walking in brightness, praise the God above.
Ocean, forever rolling to and fro
In thy vast bed, o'er half the hollowed earth;
Grand theatre of wonders to all lands,
And reservoir of blessings, sound his praise.
Break forth into a shout of grateful joy,
Ye mountains, covered with perennial green,

And pouring crystal torrents down your sides;
Ye lofty forests, and ye humble groves;
Ye hills, and plains, and valleys, overspread
With flocks and harvests. All ye feathered tribes,
That, taught by your Creator, a safe retreat
Find in the dead of winter, or enjoy
Sweet summer all your days by changing clime,
Warble to him all your melodious notes;
To him, who clothes you with your gay attire,
And kindles in your fluttering breasts the glow
Of love parental. Beasts, that graze the fields,
Or roam the woods, give honour to the Power,
That makes you swift to flee, or strong to meet,
The coming foe; and rouses you to flight
In harmless mirth, or soothes to pleasant rest.
Shout to Jehovah with the voice of praise,
Ye nations, all ye continents and isles,
People of every tongue; ye that within
The verdant shade of palm and plantain sit,
Feasting on their cool fruit, on torrid plains;
And ye that in the midst of pine-clad hills,
In snowy regions, grateful vigour inhale
From every breeze. Ye, that inhabit lands,
Where science, liberty, and plenty dwell,
Worship Jehovah in exalted strains.
But ye, to whom redeeming mercy comes,
With present peace, and promises sublime
Of future crowns, and mansions in the skies,
Imperishable, raise the loudest song.
O, sing forever, with seraphic voice,
To Him, whose immortality is yours,
In the blest union of eternal love!
And join them, all ye winged hosts of heaven,
That in your Maker's glory take delight;
And ye, too, all ye bright inhabitants
Of starry worlds; and let the universe,
Above, below, around, be filled with praise.

END.

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